

Nuptial
Dialogues and Debates:
OR, A N
USEFUL PROSPECT
OF THE
FELICITIES and DISCOMFORTS
OF A
MARRY'D LIFE,
Incident to all Degrees, from the THRONE
to the COTTAGE.

Containing

Many great Examples of Love, Piety, Prudence, Justice,
and all the excellent Vertues that largely contribute to the
true Happiness of Wedlock. Drawn from the Lives of our
own Princes, Nobility, and other Quality, in Prosperity and
Adversity.

Also the fantastical Humours of all Fops, Coquets, Bul-
lies, Jilts, fond Fools, and Wantons; old Fumblers, barren
Ladies, Misers, parsimonious Wives, Ninnies, Sluts and Ter-
magants; drunken Husbands, toaping Gossips, schismatical
Precisians, and devout Hypocrites of all sorts.

Digested into serious, merry, and satyrical Poems,
wherein both Sexes, in all Stations, are reminded of their
Duty, and taught how to be happy in a Matrimonial State.

In Two VOLUMES.

By the Author of the London-Spy. E Ward

*As the plough'd Furrows of the fruitful Field,
Among the Corn, do WEEDS and THISTLES yield;
So thorny CARES, as well as soothing JOYS,
In spite of Love, in WEDLOCK will arise.
Here both lie open to the Reader's View;
If marry'd, he may find the Author true.*

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MARY D. LEE
 OF THE
 FETTERED SLAVES
 OF THE
 UNITED STATES
 ON A
 DIPOLOE: 1850

1. The first part of the report is a general introduction to the subject of the study. It discusses the importance of the study and the objectives of the research.

Many of the people who have been in the
the past few years have been in the
the past few years have been in the
the past few years have been in the

1000

1944



1950

This image shows a blank, aged, light gray page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a textured appearance with visible creases, discoloration, and small dark spots, suggesting it is old and possibly damaged. There is no text or other markings on the page.

1871

9

THE
Epistle Dedicatory,

TO THE
*Worthy Gentlemen of the County
and Corporation of Leicester.*

Gentlemen,

THE Chearfulness of your
Conversation, the Ho-
spitality in your Houses, and
the many Civilities I met with
when a Sojourner among you,
have, in Point of Gratitude, ob-
blig'd me to this thankful Ac-
knowledgment of your past
Favours, and to beg your kind
Acceptance of these two Vo-
lumes of *Nuptial Dialogues
and Debates*, which (since some
of them have had the Appro-

The Epistle Dedicatory.

bation of the World) I am willing should be honour'd with your Patronage.

For, a Dedication to a single Person, stuff'd with fulsome Flattery, and hyperbolical Adulation, is, in my Opinion, such a mendicant way of Scribbling, that I was ever ashamed of, and have therefore laid hold of this Occasion, not to court your Generosity, but to shew the Respect I have for that ancient Town, and not only pleasant, but plentiful County, where my Ancestors once had the Happiness to flourish in Prosperity, and where I my self have some Friends, as well as Relations, to whom I am indebted for sundry Services.

There-

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Therefore, nothing has induc'd me to this Presumption, but a sincere Desire of shewing the great Veneration I have for that Country where my deceas'd Father receiv'd his first Breath, and early imbib'd those true Church-Principles of Religion and Loyalty, in which he always took Care to educate his Children, to their great Happiness; and which I heartily wish may ever maintain their Ground among you, by the constant Labours of those learn'd and pious Clergy, for which you are highly eminent above other Counties.

As to the Performance of what I have presum'd to put under your Protection, I shall

A 3

humbly

The Epistle Dedicatory.

humbly submit the same to your own candid Judgment, without laying the least Claim to your good Opinion, by assuring you, I have done any Thing therein that can be truly worthy of your generous Approbation ; for, to commend my own Works, or to disparage others, are to me equally disagreeable.

Therefore, if there be any Thing herein that may deserve your Favour, I only beg, that you will vouchsafe to give the Books such a friendly Promotion, as your Selves shall think necessary, and you will greatly oblige

Your most Humble Servant,

Edward Ward.

THE PREFACE.

AS the State of Matrimony is a holy Institution, and very largely conducing to the Peace and Preservation of all National Governments, as well as to the mutual Felicity of both Sexes; so it ought not to be jested with after such a Manner, as to be render'd liable to the Contempt of those Persons, who, for Want of being sensible of the great Benefits which Mankind in general receive thereby, are too ready to dishonour it with such unmannerly Sarcasms, as may fright the Innocent from venturing to engage therein, and consequently from obeying that first and great Command, viz. Increase and Multiply.

The Preface.

SOME Libertines, to shew their Wit to the rest of their Companions, will cry, Matrimony's like Mustard ; and he that praises either, ought to do it with Tears in his Eyes.

OTHERS, perhaps, will tell us, that joining a Couple in Wedlock, is like putting them under a great Bell ; wherein there is no stirring, without abundance of Noise.

SOME, of less Manners, from their Observation of the Fars and Differences that arise too often between imprudent Persons, will scoffingly affirm, that a Man and his Wife are like a Couple of Cats ty'd together by their Tails, and flung cross a Sign-Post, who, as long as they live, will be always ferretting and tormenting of each other.

OTHER merry Blades will tell us, marrying is but putting two Lovers into a Ring, to fight for the Britches ; and He or She, who has the Fortune to win the Prize, will be sure, without Mercy, to make a Slave of the Victim.

THE

The Preface.

THE Father of the English Poets, has long since oblig'd the World with this Comparison, viz.

Marriage is like a Revel Rout,
Those that are out, would fain get in,
And those that are in, would fain get out.

A N O T H E R celebrated Poet tells us, in one of his merry Madrigals, that a marry'd Man is like a Dog with a Bottle fast ty'd to his Tail; with many other very coarse Similies, too immodest to recite.

A L S O the famous Dr. Brown, in his Religio Medici, is not behind-hand with the rest, in inveighing against that sacred Ordinance, wishing, that Mankind might procreate like Trees, or beget their Like by some other Means, than what Heaven has appointed: Which, I think, is not only cavilling at the Wisdom of Omnipotence, but, as it were, prescribing new Measures to the Almighty, after a blasphemous Manner. Which unhappy Over-sight has been no small lessening to the Credit of
that

The Preface.

that Book, which would otherwise have deservedly obtain'd a large Reputation for its learned Author.

MANY other such like Passages, and satyrical Scoffs, might be collected out of several celebrated Authors, ancient, as well as modern; which shew, that the greatest Wits, like the best Fruits, are very subject to produce Maggots.

THEREFORE, I shall only take the Freedom to assure you, that the following Dialogues have not the least Tendency to the Dishonour of a marry'd State; for which I cannot but acknowledge I have as great a Reverence as any Man; and have often wonder'd, with what Confidence any Person living, except a profligate By-blow, can give himself the Liberty of exclaiming against it; when he cannot but know, that if his Parents Embraces had wanted the nuptial Sanction, he must have been born a Bastard.

I MUST confess, the Passions and Follies of some indiscreet Husbands, and obstreperous Wives, who want a Sense of their Duty

The Preface.

Duty to each other, may very reasonably render Wedlock but an uncomfortable State, to such single Persons, who living under the same Roof, have frequent Opportunities of being Eye or Ear Witnesses of their ridiculous Contentions. But, whoever reflects upon the holy Institution, because they see it shamefully abus'd by some imprudent Persons, may as well condemn the natural Necessities of Eating and Drinking, because some Men are Gluttons, and others Drunkards; or disparage a House for its Loftiness, because the Tenant was so mad as to wilfully break his Neck out of the Garret-Window.

MATRIMONY was certainly ordain'd for the Delight and Comfort of both Sexes; but if any shall enter into it, without a Christian Resolution of maintaining these three principal Vertues, viz. Patience, Chastity, and Temperance, if they propose much Felicity after Honey-Moon's over, will be surely disappointed; for none can enjoy it truly, but those who are worthy of so honourable a State.

THE

The Preface.

THE Quarrels and Disputes that frequently arise betwixt Husbands and Wives of thwarting Dispositions, are commonly occasion'd by such ridiculous Trifles, that they cannot be otherwise than good Comedy to a Stander by, to hear from what minute Causes they will work up their Passions to an extravagant Madness; and when they have spit their Venom at each other, like a Couple of courting Cats in the Height of their Amours, it is no little Pleasure to observe how suddenly they'll relapse into their accustomed Fondness, as if the greatest of their Happiness was in a speedy Transition from one Extream to another.

WHILST others, thro' the Advantage of a better Education, have so equal a Sense of their Duty, and such a mutual Esteem for each other, that they never suffer their Love to go unaccompany'd with Prudence, but by the Practice of Civility, have acquir'd such a plausible Habit of indearing Deportment, that none can observe with what Decency and Respect they always be-
have

The Preface.

have themselves at Home and Abroad to one another, without envying their Happiness.

FROM these, and such like Observations, I have drawn the following Dialogues, that those who are unhappy in a marry'd State, may see where the Fault lies, and blush at their own Follies: And if they are willing to reform themselves from those Indiscretions, which make their Lives uncomfortable, I have also given them such Examples, as will, I hope, encourage 'em to that Vertue and Patience, that may add to their Happiness.

AND as for those Pot-valiant Tyrants, who treat their Wives like Vassals, and overfond, uxorious, and pusillanimous Ninnies, who, on the contrary, make themselves mere Slaves to the Pride and Vanity of their nuptial Governesses; also those untamable Shrews, intollerable Gossips, lascivious Wantons, and brandifac'd Termagants, who are so establish'd in their vicious Habits, and contemptible Follies, as to be past reclaiming, I have given, I hope, such a genuine Representation of their scandalous Deportment,

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ment, and fantastical Humours, as may keep others from deserving the like satyrical Chastisement.

BESIDES, I have taken what Care I could to suit the Subject Matter of the several Dialogues and Debates to the Quality and Station of the Persons I have represented: So that the Reader may find several profitable Arguments, Pro and Con, upon those Points which have been the unhappy Occasion of all our late Divisions; also many pleasing Encouragements to Religion, Loyalty, and a vertuous Life. All which are heartily recommended to every honest and unprejudic'd Reader, by their

Humble Servant.

THE

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DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE I.

Between a surly Husband, and condescending Wife.

Husband.

HERE, Wife, let's see my Slippers, Cap, and Gown;
Help off my Coat. Z—s, Madam, how you
(frown,
As if, thro' Pride, you thought your self too good
T' attend your Husband as a Woman shou'd?

Wife.

My Dear, what makes you think so, when you find
None can be more obliging, none more kind?
Am I not always ready to obey?
Or do I contradict whate'er you say?
But nimbly run at your Commands, as if
I was your Servant, rather than your Wife;

B

Yet

Yet all my diligent Endeavours seem,
Too negligent to merit your Esteem.

Husband.

'Tis true, that you obey what I command,
But still 'tis done with an unwilling Hand;
A fullen Pride does on your Brows appear,
And shews you humble not thro' Love, but Fear,
As if your seeming Readiness to please,
Was for your own bye-Int'rest, and your Ease,
And not th' Effect of Duty which you owe,
Or that Affection which a Wife should show;
Therefore you only do what you repent,
Because you act without the Mind's Consent;
For ev'ry Look, when you obey, betrays
Your Person and your Will move diff'rent Ways.

Wife.

My Dear, my humble Temper you mistake,
And from your own this rash Construction make.
Those who with Jaundice Eyes behold the Dame
That's fair, conceit her tinctur'd with the same.

'Tis

'Tis true, when peevish, you command me to do
 What's fitter for a servile Drudge to do,
 Than for a lawful Wife, yet I obey
 Your harsh Commands without the least Delay;
 Tho' your Injunctions often seem severe,
 From whence, you being conscious that you err,
 Fausly I scornfully perform that Act,
 Which is in you ill Nature to exact,
 Well knowing 'tis unmanly to impose
 Upon a Wife, who so much Temper shows,
 And that she justly may refuse a Task
 Which is in you tyrannical to ask;
 Therefore you think I've but a slender Mind
 T'oblige, because you know your self unkind,
 And that, alas! you do too oft require
 Things barb'rous for a Husband to desire.

Husband.

Wives, Madam Pert, are in a servile State,
 Should silently obey, and never prate.

Wife.

'Tis Insolence to frown, or knit your Brows,
 And bold Rebellion to upbraid your Spouse.
 Man from his Maker sov'reign Pow'r derives,
 And ought to reign in Triumph o'er his Wives;
 Many he was allow'd, when they were such
 That would obey, but one is now too much.
 Women are spoil'd since Men so fond are grown,
 The Subject now usurps the nuptial Throne,
 And doating Man, by Nature born to rule,
 Is made, by Love, his Woman's servile Tool,
 Must give the haughty Minx the upper Hand,
 And for his Ease obey his Wife's Command,
 Flatter the Gypsy to improve her Pride,
 And stoop to her o'er whom he should preside:
 But I'll be no such Foe to human Race,
 I'll keep my Pow'r, and make you know your Place:
 I scorn, by such Examples, to betray
 Others to bend to those that should obey.
 Husbands and Kings should be alike severe;
 'Tis Vertue in 'em both to be austere;

For

For we, alas ! by long Experience find
 Both are ill us'd if lenitive and kind ;
 Despis'd, oppos'd, involv'd in endless Strife,
 One by his Subjects, t'other by his Wife ;
 Therefore expect I'll ever bear the Sway,
 And prove a Tyrant, if you disobey.

Wife.

I own, my Dear, you have a native Right
 To rule, and 'tis my Duty to submit,
 That ev'ry Wife should true Allegiance own
 To'er lawful Spouse, as Subjects to the Throne ;
 But still a Husband's Pow'r may be misus'd,
 And vertuous Wives, by their Commands, abus'd ;
 Be basely injur'd, slighted, and oppress'd,
 Thro' the false Motives of a jealous Breast,
 Tho' their whole Lives have been a Scene of Care,
 And prudent Circumspection not to err ;
 Therefore 'tis hard, in such a wretched Case,
 Vertue, thus highly wrong'd, should want Redress.

Kingdoms, we see, when Princes do exert
 Their sov'reign Pow'r to their own Subjects Hurt,
 Will use their utmost Diligence to free
 Themselves from a tyrannick Slavery,
 And think it Justice to restrain that Pow'r,
 Which ceases to protect, and would devour;
 Therefore, since you this Parallel have made,
 That Husbonds like to Kings should be obey'd,
 Why have not Wives, when they're abus'd, as well
 As injur'd Subjects, Title to rebel?

Husband.

The Husband's wedded to his servile Wife
 By Heav'n, as Kings are to their Thrones, for Life,
 When thus united, all Men are forbid
 To break those Bonds that God himself has ty'd,
 The Wife accepts her Husband as her Lord,
 Is bound to hon'r'im, and obey his Word;
 And sins, whenever she his Will withstands,
 Or makes herself the Judge of his Commands:

None

None but the prating, proud, rebellious Shrow,
 Presumes to dictate what her Spouse should do,
 Or will, thro' Pride, contentiously dispute
 Her Husband's Pow'r, which should be absolute.
 A prudent Wife a willing Temper shows,
 Comes when she's call'd, and when commanded goes,
 Does with Submission his Desires fulfil,
 And asks no Reasons, but obeys his Will,
 Knowing her Duty is to humbly bend,
 And ne'er to murmur, cavil, or contend;
 For Wives and Subjects, when they durst oppose
 Their lawful Sov'reign, or their lawful Spouse,
 Both to deter the rest from like Offence,
 Ought to be punish'd for their Insolence.

Wife.

I'm willing to obey; but yet, my Dear,
 Methinks you ought not to be so severe:
 Woman's the weaker Vessel, and by Chance
 May give some small Offence thro' Ignorance.

Such little Slips and Failings should not move
 A Husband's Anger, or impair his Love.
 Things may be taken ill, not ill design'd,
 Or the Tongue err abstracted from the Mind ;
 And Faults, methinks, without the Will's Consent,
 Cannot in Justice merit Punishment.

Husband.

Th' obedient Wife is careful how to please,
 Her only Study is her Husband's Ease ;
 For should she do by Chance what seems unkind,
 How should we know but she the Slight design'd ?
 Men judge of Things as they appear to be,
 In friendly Actions we your Kindness see ;
 But when a Wife shall disrespectful prove,
 Her Pouts and Sights betray her Want of Love :
 If when you talk, your Tongue should make a Trip,
 And from your Mouth offensive Words should slip,
 The close Repentance that pursues behind,
 Shews that the Lips have vary'd from the Mind ;

For

For then no sooner is the Sentence spoke,
 But you beg Pardon that it mayn't provoke,
 And by a quick Atonement, let us see,
 Tho' your Tongue err'd, that still your Mind was free ;
 But if you still continue to offend,
 And when you know you should submit, contend :
 To plead such Errors are against the Will,
 Is but a farther Provocation still,
 That gives us Cause to think you run astray,
 And hate the Man you care not to obey.

If therefore you would merit my Esteem,
 And make me love and prize you as a Gem,
 Think not your Lily Hand too white to do
 The meanest Thing that I command you to,
 But wave your Frowns, abandon female Pride,
 Lay all your stately Vanity aside,
 Forget your Beauty, Fortune, and your Birth,
 Boast not your Parents Quality or Worth,
 But let my Presence keep your Heart in Awe,
 And my Commands be valid as a Law ;

Then

Then a respectful Husband shall I prove,
 When by your Duty you confirm your Love;
 But if you flight or disregard my Word,
 And scorn to stoop to your domestick Lord,
 I'll strictly guard my Pocket, knit my Brows,
 And shew a foolish Wife an angry Spouse.

Wife.

Man has some Reason, if the Wife be cross,
 To be neglective, slighting, and morose;
 But when a Woman's kind, to be austere,
 Argues a Husband's Temper too severe,
 Gives her just Cause to murmur and complain,
 That she's ill govern'd with too strait a Rein.
 Tho' Man's Authority be great when us'd,
 As Tyrants do their Pow'r, 'tis then abus'd;
 And tho' weak Woman, in so hard a Case
 Is forc'd to suffer Wrongs without Redress,
 Yet 'tis inglorious Cruelty and Pride
 To injure and oppress the weaker Side,

Or

Or make your feeble Help-mate fare the worse,
Because unable to withstand your Force.

However, pray believe, my only Dear,
My Vertues are not owing to my Fear ;
For no ill Usage shall incline my Heart
To act a treach'rous, or a stubborn Part ;
Sense of my Duty is alone the Law
That guards my Breast, and keeps my Soul in Awe.
My nuptial Vows shall bind me to be true,
And steer my faithful Love to none but you ;
No Frowns or Sights shall ever change my Mind ;
Tho' you are sordid, I'll be just and kind,
And win you by indearing Means, to be
As loving and as affable to me ;
For when the Man, fatigu'd with worldly Toil,
Proves Vinegar, the Woman should be Oil.

Moral

Moral REFLEXIONS on the foregoing
Dialogue.

THO' the Man's surly, proud, perverse,
 Ill-temper'd as the Devil,
 The Wife still makes her Fate but worse,
 That is not kind and civil.

She ought to study how to please,
 And wink at ev'ry Failing;
 For nothing's gain'd, but farther Tease,
 By Scolding and by Railing.

A Woman's Tongue will ne'er assuage
 Her Husband's peevish Nature,
 For tho' he's senseless in a Rage,
 'Twill make the Storm the greater.

'Tis true, it's hard a Wife should bear
 Those Taunts she does not merit;

But

But who that's wife would snarle or jar,

To raise an evil Spirit?

For she that foolishly controuls

A Man of stubborn Humour,

Blows up but those destructive Coals,

That may perhaps consume her.

Therefore the Wife that is perplex'd

With Spouse of ill Condition,

Ought always, when the Tyrant's vex'd,

To shew the most Submission.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE II.

*Between an extravagant Husband, and a
prudent Wife.*

Wife.

WHY, my dear *Damon*, will you waste your
(Wealth,
Beggar your Children, and impair your
(Health,

By daily treating ev'ry idle Guest

With riotous Excesses of the best?

Why will you cringe to such a worthless Crew

Of flatt'ring Fools, where no Respect is due,

And with expensive Wines your Cellars fill,

That gorging Sots may from your Table reel,

Who with stretch'd Bellies quit your nauseous Room,

To spew your Bounty up 'twixt that and Home?

Husband.

Tease me not thus, my Dear, perhaps I think

There is no other Pleasure, but to drink :

Why

Why then, to please a Wife, should I resign
 These two Delights, good Company and Wine?
 What, tho' I've Children, must their Father be
 A Slave to add to their Prosperity,
 And be a Niggard to my self and Friend,
 That you and they may have the more to spend?
 No, Madam, tho' I love both them and you,
 I shall regard my self a little too,
 And not abandon that supream Delight,
 That crowns the Day, and gives me Rest at Night;
 Nor frown upon my Friends, to please a Wife
 That would abridge me of the Joys of Life.

Wife.

But you mistake, my Dear, and fancy those
 To be your Friends, that are your greatest Foes.
 Can flatt'ring Spungers, who your Tables fill,
 At your Expence to gormandize and swill,
 Who for your Banquets haunt you ev'ry Hour,
 And praise those Dainties which themselves devour;

Com-

Commend your Wines, which from your Cellars flow,
 And complement the Vanity you show ;
 Applaud your Bounty to a high Degree,
 Call your Profuseness Generosity ;
 New subtle Ways amidst their Cups invent,
 To make you still the more extravagant ?
 But what Returns have your Companions shew'd ?
 What Services perform'd ? What Gratitude
 Have you receiv'd for your expensive Treats
 Of rich *Galicia* Wines, and costly Meats ?
 Can any one of those you call your Friends,
 Who only flatter for their own Bye-Ends,
 Beneath their slender Circumstance, repay
 The Obligations of one drunken Day ?
 Are they not careless Sots, and Spend-thrifts all,
 Whose Merits are but low, and Fortunes small,
 Unworthy of those Favours you bestow,
 And all th' expensive Friendships which you show ?
 Fie, fie, my Dear, it grieves my Breast to see,
 Such worthless Fellows should your Ruin be ;
Nor

Nor is it more than what becomes a Wife,
 To beg a Husband to reform his Life;
 For nothing less than Mis'ry can attend
 Such vain Extreames, in the unhappy End.

Husband.

I cannot but allow, my charming Soul,
 A Woman may advise, but not controul.
 I own, that in some Measure I'm to blame,
 And thou shal't find I'll labour to reclaim;
 But still there must a happy Union be
 Betwixt the Bottle, and my Friend, and me.
 I love a chearful Glass; all other Joys
 Which many boast of, are to me but Toys;
 'Twixt Wine and Friendship I am only blest,
 Give me but these, the World may take the rest.

Wife.

Think not, my Dear, that I presume so far
 As in the least t'ingage you to debar
 Your self of those Delights you value most,
 Altho' attended with the greatest Cost:

All I entreat, is, that you'd grow more shy
 Of that bad Company you treat so high,
 And not be ruin'd by a thankless Crew
 Of worthless Sycophants, you know not who;
 Such who are needy, scandalous, and base,
 Who only fawn and flatter to your Face;
 But in your Absence make you but their Sport,
 And blame your Bounty, tho' it's their Support;
 Nay, ridicule your Forwardness to do
 Those very Things that they induce you to;
 Therefore, my Dear, such Company forbear,
 And you'll be much more happy than you are :
 Give o'er your Treats, invite 'em not to dine,
 Or, if you do, be sparing of your Wine,
 And I'll engage you'll find your Belly-Friends
 Will soon forsake you, when they lose their Ends.
 'Tis not your Person or your Parts they prize,
 But that which makes you but appear less wise;
 'Tis your Profuseness they alone admire,
 With-hold but that, your Friends will soon retire;
 Therefore,

Therefore, my Dear, for once, let me advise,
 If you'd be rid of those you should despise,
 Keep but the Bottle back, and drunken Friendship dies.

Husband.

I must confess, my Dear, that I have been
 Too kind and generous, but now begin
 To see my Folly, ere it's grown too late,
 And shall have more Regard to my Estate,
 Than to be beggar'd ; for I own I find
 My Debts increasing, and my Wealth declin'd.
 I know 'tis Time I should with-hold my Hand,
 Or I must soon raise Money on my Land ;
 Therefore I thank thee for thy kind Advice,
 I'll be less generous, and become more wise.

Wife.

Look on your spritely Son ; behold the Boy,
 Whose lovely Features fill us both with Joy.
 Is it not hard that such a Babe should come
 To want that Wealth which thankless Sots consume,

And, thro' your vain Extravagance, be glad
 To be some Lady's Page, or Vintner's Lad?
 Look on your Daughter, view her charming Face,
 Where Beauty shines with Innocence and Grace:
 Is it not Pity that so sweet a Child
 Should be by Sots and Sycophants beguil'd,
 And when her Breasts to nuptial Ripeness swell,
 Should want a Fortune that might match her well?
 Would it not rend your troubl'd Soul, to see
 So fair an Offspring doom'd to Drudgery;
 Or when she's fit for a kind Husband's Arms,
 Be forc'd, thro' Want, to prostitute her Charms?
 Consider, Dearest, this must be their Fate,
 'Less you're more frugal ere it proves too late;
 Therefore, my Dear, 'tis not my self I heed,
 But for your Children that I intercede;
 Give not your darling Infants Cause to curse
 Your Flatt'ers, nay, their Father, which is worse,
 When they in Tears dejectedly behold
 Your Lands and Houses to some Miser fold:

Look

Look with Compassion on their tender Years,
 And put a Stop to all these growing Fears,
 Then will your self and Family be blest,
 And Joys, as yet unknown, enrich your Breast:
 The Gods themselves, who on your Revels frown,
 Will with a pleasing Aspect then look down,
 And with their Smiles your Reformation crown.

Husband.

These Thoughts, my Dearest, make my Heart relent;
 You've struck so Home I cannot but repent;
 Nor can I blame you for the Truths you speak,
 But am concern'd to think my self so weak.
 I own I love thee, and thy charming Brood,
 And grieve to think I should neglect their Good;
 Thy kind Advice has such an Impress made,
 As if thy Words were Laws to be obey'd;
 So just thy Counsels, and thy Charge so true,
 That by their Pow'r I'm chang'd to something new;
 Am conscious of those Faults which you reprove
 With so much Prudence, Decency, and Love:

Nor shall thy blest'd Endeavours lose their Aim,
 For thou shalt find that I'll at once reclaim,
 And from this happy Hour, reform my House
 From flatt'ring Sots, who at my Charge carouse;
 And for my dearest Childrens Sake, and thine,
 No longer be a Slave to vicious Wine;
 But live reserv'd, and drink a mod'rate Glass
 With Friends that scorn to be obscene, or base;
 No vain Delights, with so much Cost, pursue,
 But still be thoughtful of my Babes and you,
 And be no more a Bubble to a thirsty Crew.

Moral REFLEXIONS on the foregoing
 Dialogue.

SOME Husbands, who, thro' want of Wit,
 Spur on their own Declension,
 Think it a Scandal to submit
 To Female Reprehension:

But

*But he that leads a shameful Life,
 And still pursues his Error,
 If happy in a prudent Wife,
 With Patience ought to bear her :*

*For tho' 'tis Woman's Sphere to mind
 Their Children, and their Houses,
 Yet spend-thrift Sots should think it kind,
 When counsell'd by their Spouses ;*

*Not that if Man should run astray,
 A Woman must be railing ;
 For scolding is an odious Way,
 That seldom is prevailing.*

*Ill Words provoke, and not reclaim ;
 'Tis good Advice in Season,
 That wins the Spend-thrift to his Dame,
 And brings him to his Reason.*

M n have their Failings, tho' they're wise,

It is, alas ! too common ;

No Husband therefore should despise

Good Counsel from a Woman,

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE III.

*Between a dying Wife, and a profligate
Husband.*

Wife.

NOW, dear *Philander*, we shall quickly part,
My Eyes grow dim, and Death has seiz'd
(my Heart:
I hope ere long to be for ever bless'd,
Where happy Souls by Angels are carefs'd,
And dwell in Peace above the spangl'd Skies,
Where no Disputes or nuptial Jars arise;
But where the vertuous Wife shall be secur'd
From all those Hardships she on Earth endur'd.
My dear *Philander*, now too late you know
'Tis to your Wrongs that I my Sickness owe;
Those fatal Sights, which you so oft have show'd,
Have crush'd me down beneath their pond'rous Load.

Had

Had you been kind, I might have long surviv'd
 Th'approaching Hour, and twice my Age have liv'd ;
 But you, alas ! have shook the fatal Glafs,
 And now the fleeting Sands pour down apace.

Husband.

Forgive me, Dear, I own I've been unkind,
 But let not what is pass'd disturb thy Mind :
 Chear up thy Spirits, comfort up thy Heart,
 Thou'rt yet but young, it is too soon to part.
 I'm sure you will not die this Bout ; for Wives,
 Like Cats, the Wise report, have many Lives ;
 Therefore a Woman's Sicknefs who would heed ?
 They threaten long before they go indeed.

Wife.

I know my Pangs cannot affect your Breast,
 But 'tis a dreadful Season for a Jest :
 Have Patience, in a little Time you'll see
 Death will dissolve the Tye, and set you free ;
 My last unhappy Day is fled and gone,
 No more shall I behold the rising Sun,

Or

Or from this cold uncomfortable Bed
 Of Sorrow, move or raise my dying Head.
 Feel my slow Pulse, thou stony-hearted Man;
 Behold my Icy Cheeks so pale and wan:
 Can you believe I have the impious Art
 To thus dissemble Death in ev'ry Part?
 O! cruel Wretch, that can forbear to shed
 One Tear of Sorrow from a shaking Head,
 Nor warm my frozen Cheeks amidst my Pains
 With one poor Kiss, whilst fading Life remains.
 Tho' you have long been faithless and unkind,
 Yet sure my Mis'ries might affect your Mind,
 And melt you, now the Pangs of Death appear,
 To drop at Parting one relenting Tear.

Husband.

Were you as sick as you pretend to be,
 And I the ghastly Signs of Death could see;
 If Tears would make the palled Tyrant fly,
 I then perhaps might play the Fool, and cry;

But

But Women have such Ways, that few can tell
 When they're in Jest or Earnest, sick or well,
 Because they're subject to dissemble Pain,
 And oft, for little Cause, or none, complain.

Wife.

O! faithless Man, O! unbelieving Wretch,
 Do you not hear my weak and falt'ring Speech?
 Can my numb'd Arms, my cold and clammy Sweats,
 And trembling Agonies, be Counterfeits?
 Can my dead Feet, more cold than Ice or Stone,
 Be owing to Dissimulation?
 Do my Lips shiver, and my Eye-balls start,
 By th' Pow'r of vile Hypocrisy and Art?
 O! gaze with Pity on your injur'd Wife;
 Repent those Ills that have abridg'd her Life;
 Forsake those gaudy Serpents which you prize,
 Those Basilisks who poy's'n ye with their Eyes;
 Those treach'rous Snakes, those Wantons of the Town,
 Who've been my Ruin, and will prove your own;

Exclude

Exclude their Charms from your unwary Breast,
Or you'll be curs'd on Earth, when I am blest.

O! my dear Babe, what will of her become
When I am fled to my eternal Home?

How ill must that poor harmless Infant fare,
When left expos'd to such a Father's Care,
Whose wicked Life, by Heaven's just Decree,
Must be aveng'd upon his Progeny,
'Lest divine Mercy timely steps between,

And kindly cuts off the Intail of Sin?

O! Heav'n, look down with Pity, and dispense
Thy Blessings on her tender Innocence;

Be thou, Omnipotence, her Vertues guard,
And keep her honest, tho' her Fate be hard;

Direct her Footsteps with thy Heav'nly Grace,

That no ill Action may her Charms debase;

And turn her Father's Heart, that he may be

Kinder to her, than he has prov'd to me.

Husband.

Husband.

Thou still keep'st steady to thy old Extreams;
 Scolding and Praying were thy usual Themes:
 A Wife's Devotion is not worth a Pin,
 Except the Husband be reprov'd therein,
 Each Fault of his be sure must fetch a Groan,
 Altho' perhaps she quite forgets her own.
 Go on, my Dear, 'tis Pleasure to my Ears
 To hear you mix Reflexions with your Pray'rs:
 It looks as if you had not long to live,
 Because you do not heartily forgive.

Wife.

I'm not disturb'd at your Unkindness past,
 But grieve to see you slight me thus at last,
 When a few Hours will all my Pains remove,
 And put a Period to my nuptial Love.
 Have I not always been a faithful Wife,
 Regardful of the Comforts of your Life;
 Careful and kind, obliging ev'ry Way,
 Forward to please, and willing to obey?

And

And do I not deserve one Sigh or Groan

At the last dying Gasp, for what I've done?

O! wretched Woman, and ungrateful Man,

Whose Wrongs have rent my Heart at half my Span;

But I forgive thee with a Christian Mind,

And beg, when gone, you'll to my Child be kind.

O! now I'm sliding to my last Repose,

An Icy Circle does my Heart inclose.

Alas! where am I? Clouds of gloomy Night

Darken my Eye-balls, and eclipse the Light.

O! kneel, and pray for my expiring Soul;

Methinks I do o'er tossing Billows rowl;

The raging Seas around my Body flow,

And watry Mountains dash me to and fro.

Where's my *Philander*? O! assist me, Dear!

O! save me, G—d. — I sink — I know not where.

Alas! she's gone indeed. Husband.

Alas! she's gone indeed. O! wretched Man,

Well might such Vertue of her Wrongs complain:

None,

None, her hard Suff'rings, but herself could tell;
 Ill have I us'd her, who deserv'd so well:
 Curse on the wanton Fair, that made me prove
 So base and treach'rous to such faithful Love.
 What an ingrateful Monster is a lewd
 And vicious Husband to a Wife so good!
 How proudly does the Traytor tyrannize
 O'er Vertue, which he knows not how to prize;
 Pleas'd that his Lordly Station gives him Pow'r
 To plague and punish what he ought t' adore!
 O! that my Tongue could utter what I feel;
 'Till now, I never knew I lov'd so well:
 But oh! she's gone, and all her Charms are fled,
 Which once adorn'd and blest'd my Marriage-Bed:
 Unworthy of those Favours I misus'd,
 I've now for ever lost what I abus'd.
 How oft have I, (when she has strove to please)
 Like an imperious Wretch, disturb'd her Ease,

Study'd

Study'd a thousand Ways to tease her Life,
 With base unmanly Jealousies and Strife;
 O! hateful Husband, to so just a Wife.

What Penance could I bear, to now retrieve
 Such spotless Vertue from the silent Grave?
 Kingdoms and Crowns I could with Joy resign,
 Nay, the whole World to save her, were it mine:
 But 'tis, alas! O! foolish Man, too late
 To now redeem her from insulting Fate.
 Farewel, thou best of Women, since thy Charms
 Are early fled from my unworthy Arms,
 Thy dying Words shall melt my stony Breast,
 And pierce my weeping Soul whilst thou art blest;
 Never from my repenting Thoughts depart,
 But stand, like Brass, imprinted in my Heart.

Come, my dear Babe, thou shalt my Mistress be;
 Tho' to thy Mother false, I'll succour thee,
 And, on thy charming Innocence, bestow
 The high Regard I to her Goodness owe.

D

Thou,

Thou, my dear Girl, shalt be my only Wife,
 Joy of my Soul, and Comfort of my Life,
 And with those Charms, thy Infant Years may boast,
 Supply the matchless Blessings I have lost.
 No more shall wanton Beauty, with her Eyes,
 Poyson my Breast, and make my Heart her Prize;
 Or tempt me with her Charms, so oft defil'd,
 To be a careless Father to my Child.
 No, my dear Angel, tho' I've been, 'tis true,
 Unkind to thy dear Mother, and to you,
 Yet now my Heart relents, and thou shalt see
 The Love I owe to her, I'll pay to thee.

Moral REFLEXIONS on the foregoing
 Dialogue.

ILL *Husbands oft good Wives despise,*

And tease their bumble Spirits,

When worthy Men would gladly prize

Their Vertues and their Merits.

The

*The Profligate has no true Sense
 Of Woman's vertuous Graces,
 But values wanton Impudence
 Above a Wife's Embraces:*

*Esteems no Blessing of his own,
 Is so with Lust infected,
 That, for base Wantons of the Town,
 He leaves his Spouse neglected.*

*Tet Women, to the World's Surprise,
 Are so bewitch'd in matching,
 That they reject the Chast and Wise,
 For Fools not worth their catching:*

*As if they strove to chuse the worst,
 In Hopes to make 'em better;
 For the best Women oft are curst
 With Men of most ill Nature.*

Let he that's happy in a Wife

Of Beauty, Love, and Honour,

Deserves a miserable Life,

That shall neglect or wrong her.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE IV.

*Between a pert Lady, and an old fumbling
Libertine.*

Wife.

TIS to your Credit much, my Dear, to praise
The manly Actions of your younger Days;
You think you please me highly to declare
Your youthful Frolicks with the wanton Fair:
Sure you expect I should commend the Feats
You've done long since between adult'rous Sheets,
And, that I ought to love you, for the Strokes
You've given, by the Bye, to other Folks.
For Shame, you fumbling Brute, now Age prevails
Above your Strength, forbear your Bawdy Tales,
And tell not me of Sluts you have enjoy'd,
What Children you have got, what Fools decoy'd.

Have you no Actions of your Life to boast,
 But the past Revels of your former Lust?
 No innocent Adventures you have had,
 Not one good Deed to ballance all the bad?

Husband.

Prithee, my Honey, where can be the Harm,
 If we with youthful Pranks our Fancies warm?
 It's always held a Pleasure, when we're old,
 To have our past unbearded Follies told.
 I'll swear, my Ears delight to hear my Tongue
 Revive the Frolicks that I had, when young.
 In my Opinion, to repeat the Fact,
 Is always far more pleasant than the Act.
 Like an old batter'd Soldier, I am glad
 To talk of the past Skirmishes I've had,
 And tell the Hardships, shew my Wounds and Scars,
 And boast of Rapes committed in the Wars.
 Who'd value Honours, which such Hazards cost,
 Should the Remembrance of our Deeds be lost?

What

What signifies all Hist'ry, but to show
 What Fools our Fathers were long long ago?
 Why therefore may not I delight my Ears
 With my own Faults, as well as talk of theirs?

Wife.

Fie, you old fumbling Fool, d'ye take a Pride
 To publish those Intrigues your Age should hide?
 Are the past Pleasures of your vicious Life
 Fit Entertainments for a youthful Wife?
 Must I be teas'd with your lascivious Tales
 Of am'rous Favours now your Vigour fails;
 Hear all your lushious Freaks, when in your Prime,
 And how you came thus grey before your Time?
 Sure you design to spur me, if you can,
 To flight your Age, and try some other Man,
 That your declining Years might honour'd be
 With some adult'rous Bastard-Progeny;
 Else would you find some more obliging Way,
 'Less your vain Talk should tempt my Youth astray;

Teach me to wean my Heart from Vertue's Rules,
And to despise grey Hairs and Spectacles.

Husband.

If a Wife's Vertue cannot stand the Test
Of a loose Tale, or Husband's merry Jest,
But lustful Thoughts must presently inflame
Her Breast, and make her wish to act the same,
She nothing wants but an obscene Attack
From one she likes, to fling her on her Back.
The Dame that's truly vertuous, will be free,
And, when amidst her Gossips, merry be;
Ne'er turn her Back upon a smutty Flirt,
Or, with her squeamish Fie Fies, spoil their Sport;
Ne'er struggle hard against a harmless Kiss,
Or redden, when a Word is drop'd amiss,
Starch'd Modesty looks foolish in a Maid,
But ten times worse in Woman that is wed;
Makes her appear but like a cunning Jilt,
Whose Blushes shew her conscious of her Guilt.

By

By a wife Proverb, we have long been taught,
 The Sow that's silent, drinks up all the Draught;
 And that the Harlot, tho' in private free,
 Can, at a Christ'ning, mute and modest be.

Wife.

But still this will not in the least excuse
 A Man in talking loofely to his Spouse,
 And digging up the Rubbish of those Sins,
 Whose ill Effects so oft excite your Grins.
 Methinks, now old, you should be glad to hide
 Your youthful Crimes, and make them not your Pride,
 But let unstir'd the nauseous Muck-hill rot,
 'Till first repented of, and next forgot.
 Man's the domestick Lord, and ought to be
 The Great Example of his Family;
 At Home should nothing say or do, but what
 Is fit for a good Wife to imitate,
 And by his decent Talk, and pious Life,
 Ought to encourage Virtue in his Wife,
 That

That her chaste Prudence may despise what's vain,
 And mind her Duty both to God and Man :
 But I, alas ! instead of this, must hear
 What Bastards you begot in such a Year ;
 How many Wives and Virgins you defil'd,
 How well you manag'd when they prov'd with Child ;
 Who made you smart for your deluding Tongue,
 Who was most beautiful, and who most young ;
 As if your pass'd Performance would attone
 For your Home fumbling now your Dancing's done ;
 And that I now should value you the more
 For all your boasted Favours heretofore,
 So lavishly bestow'd e'er I was born,
 On Jilts and Trulls a vertuous Man would scorn.

Shame on your Age, so proud to let me see
 How far your Lust survives Capacity,
 As if you thought the Lewdness of your Youth,
 Now past your Strength, became your rev'rend Mouth,
 And that I ought to honour your Decay,
 Because you're still lascivious, tho' you're grey,

And

And too infirm, instead of good or wise,
To act that Lewdness which your Age denies.

Husband.

How now, you youthful, giddy, prating Fool,
Am I turn'd Child, and come again to School?
It's a fine Age, when Girls begin to preach,
And younger Wives their older Husbands teach.
You're wond'rous modest of a sudden grown,
That not a Word of Smut will now go down,
As if you fancy'd you were still a Maid,
And ought to blush at merry Tales 'till wed,
'Lefs you should show, by an attentive Ear,
How well you love what now you cannot hear.

Wife.

I was a Maid, when to your Bed I came,
And may, for ought I know, be still the same;
You had need boast of all your mighty Feats
Perform'd long since between unlawful Sheets,

When

When you so long in vain have try'd to get
 A lawful Heir t' enjoy your large Estate,
 But have not shew'd sufficient Manhood yet!
 You're wise to brag of your romantick Joys,
 Your lovely Girls, and your parochial Boys,
 Begot so briskly, could the Truth be known,
 Not here, but on some Empress in the Moon.
 Go, you old fumbling Letcher, blush for Shame
 To be so lewd, when gouty, old, and lame;
 Tell not your Wife of your debauch'd Extreams,
 My Vertue scorns to hear such bawdy Dreams,
 Invented to delight some beastly Crew,
 And told so oft 'till you believe 'em true.
 Timely consider, Penitence and Pray'rs
 Will better far become your grisly Hairs;
 Learn to extinguish all your vain Desires,
 Those useless Ashes of your lustful Fires,
 Which now are burnt so low, that they're become
 No more than a mere *Caput Mortuum*.

Husband.

Husband.

I find the Fool is finely brought to Bed,
That in his Age a youthful Wife has wed:
His Talk is nauseous, his Embraces cold,
And his kind Deeds thought fumbling, 'cause he's old;
When weak Efforts, from a Gallant less strong,
Would be much more esteem'd, because he's young.

Well, Wife, since my own House must be my School,
Where Woman, Pedant like, must bear the Rule,
I shall play Truant 'till the Hour of nine,
And con my fine new Lesson o'er my Wine,
Whilst in my Absence some devouter Rake
May act, perhaps, what I must fear to speak.

Wife.

Go, jealous Impotence, it's Time to walk,
And since your Mouth, grown foul with bawdy Talk,
For the brisk Bottle is a fitter Match,
Than a young Wife for such a fumbling Wretch,
Who, now he's old, is proud to be bely'd,
And brags of Favours which he ne'er enjoy'd.

So

So Bullies, that they may n't be Cowards thought,
Boast of those Duels which they never fought,
As Fools report strange Conquests o'er the Fair,
Purely to seem more wicked than they are.

Moral REFLEXIONS on the foregoing
Dialogue.

HE that has led a vicious Life,
And scatter'd his Affections,

Is but a Fool to tell his Wife

Of all his youthful Actions :

For Lust once rais'd in female Veins,

Takes Fire as quick as Tinder,

And idle Talk breaks Vertue's Reins,

Which good Discourse would hinder.

Who then, that knows his own Decay,

Would be so lewd a Letcher,

To

To teach his youthful Bride the Way

To crack her nuptial Pitcher.

Women, when plagu'd with fumbling Age,

Need nothing to excite 'em,

But are too ready to engage,

When younger Arms invite 'em.

Who then, that has a Dram of Brains,

Would prove so vain a Noddy,

T' inflame his Wife's more youthful Veins,

With Stories that are Bawdy?

Tet Lust in Age so oft prevails,

That Men turn Goats and Satyrs,

And, by their luscious idle Tales,

Debauch their Wives and Daughters.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE V.

Between a wealthy Niggard, and his generous Termagant.

Wife.

WHAT do you mean, my Dear, d'ye think I'll
A Grogram Stuff, as coarse as Camels
Such that I'm sure my very Maid would scorn,
Fit only by some Ale-wife to be worn?
Not I, indeed, pray take your home-spun Drug,
And give your Present to some Country Jug:
Let me have Money from your Hoard, that I
May go and chuse what best will please my Eye.
D'ye think, old Niggard, you shall buy my Cloths,
Or bring me to the Wear of such as those?
No, you shall sooner find, that I'll, by Stealth,
Force thro' your Locks to your imprison'd Wealth,

Make

Make your Trunks fly, unseal your mouldy Bags,
Ere I'll be us'd to homely Stuffs or Rags.

Husband.

Prithee be patient, Love, you can't but know
Taxes are very high, and Rents but low;
The Times are hard, Wives should not be so proud,
Money grows scarce; come, come, the Stuff is good.
Don't be so stubborn, prodigal, and high,
You may be glad of worse before you die:
I've known good Women, nay, of Quality,
With larger Fortunes than you brought to me,
Think it no Scandal to appear in View
With a worse Gown, than what I've bought for you;
Pray therefore don't despise it at this Rate,
The Stuff's a pretty Stuff, I tell you that,
And such that no good Housewife should disdain;
For Garments seem most modest, that are plain.

Wife.

Have my kind Parents bred me up so well;
And paid down such a Fortune on the Nail,

E

For

For me to now go dress'd like Rural *Joan*,
 With an old Grannum's nasty Grogram on?
 Truly I'll not disguise my Youth, to please
 A stingy Muckworm with such Stuffs as these,
 Fit only for a Swain, or Shepherd's Trull,
 Who spins her Garments of her own black Wooll.
 Let me have Silks; for I'll respected be
 According to my Birth and Quality;
 Nor shall my tender Skin, to Hollands us'd,
 Be, by coarse stubborn Dowlace Shifts, abus'd;
 No Face of mine shall, by my Friends, be view'd
 In Quaker's Pinner, and a Quervo Hood.

Or shall my Shoulders wear, to my Disgrace,
 A Scarf with neither Furbelow or Lace?
 I'll not be kept at such a slavish Rate,
 But dress according to your large Estate;
 And if you'll not maintain me as you ought,
 According to the Fortune that I brought,
 I'm not so old or ugly, but can find
 Another, who, perhaps, will prove more kind.

Husband.

Husband.

Why sure, you haughty *Jezabel*, you'd scorn
 To shame your lawful Husband with the Horn,
 And damn your Soul, as well as wrong your Sponse,
 For a high Head, and a few tawdry Cloths.
 I find but what I fear'd, this 'tis to wed
 A proud *Virago* so profusely bred,
 Humour'd at Home, and taught at Dancing-School
 To scorn, for foreign Silks, your native Wooll;
 To turn your Toes, to bridle up your Head,
 And move, like formal Clock-work, as you tread;
 To tune your Voice, to thrum on your Gittar,
 And wash and paint, to make your Looks more fair.
 You should have wed some Prodigal at Court,
 A spend-thrift Coxcomb of the higher Sort;
 Some little Monkey-Heir, decreed by Fate
 Not to improve, but lavish an Estate.

Wife.

Use me not thus, you Money-loving Fool,
 I am too good for such a narrow Soul,

For me to now go dress'd like Rural Joan,
 With an old Grannum's nasty Grogam on?
 Truly I'll not disguise my Youth, to please
 A stingy Muckworm with such Stuffs as these,
 Fit only for a Swain, or Shepherd's Trull,
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 A proud *Virago* so profusely bred,
 Humour'd at Home, and taught at Dancing-School
 To scorn, for foreign Silks, your native Wooll;
 To turn your Toes, to bridle up your Head,
 And move, like formal Clock-work, as you tread;
 To tune your Voice, to thrum on your Gittar,
 And wash and paint, to make your Looks more fair.
 You should have wed some Prodigal at Court,
 A spend-thrift Coxcomb of the higher Sort;
 Some little Monkey-Heir, decreed by Fate
 Not to improve, but lavish an Estate.

Wife.

Use me not thus, you Money-loving Fool,
 I am too good for such a narrow Soul,

Who values nothing but your hoarded Bags,
 And cares not if your Wife went dress'd in Rags:
 Had I your stingy Avarice but known
 Before the Priest had curs'd me as your own,
 Death, with a Halter, should as soon, I vow
 Have noos'd me, as so poor a Wretch as thou,
 Who flights Ease, Honour, Honesty, and Health,
 And doats on nothing, but your ill-got Wealth:
 But since my tender Parents, for the Sake
 Of Riches, led me into this Mistake,
 Believing no penurious Churl could prove
 Reserv'd to her, who so deserves your Love;
 And since, repugnant to their Hopes and mine,
 You less respect me, than your Idol Coin,
 And o'er your Mammon keep so strict a Hand,
 That I must beg what Woman should command,
 Where e'er I come, I'll trumpet your Disgrace,
 And make you 'ppear as odious as you're base;
 Spit, like a Cat, my Venom and my Spite
 All Day, and tantalize your Lust at Night;
Borrow

Borrow of all that will be free to lend,
 That you may pay what I profusely spend;
 Take up rich Gowns and Petticoats on Tick,
 Break thro' all Vertue, and at nothing stick;
 Turn an eternal Scold, grow vile and lewd,
 And curse your House with an adult'rous Brood;
 Respect you less than now I do your Mar,
 Cheat and torment you ev'ry Way I can;
 Nay, cuff your Miser's Noddle, claw and tear,
 That your thin Jaws my spiteful Marks shall wear.
 Thus ev'ry Way that Woman can contrive,
 Revenge the barb'rous Usage that you give,
 'Less you a more obliging Husband prove,
 And, by your gen'rous Kindness, shew your Love.

Husband.

What, Huzzy, will you turn a Thief, a Whore,
 And make your self a Beast, a Common-Whore?
 Afflict your Parents, and torment your 'Spouse,
 Seek your own Misery, to shame my Brows?

Ruin your self, to be reveng'd on me,
 And scandalize your own good Family?
 Be the World's May-game, ev'ry Rascal's Sport,
 Defile your Body, do your Soul such Hurt,
 And all because your odious female Pride,
 Is not with Silks and Sattins gratify'd?
 Rare modest Resolutions, by my Life,
 A well-bred Lady, a most vertuous Wife!

Wife.

Too honest, had my Vertue first been lost,
 To be by such a Niggard's Arms ingross,
 Who places on your Gold your sole Esteem,
 And thinks all other Pleasures but a Dream,
 You can no Charms in female Beauty find,
 'Less 'twas on Gold, like *Cæsar's* Image, coin'd;
 Nor can you fancy Love affords Delight,
 Except well paid for what you do at Night,
 Go, mercenary Wretch, and hug thy Pelf,
 Live like an Anch'rite starving by thy self;

Rowl

Rowl in thy Wealth, live hated and forlorn,
 And burrow in thy Bags, like Rats in Corn;
 Tho' they, poor Vermin, do enjoy their Store,
 Whilst you in Plenty starve, and wish for more,
 They feast and revel whilst their Hoards do last,
 But you still pine, and have no Pow'r to taste,
 And labour, tho' in vain, to bring your Wife
 To share the Curse of such a Beggar's Life.
 But know, penurious Muckworm, that I scorn
 My fleshy Sides, by Fasting, should be worn
 To a poor starv'd Anatomy, like thine,
 Debarr'd, by Av'rice, both of Food and Wine,
 That when thou'rt dead, some Spend-thrift may con-
 (found
 Those Heaps of Gold in Chains and Fetters bound:
 But, Miser, thou shal't find, ere I'll comply
 With thy coarse Fare, I'll make your Mammon fly,
 Force you to spread your Table, like a Lord,
 With the best Dainties that the Shops afford;
 Allow me Silks and Laces, that agree
 With your known Riches, and my Quality;

Else shall you feel the sharp Effects that wait
 Upon an angry Woman's Scorn and Hate;
 For I'll exert my Envy, and my Pride,
 And prove the very Devil of a Bride.

Husband.

Did Husband ever hear so vile a Wretch?
 Sure thou'rt some Spirit, Succubus, or Witch;
 I took thee for a Saint, but find, alas!
 Thy Heart is Iron, and thy Face is Brass;
 Your Words fierce Thunder-bolts, that when you gape,
 Confound my Ears at every dreadful Clap;
 Your Temper too unruly, and your Pride
 Too dev'lish to be humour'd or deny'd;
 For should I strive to pleasure your Desires,
 By granting what so proud a Shrew requires,
 I must too lavishly supply your Wants,
 And beggar'd be by your Extravagance;
 If I refuse what you command or pray,
 I then must be undone some other Way:

Thus,

Thus, if I'm careful to *Caribdis* shun,
 I must upon the Rocks of *Scilla* run.
 Direct me, Heaven, how to steer my Course,
 'Twixt female Pride, and Anger, which is worse,

Wife.

I'll tell you, Muckworm, if you'd happy be,
 Transfer that Love you have for Gold, to me ;
 Value no Cost that can oblige your Wife,
 And that's the Way to lead an easy Life ;
 But if your odious Stinginess be such,
 To think I wear too good, or spend too much,
 Then bitter Words your Miser's Ears shall warm,
 And welcome Fools about my Beauty swarm ;
 Bully and cuckold ye in spite of Fate,
 And make you curse your Av'rice, when too late ;
 Tease, rob, and cheat you, bastardize your Race,
 And all the World condemn you for an Ass,
 Whilst I with Pleasure shall increase your Plagues,
 And make your Life a Hell amidst your Bags ;

Whose

Whose base imprison'd Dross shall ne'er procure
 The Respit of one kind or happy Hour,
 'Till thou shal't find, that Wealth is but a Dream,
 And that a Wife, provok'd to an Extream,
 Can, when she pleases, in an angry Mood,
 Do thee more Harm, than Gold can do thee good.

Husband.

Prithee, my Dear, be patient, I'll be glad
 To make thee easy, for I fear thou'rt mad;
 Pride has bewitch'd thee, fill'd thy Breast with Evil,
 And chang'd thee from a Woman to a Devil.
 Thou art some Offspring of the Serpent's Seed,
 Or Fury of the *Amazonian* Breed;
 A mere *Bellona*, fit to bear a Shield,
 And shew your head-strong Valour in the Field;
 Destin'd to stand the Brunt of clashing Swords,
 Or to fright Mankind with your daring Words,
 Here, fiery Beldam, prithee take my Keys,
 Do what you will, and lavish what you please;

Dress

Dress like a Dutcheſs, gratify your Pride;
 Who dare deny ſo Termagant a Bride?
 But rather purchaſe Eaſe, than to be ſtung
 With the ſharp Venom of ſo curs'd a Tongue.

Wife.

Take back your ruſty Keys, you tim'rous Wretch,
 Open your Heart, and your cloſe Purſe-Strings ſtretch;
 Give me but Money for the Things I need,
 And what is uſeful, I ſhall ne'er exceed;
 For tho' I ſcorn coarſe Stuffs, or worthleſs Rags,
 I aim not to be Miſtreſs of your Bags,
 My Pride ſhall ne'er above my Station tow'r,
 Or covet to uſurp a Huſband's Pow'r;
 I'd only have you generous and free,
 According to your known Ability;
 Then will that Wealth, which is but now your Care,
 Make us, when rightly us'd, a happy Pair;
 For Riches padlock'd in a Miſer's Hoard,
 Who pines for what he may, yet won't afford,

Are

Are but, like Mines of Treasure under Ground,
Bury'd i' th' Dark, that lie as yet unfound.

What are you better for your tarnish'd Sums,
Chain'd up in Trunks, and barricado'd Rooms,
Where sporting Rats the useless Pile despise,
And, in Contempt, dance round it as it lies;
Nay, know the Bags, that you may learn from thence
To purchase Plenty at your Coins Expence;
And as the Vermin on the Canvas prey,
By their Example, you are taught the Way
To use your Wealth, and not, amidst your Store,
To punish Nature, like a Wretch that's poor;
Therefore be gen'rous, and you still shall find
I'll be indulgent, dutiful, and kind;
Profuse in nothing, saving as you please,
Allow but what is needful for our Ease,
With such Attendance, useful to maintain
A decent Port, above the World's Disdain;
For hoarded Riches will not keep us free
From human Censure, Scorn, and Calumny;

For

For publick Bounty is the best Defence
Against the World's ill-natur'd Insolence.

Spare but these Things from your abundant Store,
I shall be easy, and shall ask no more ;

But if your Heart be wedded to your Gold,

And, to our Scandal, you your Dross with-hold,

Prefer a wretched and penurious Life,

Above your Ease, your Honour, or your Wife,

I'll tease you, horn you, publish your Dispraise,

And plague your sordid Heart ten thousand Ways.

Husband.

Silence that dreadful Instrument, thy Tongue,

And I'll be glad to own I'm in the Wrong ;

Give thee my All, with any Thing comply,

Cease but that hideous Thunder, which may vie

With those loud Claps that eccho thro' the Sky.

Let my poor Ears but be for ever freed

From that shrill piercing Clangor which they dread,

And I'll submit to all Things you can ask,

Perform, with Gladness, my *Herculean* Task ;

Be

Be lavish of the Gold I lov'd to save;
 And give more largely than your self can crave;
 Indulge your Pride in each expensive Whim,
 Turn gen'rous Coxcomb to the last Extream;
 Keep Crouds of lazy Slaves to fill your Hall,
 And wait your Female Pleasure, when you call;
 Provide you two nice Slatterns, to obey,
 And dress you like a Puppit e'ery Day,
 Who know their Duty, when your lustful Charms
 Lie ruff'd in some brawny Blockhead's Arms :
 You shall have all the Grandeur you desire,
 As much as Quality themselves require ;
 Your Coach, your Spark, your Pimp, nay, Chaplain too,
 To add a pious Grace to th' Ills you do;
 Let me but live unbaited by your Tongue,
 With dreadful Sound, and pointed Venom hung;
 Plagues that no patient Husband would endure,
 Could all his Worth the cursed Torment cure;

Therefore

Therefore take all, maintain what Port you please;
 Rather than suffer such eternal Teaze,
 Thou shal't command my Wealth, let me enjoy
 (my Ease.)

Wife.

You are mistaken, Sir; had I the Use
 Of all your Gold, I'd scorn to be profuse:
 My Fortune largely has increas'd your Store,
 And to your wealthy Coffers added more;
 Therefore, since Heav'n has been so kind, to grant
 Such Riches, why should we delight in Want?
 And, by a base penurious Life, destroy
 That Ease and Comfort we may both enjoy?
 Nay, draw upon our selves Contempt and Hate,
 When we may claim Respect, and live in State;
 Merit the World's Esteem, yet spend no more
 Than half the Int'rest of our wealthy Store;
 Maintain that Bounty which the World commends,
 And keep a well-spread Table for our Friends;
 Be generous to all, relieve the Poor
 With what is needful daily at your Door,

That

That their united Pray'rs to Heav'n may be
 As efficacious as our Charity ;
 Deny your self no costly Food or Wine,
 And Care of Bus'ness to your Slaves resign ;
 Dress to your Quality, wear what is good,
 And never save by swerving from the Mode ;
 Want no Attendance needful, keep your Coach,
 Pursue your Pleasures, but without Debauch,
 And not starve on at this penurious Rate,
 To be a Miser curs'd with an Estate ?

Husband.

O! bless me, what a Race would Woman run !
 I shall be beggar'd, baited, or undone ;
 Should I presume to live at this high Rate,
 I ought to have, at least, a Lord's Estate.
 O! you proud noisy Termagant, must I
 Be plagu'd, or with my Ruin thus comply ?
 O! Heav'ns, how I'm involv'd 'twixt Curse and Curse,
 And know not which is like to prove the worse ?

However,

However, since my Riches cannot soon
 Be wasted, I'll the present Torment shun,
 And, rather than be teas'd, submit to be undone.

Moral REFLEXIONS on the foregoing
 Dialogue.

THE Husband often blames his Wife
 For her imperious Clamour,
 When 'tis his own provoking Life
 That does at first inflame her.

The Spend-thrift lavishes Abroad
 What by his Wife is wanted,
 And makes her petulant and loud,
 When vex'd and discontented.

The rich, but parsimonious Spouse,
 Half starves his nuptial Crony,
 Till she, at length, adorns his Brows
 For Cloths and Pocket-Money ;

F

Makes

*Makes her revengeful and morose,
 Loose, negligent, and wrathful,
 When, if he'd less esteem'd his Dross,
 She would have prov'd more faithful.*

*Women, when juvenile and fair,
 Will have their costly Dresses,
 And Husbands, who have Wealth to spare,
 Must humour their Excesses :*

*Or, if she's homely, then her Tongue
 Will worry and perplex him ;
 But if she's handsome, brisk, and young,
 Her Tail will also vex him.*

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE VI.

Between a pert Lady and her Spouse, concerning Superiority in Wedlock.

Wife.

Sometimes you tell me I am pert and proud,
And that I talk perversly, and too loud;
Contend when 'tis my Duty to submit,
And ridicule your Follies with my Wit.

Husband.

'Tis true, *Resinda*, you at publick Feasts
Use my Infirmities as common Jests;
Expose those Failings should be kept unknown,
And make my Faults the Subjects of your own.

Wife.

Wives with their Husbands, surely may be free,
A blushing Bride may take that Liberty,

And pass a harmless Jest, before she knows
 What 'tis to bear a Darling to her Spouse.
 'Tis true, a Virgin should in Silence sit;
 For 'tis a Crime in Maids to shew their Wit:
 But Marriage, tho' a Woman's ne'er so young,
 Always gives License to a female Tongue.
 We covet Wedlock with the same Intent
 As you contend to serve in Parliament;
 Not thro' the Hopes of being made more rich,
 But to enjoy the Priviledge of Speech.
 Like Patriots, Wives should dare to speak their Mind;
 What Fool would wed, to have her Tongue confin'd?

Husband.

A Woman's Wit, her Self-Conceit exalts,
 And serves her chiefly to defend her Faults;
 Gives her, on all Accounts, a fair Pretence
 To Contradiction, Argument, and Sense;
 Curs'd Talents in that head-strong Thing, a Wife,
 The baneful Seeds of Matrimonial Strife.

For

For how should Man his sov'reign Pow'r maintain,
If those who should obey, dispute his Reign?

Wife.

Wives, by Experience, know their Husbands would
Be Monarchs, nay, be Tyrants, if they could:
But Women that are wise, their Frowns withstand,
And scorn to truckle to each proud Command.
Some Fools indeed, by patient Mothers taught,
Are to a slavish Sense of Duty brought :
Such Novices, when marry'd, may adore
Imperious Man, and tremble at his Pow'r ;
As if the Lordly Churl had Right to claim
A Subject's Homage of his tender Dame ;
When all the Rule that he pretends to have
Over weak Woman, whom he deems his Slave,
Is but usurp'd by Conquest, and by Fraud,
O'er our kind Sex, by cruel Usage aw'd ;
Who still at Night, defeat your Force of Arms,
And make you buckle to our pow'rful Charms.

Therefore, at most, you govern but by Day,
 At Night we make our mighty Lords obey :
 The Monarch then by Woman is betray'd
 To wave his Scepter, and is gladly made
 An humble Slave to Beauty's Throne, the Bed.

Husband.

Husbands, like Princes, tho' they bear Command,
 Scorn to chastise with too severe a Hand :
 Yet, if a King does too indulgent prove,
 And makes his Subjects happy in his Love,
 Th' ingrateful People will be apt, like you,
 To deem his Royal Clemencies their Due ;
 And that his Acts of Bounty are no more
 Than fawning Signs of his defective Pow'r.
 So that his Favours lessen their Esteem,
 And make his proud rebellious Subjects dream,
 That he derives his Diadem from them.

So, fair *Rosinda*, when you Ladies find
 Your Husbands gen'rous, lenitive, and kind,

You

You then despise the Domination given
 To Man, superior by the Laws of Heaven;
 Turn Rebels, our Supremacy deride,
 And think us servile to your Lust and Pride.

Thus Over-kindness makes you run astray,
 The more we love, the more you disobey.

So head-strong Subjects, who no Duty know,
 If once indulg'd, the greater Rebels grow.

Wife.

But Man has no Dominion o'er his Bride,
 More than what's founded on his churlish Pride.
 The Wife's his Partner, and has Right to share
 His greatest Fortunes, well as meanest Fare.
 Equal in Pow'r the Woman ought to be;
 Both are by Marriage plac'd in one Degree:
 Both the same Flesh, when made each other's Mate;
 And both united in the self-same State.
 Man has no Title to the upper Hand;
 Either may ask, but neither should command;

Nor can a Wife, by Disobedience, prove
 A Rebel, tho' she falsifies her Love:
 For since our Husbands have no Right to sway,
 It is no Crime in Wives to disobey.

Husband.

What Hopes has he of a contented Life,
 That hears such precious Doctrine from a Wife?
 'Tis hard, since Woman does her Wit abuse,
 She should be curs'd with more than she can use.
 Sure the vile Serpent's Poyson still takes Place,
 And from old *Eve*, descends to all her Race;
 For the same Subtilty that first prevail'd,
 Is to this Day upon her Sex intail'd.

But, Madam, you mistake; Man has a Right
 To rule, and 'tis your Duty to submit.

Adam was made superior to his Bride,
 Lord o'er his *Eve*, and all the World beside.
 Woman's Desire shall to her Husband be,
 And he shall bear Dominion over thee,

Was

Was the first great Decree that Heaven made,
 After the happy Pair had disobey'd;
 Therefore you're doom'd into a subject State,
 By the Almighty Oracle of Fate;
 Which e'ery Woman in the sacred Vow
 Of Wedlock, must acknowledge and allow,
 E'er the fair Bride can lawfully be wed,
 T' enjoy the Pleasures of the nuptial Bed.
 Did not your self, in solemn Manner, say,
 And promise to *love, honour, and obey?*
 Therefore no mortal Pow'r can set you free
 From that Obedience due to Heav'n and me.
 Thus God's Decrees, and human Laws accord,
 To make you subject, and my self your Lord.

Wife.

If Man has such a lawful Right to rule,
 Suppose the Wife be wife, her Spouse a Fool;
 Who then must manage and support the Weight
 Of those Affairs that tease a marry'd State?

Or

Or who the matrimonial Crown sustain,
The prudent Woman, or imprudent Man?

Husband.

If the fair Dame proves wiser of the two,
Bless'd with more Gifts than are a Woman's Due;
And that her Husband stoops beneath the Fate
Of being careless and effeminate;
She then may take the Freedom to advise
Within her Sphere, but not to tyrannize:
For if she turns her Counsel to Command,
Sh' unjustly then usurps the upper Hand;
Gives Cause sufficient for intestine Jars,
And raises, by her Pride, Domestick Wars:
For tho' a Woman may abound in Wit,
Man should not be so foolish to submit;
But in a marry'd State should still defend
That Pow'r, for which our Wives so oft contend.

What if a Wife has Sense enough to steer
Without a Guide, she must not domineer,

But

But let her Spouse the Reputation share,
 That's due to ev'ry well-contriv'd Affair :
 As Statesmen, who advise at Council-Board,
 Still give the Honour to their sov'reign Lord ;
 Who, if imprudent, yet they ne'er exclaim,
 But hide his Faults, and magnify his Fame.

So may a Woman, if her Mate's less wife,
 Direct, behind the Curtain, and advise ;
 But still the Honour, tho' the Man's a Fool,
 Should be ascrib'd to him, wh'as Right to rule.

Wife.

If Woman does the Weight of Bus'ness bear,
 'Tis hard the Husband should the Honour wear !
 Or if the Wife superior Wit can boast,
 seems unjust she should not rule the Roast !

But still, perhaps, be hector'd like a Slave
 By a dull Coxcomb, or imperious Knave,

Husband,

Slav'ry's a modern, canting Term, in Vogue
 With stubborn Wives, and each rebellious R——ue,
 Who,

Who, hating to submit, would bear the Sway
 O'er those just Pow'rs they should by Law obey.
 Th' Apprentice bound for seven Years to serve,
 That the dull Fool may neither hang or starve;
 The Woman ty'd in Marriage-Bonds for Life,
 To be a faithful and obedient Wife ;
 The Subject fetter'd to his Prince's Cause
 By sacred Oaths, Religion, and the Laws;
 All hate the Yoke, desiring to be free,
 And stile their lawful Duty, Slavery;
 Forgetting still the Safety and the Good
 Th' enjoy in such an easy Servitude.

Therefore, what most call Slav'ry,'s but a State
 Which Libertines and Rebels only hate,
 Thro' wild Desires arising from no more
 Than stubborn Ign'rance, or the Lust of Pow'r,
 That their stiff Necks, to gratify their Pride,
 May o'er their wiser Governors preside ;

And

And so reverse both God and Nature's Rules,
 That the mad World, in Spite of Laws and Schools,
 May bow their Heads to Women, and to Fools.

Moral REFLEXIONS on the foregoing
 Dialogue.

THE Shrew, who has not Sense to know
 Obedience is her Duty,
 Makes but a cursed Wife, altho'
 Sh' abounds in Wealth and Beauty.

For her fair Features, and her Bags,
 That made her Sponse assume her,
 Will be o'er-ballanc'd with the Plagues
 Of her contentious Humour.

Therefore, whoever is unblest
 With a rebellious Woman,
 Should have Job's Patience, or, at least,
 The Courage of a Roman.

For

For he her Taunts must bear, when wed,

Like poor submissive Creature,

Or else subdue the head-strong Jade :

I know not which is better.

One Way, a Fool will make him seem,

The other's Porter's Labour ;

Chuse either Plague, 'twill render him

But odious to his Neighbour.

If happy in a Wife you'd be,

Inspect her, ere you woo her ;

For none can tame a Shrew, but he

That is not wedded to her.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE VII.

*Between an Officer at his Departure, and
his affectionate Wife.*

Wife.

HOW can you leave me full of Fears and Cares,
To struggle with the Toils of distant Wars,
Where Fate, without Distinction, meets the Brave,
And lays him level with the worthless Slave ?
Let not your active Courage thus disdain
Your peaceful Mansion, for the dusty Plain,
Where thousands are by Destiny decreed,
In Spite of human Fortitude, to bleed.
Why, Dearest, will you quit your Downy Bed,
In a cold Tent to rest your drowsy Head,
Where killing Damps your Canvas Hut surround,
And do most Mischief when you sleep most sound ?
Let

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Where killing Damps your Canvas Hut surround,
And do most Mischief when you sleep most sound ?
Let

Let me entreat you to resign your Post,
 Let younger Brothers fill the Warlike Host ;
 You have Estate enough to live at Ease,
 A vertuous Wife that studies how to please,
 Fine Children to adorn your rural Seat,
 Nay, all that can a happy Life compleat.
 How then can you forsake such Joys as these,
 And change, for foreign Wars, domestick Peace?

Husband.

I own, my *Julia*, it concerns me near,
 That I must part with what I love so dear ;
 But by Command superior I am bound
 To change, for distant Fields, my native Ground.
 Princes, like Gods, o'er human Race bear Sway,
 And we they rule, are destin'd to obey ;
 To guard their Honour, we no Fate must fear,
 Tho' Dangers ne'er so dreadful do appear ;
 But when their Safety does our Aid require,
 Plow raging Seas, or face destructive Fire,

On

On frozen Earth refresh our weary Bones,
 And wadethro'wreaking Blood, to guard their Thrones.
 These are the Paths that do to Honour lead,
 Which Subjects, for the Sport of Kings, must tread;
 When they command, our Duty bids us fight,
 And hazard all, to do our Sov'reign Right :
 No Wife or Children must retard our Speed ;
 We must be free to venture, tho' we bleed ;
 And he that's forward to defy his Fate,
 If his heroick Deeds prove fortunate,
 Fame shall with Honour crown his conqu'ring Sword,
 And verdent Lawrels be his just Reward.
 Who then can dread the Terror or Surprise
 Of Death, that hopes for such a glorious Prize ?

Wife.

Prithee, my Dear, consider what is Fame,
 A Poet's Fiction, a romantick Name ;
 A publick Rumour, that does oft arise
 From slender Truths, improv'd by Falsities ;

G

An

An Art by which poor Flatt'ers win the Great,
 A noisy Vapour, useful in the State;
 A Glafs, by which our famous Gazetteer
 Makes little Actions very large appear ;
 A Laft, that humours the fantaftick Pride
 Of mighty Men, in ftretching Deeds more wide ;
 A lying Huzzy, that deceives the Croud,
 By trumpeting fictitious News aloud
 Of wond'rous Feats by Heroes never done ;
 Of vanquish'd Foes in Battels never won ;
 Of slaughter'd Numbers, who are yet unflain ;
 Of Ships destroy'd, ftill swimming on the Main.
 In fhort, this Fame, which you fo much admire,
 Is but a noisy Cheat, a common Ly'r,
 Courted by Fools, but flighted by the Wife,
 Who fcorn her Flatt'ries, and her Tales defpife ;
 For whofoe'er purfues the winged Dame,
 And makes vain Popularity his Aim,
 Shews that his Praifes have their Mushroom Growth,
 Not from his Vertues, but the publick Mouth,
 Whofe

Whose bleating Gullet, and extensive Tongue,
 Are seldom stretch'd, but basely in the Wrong.
 Why therefore, with such Hazard, will you court
 A Jilt, who, Fortune like, should be your Sport?

Besides, what's Honour, but an empty Sound;
 A Toy with which a thousand Fools are crown'd;
 A Blast of Royal Breath, so oft bestow'd
 On worthless Minions, and a spurious Brood,
 Begot by Stealth in an adult'rous Bed;
 Born without Brains, and to no Vertue bred;
 A misty Veil, by which the subtle State
 Obscure the Want of Goodness in the Great;
 A saving Way to recompence the Proud,
 Whose slender Merits must be sung aloud,
 That ev'ry trifling Service may surprize
 The Nation's list'ning Ears, and cheated Eyes,
 When all the Feats these mighty Men have done,
 If rightly scann'd, are scarce worth speaking on?
 If modern Honour be your Aim, my Dear,
 These are the Heroes who the Gugaw wear.

Why then should you, whose Valour has been try'd,
Seek that which is so oft by Fools enjoy'd?

What are the Lawrel-Wreaths of which you talk?
Where do they grow? Who sees 'em when you walk?
Mere airy Nothings, when with Hazard won,
Imaginary Glories in the Moon:
Like the old Man with Thorny Bush, which we
In lucid Nights, by Strength of Fancy, see.
Prithee, my Dear, regard your native Home,
Let giddy Rakes dance after Fife and Drum,
And be deluded by its Warlike Sound,
To change a fertile Soil, for barren Ground:
Let the poor starving Croud, by Nature hard,
Manure the Field, turn Butchers for Reward;
Whilst fav'rite Heroes, honour'd with Command,
Gazing from distant Hills, in Safety stand,
To see their mangl'd Slaves in Numbers fall,
Whilst those in Pow'r, who hazard least, win all.
Stay thou at Home, my only Dear, I beg,
Fame will not cure a crippl'd Arm or Leg,

Nor those you fight for, if by Chance you're laid
 Amongst the bleeding Rout in Honour's Bed,
 Comfort your mourning Widow, when you're dead.

Therefore, my Dear, since you in Wealth abound,
 Let younger Brothers toil on foreign Ground;
 No more your nuptial Happiness forsake,
 Let a kind Wife your Resolutions break;
 Court not, thro' Danger, popular Esteem,
 But live at Ease; for Honour's but a Dream.

Husband.

Your long Harangue with Patience have I heard;
 But tho' I love you, cannot quit my Sword,
 'Lefs, to oblige a Wife, I should incur
 The Name of Coward in the Time of War.
 Soldiers, by Honour, and by Arms, are bound,
 When Danger most appears, to stand their Ground;
 Or how should Monarchs, when alarm'd Abroad
 By Foes, upon their Thrones in Safety nod?
 Were Men to humour Wives, no Land could be,
 From slavish Bondage and Invasion, free.

Our haughty Neighbours soon would cross the Main,
 And reap, with Pleasure, what we sow with Pain ;
 Plunder our Houses, and by Force subdue,
 To their vile Lusts, our Wives and Daughters too ;
 Lead us in Fetters to our wish'd for Graves,
 And breed our Sons to be their humble Slaves.
 These, and a thousand Mis'ries should we feel,
 Did we not arm, to conquer and to kill ;
 And by a bold Defence in Time of Need,
 Baffle their Hopes, and their Designs impede.
 Who then, that boasts the Spirit of a Man,
 Would fear to shorten Life's uncertain Span,
 In such a Case, when common Safety cries
 Aloud thro' ev'ry Town for fresh Supplies ?
 Have I not eat in Peace my Country's Bread,
 And been for little Service largely paid ?
 Was I not proud in publick to appear
 In Cloth of Honour, when no Foe was near ?
 And would ye tempt me to forsake my Arms,
 Now the shrill Warlike Trumpet sounds Alarms ;
 And

And, to my Scandal, thro' your weak Advice,
 To the whole World proclaim my Cowardice;
 Resign my Post, deny my Prince my Aid,
 For the soft Pleasures of a nuptial Bed?
 No, *Julia*, tho' I love you as my Life,
 I cannot lose my Honour for a Wife:
 Tho' *Antony* was kind, as well as brave,
 I scorn, like him, to be a Woman's Slave.

Wife.

Curse on that foppish Name, that empty Sound,
 In whose dark Maze Mens Intellects are drown'd,
 That Courtly Bauble, thin as airy Thought,
 Most boasted on by those who have it not;
 That Maggot that infects the giddy Brains
 Of Cowards, Fools, rich Knaves, and Curtizans.

Upon my Honour, says the upstart Beau,
 That cloths his Back by kissing G—d knows who,
 Tho', perhaps, born in some poor rural Cell,
 And dropt, but t'other Day, from Coach's Tail.

Touch not my Honour, crys the buxom Fair,
 Call'd down from Garret, to the Theatre,
 From thence advanc'd, for her enticing Charms,
 To some old gouty Courtier's lustful Arms.

I'm bound in Honour, crys the Man of State,
 Who cheats whole Kingdoms to be rich and great;
 Flatters his Prince, whom he for Gold betrays,
 And owes his thousands, which he never pays.

My Honour calls, crys Bully-huff in Red,
 Obscurely born, perhaps to nothing bred,
 But lik'd by some Court-Jilt, for Beauty prais'd,
 Is, by her Int'rest, to Commission rais'd.

The Gamester too pretends his Honour nice,
 Who lives by flipping Cards, and loaded Dice,
 Yet upon Honour he can swear h'as lost,
 And sink his Money, when h'as won the most.

These are the Gentlemen of modern Date,
 That do so lavishly of Honour prate,
 Who lead most vicious Lives, whore, drink, and game,
 Void of all Sense of Vertue, and of Shame;
 Therefore,

Therefore, my Dear, b^e entreated by a Wife
 To prize your Ease, your Children, nay, your Life,
 And not make all unhappy, to become
 Honour's starv'd Slave Abroad, but stay at Home,
 Where Peace and Plenty will be better far,
 Than a maim'd Limb, or honourable Scar,
 Those painful Fruits that Heroes reap in War.

Husband.

Forbear, my Love, your Satyr is too keen,
 Honour's the standing Rule of worthy Men;
 The Touch-stone of their Actions, and their Words,
 The Pow'r by which they draw or sheath their Swords.
 Honour, if rightly fram'd, like Conscience, shou'd
 Comprize Love, Duty, Justice, all that's good,
 And ought to be the Pole, or *Northern* Star,
 By which we steer our Course in Peace or War.
 'Tis the true Ballance of our Live's Content,
 From which no Man should vary or dissent:
 In Honour's Scale, with steady Mind, we weigh
 That Loyalty which binds us to obey.

'Tis

'Tis Vertue seated in a gen'rous Breast,
 Guarded by Valour, and with Wisdom blest,
 Which thus united, gives a splendid Light,
 That clears our Doubts, and guides the Soul aright.

What tho' unworthy Cowards, Knaves, and Fools,
 Strangers to Vertue, and to Honour's Rules,
 Reduce the Word to a fantastick Cant,
 Because ill Men, or that they Prudence want,
 Must the Brave therefore disesteem the Gem,
 Because such Dung-hill Cocks despise the same?
 No, *Julia*, Honour shall be still my Rule,
 I scorn the Names of Coward, Knave, or Fool:
 I love my Children, and adore my Wife,
 Value my Riches, and regard my Life;
 But since I do my King's Commission hold,
 Have wore his Liv'ry, and receiv'd his Gold,
 Now he commands me, I shall hazard all
 To serve my Prince, tho' I a Victim fall.
 What tho' I've Wealth enough, and have no Need
 To run thro' the Fatigues of War, for Bread,

Yet

Yet Men of Figure, when our neighb'ring Foes
 Threaten the Kingdom with approaching Woes,
 Should, by their great Example, bravely shew
 What fearful Slaves at such a Time should do ;
 For the base Rabble to their Cow'rdice yield,
 And hate the Drudg'ry of the Sword and Shield,
 Unless they're boldly led, to face their Fate,
 By Men of Worth, more generous and great ;
 Therefore how base and mean should I appear,
 To bear Command in Peace, and flinch in War ;
 To strut two Summers Length in Martial Red,
 And now change Colour, when my Prince has need ?
 For Shame, dear *Julia*, ask me not to stay,
 But shew your tender Love some other Way ;
 All your fond Arguments are urg'd in vain,
 I must forsake you for a long Campaign,
 And dare the sturdy Foe, tho' I my self am slain.

Wife.

O! cruel Man, will you forsake your Wife,
 And these dear Babes, to sacrifice your Life?

Have

Have we not all been dutiful and good,
 And will you leave us now to wade in Blood?
 Since all my feeble Arguments must fail,
 Let a Wife's Tears, and Childrens Crys, prevail.
 Why do you shake us off? How can you part
 With all these Blessings that surround your Heart?
 Cling round thy Father's Neck, my lovely Boy,
 Kifs him and hug him close, my only Joy ;
 Hang by his Arm, my dearest Girl, and pray
 That he'll be kind, and with your Mother stay.
 Look on your pretty Babes, my only Dear ;
 Behold your Picture there, your Darling here ;
 Let tender Innocence your Pity move,
 And melt your Breast into paternal Love.
 Why will you fill us full of Cares and Fears,
 And leave your mournful Family in Tears,
 To hazard that dear Life, which, if it's lost,
 Will all our Comfort in one Moment cost.
 One single Person is of small Regard,
 Your weak Assistance surely may be spar'd

From

From those united Legions, sent to try,
 By Dint of Arms, the dreadful Lottery ;
 Therefore, my Dear, once more I humbly crave,
 That you'll this fatal Expedition wave,
 And not expose your Life on bloody Plains,
 For those who scarce will thank you for your Pains.

Husband.

Should I my loyal Resolutions break
 For Woman, when my Honour lies at Stake,
 I should a Coward, or a Fool, appear,
 By shewing too much Love, or too much Fear.
 I am too just, my Dear, to quit my Arms,
 Tho' I admire my Children, and your Charms ;
 But common Safety must prevail above
 The Bonds of nuptial or paternal Love ;
 For in a just Regard of that, we shew
 Our Duty to our Wives and Children too ;
 For the brave Soul that will undaunted fight,
 To do his Prince and native Country Right,

At

At the same Juncture succours and defends,
 By noble Means, his Relatives and Friends;
 Therefore, my Dear, no more entreat my Stay,
 For I'm resolv'd, and must with Speed away.

Wife.

Since neither Tears nor Pray'rs will move your Breast
 To ease my Grief, by granting my Request,
 With aching Heart, and flowing Eyes each Day,
 I'll in your Absence for your Safety pray;
 Implore the Gods to arm you against Fate,
 That Vict'ry on your Sword may always wait:
 But O! that Honour, which the Brave maintain,
 Should rob a Woman of so dear a Man!

Husband.

Be patient, Love, content thy self a while,
 Swift Time will quickly end our Summer's Toil,
 Then in full Gladness we again shall meet,
 And our past Absence make our Joys more sweet.
 Till then, my Dear, I bid you all adieu,
 And with this parting Kiss, my Love renew.

Keep

Keep Home, with decent Conduct rule your House,
 And pray be thoughtful of your distant Spouse ;
 Encourage no loose forward Visitors,
 The treach'rous World is full of Wiles and Snares ;
 But remain chearful, easy in your Mind,
 Of your self careful, to your Children kind.
 Farewel, my Darlings, free of all Offence,
 May Heav'n protect your charming Innocence,
 'Till I return, enrich'd with foreign Spoils,
 That you may be the happier for my Toils.
 Adieu, once more, ye Comforts of my Life,
 My lovely Babes, and you my dearest Wife ;
 Dry up your Sorrows, sigh no more in vain,
 For Time will make us happy once again.

Wife.

And are you gone? O! Heaven, my Fears abate,
 May Guardian Angels round his Person wait.
 O! grant, that he may conquer in the Field,
 And foreign Victims to his Mercy yield,

That

That he may win upon the dusty Plain
 The lasting Glory which he hopes to gain,
 And return Home, to ease my doubtful Cares,
 Free from those Marks of Honour, Maims and Scars.
 'Tis hard that Men of Worth should be the Sport
 Of Fortune, to oblige a flatt'ring Court,
 And quit the Blessings of their native Land,
 To try their Valour with each common Hand ;
 Or, by Command, be hurry'd from their Wives,
 To lose their own, in guarding others Lives.
 O! curs'd Ambition of the Proud and Great,
 That Pow'r must be sustain'd by others Fate ;
 That Cow'rds must be protected by the Brave,
 And one Man's Pride be made another's Grave.
 But so, alas ! it is. Knaves find the Way
 To make the Wise, as well as Fools obey ;
 And gallant Man, who boast a gen'rous Soul,
 Must do the fatal Drudg'ry of the whole.
 'Tis hard the valiant Mind should plough the Seas,
 And the gay Coxcomb sit at Home in Ease ;

Or

Or that the Vertuous should be doom'd to fight,
 Whilst the rich Blockhead revels in Delight:
 But who can alter the Decrees of Fate,
 The Brave must be the Slaves that guard the Great.

Come, my dear Babies, you and I must mourn
 Your Father's Absence, 'till his safe Return;
 Then shall we all be happy to our Mind,
 You in a tender Parent fondly kind,
 I in the joyful Smiles and soft Embrace
 Of a dear Spouse, the best of human Race.

Moral REFLEXIONS on the foregoing
 Dialogue.

A Soldier should not be too soft,
 But valiant as a Roman,
 And never mind the weeping Craft
 Or Cowardice of Woman.

H

Should

*Should Wives and Mistresses prevail
 With Tears and Tittle Tattle,
 Few Men, to serve the publick Weal,
 Would fight the Nation's Battel.*

*No Woman cares to want or lose
 The Sweets of nuptial Duty,
 But strives to chain her loving Spouse
 To her bewitching Beauty.*

*Therefore a Soldier should not prove
 Too lenitive and tender,
 But prefer Honour still above
 The fair, but fickle Gender.*

*The Hero should be bold and wise,
 His Valour steer by Reason,
 And ne'er regard a Woman's Cry
 Or Sighings out of Season.*

Man to his Wife should bear Respect,

And loving be, to ease her ;

But 'tis Imprudence to neglect

The common Good, to please her.

H 2

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE VIII.

*Between a kind and wealthy Wife, and her
facetious Husband of inferior Fortune.*

Wife.

'TIS true, the World condemns me for my Choice,
But I am blest, and in your Love rejoyce:

Were the Knot void, which I so gladly ty'd,
I'd still endeavour to become your Bride;
In spite of Friends, my own Desires pursue,
And give my Fortune and my self to you.

Husband.

By th' Obligations you've upon me laid,
I hope, my Dear, we both are happy made;
For tho' you're rich and beauteous, you shall find
I'll ballance all, in being just and kind;

Be

Be always careful to preserve your Ease,
 Esteem your Love, and study how to please;
 By soft indearing Means indulge your Life,
 Preserve each happy Moment free from Strife,
 And prove as good a Husband, as your self a Wife.

Wife.

Had I not, in your gentle Looks and Mein,
 The peaceful Sweetness of your Temper seen,
 And in your Carriage, and your Words, descry'd
 Your Want of Wealth by Vertue was supply'd,
 Tho' I had lov'd, I should have fear'd to join
 A Heart, whose Truth I'd doubted of, with mine:
 But I, my Dear, am so secure in you,
 That I enjoy more Love than I can shew;
 And in the manly Graces of your Mind,
 A more than equal Satisfaction find;
 Am richer far, in the Respect you show,
 Than you in all the Wealth I can bestow;
 Nor does my Fortune equal your Deserts,
 Or Charms reward your Vertues and your Parts.

H 3

Husband.

Husband.

Had you, my Dear, no fertile Lands to boast,
 Or Wealth t' adorn your Beauty with such Cost,
 Your Charms alone, as they by Nature shine,
 Without your Bags, had surely made you mine.
 Those sweet Angellick Looks, so soft and fair,
 Your easy Temper, and engaging Air,
 Had needed no Addition, to prevail,
 I should have long'd so much, and lov'd so well;
 And thought your Graces, tho' of mean Degree,
 Had been a Fortune large enough for me.

Wife.

I am oblig'd, O! gen'rous Man, to hear,
 That you my Person to my Wealth prefer;
 Am pleas'd that I a double Blessing prove,
 Not only in my Riches, but my Love;
 For where there's either wanting, 'twill abate
 The mutual Pleasures of a nuptial State.

Husband.

Husband.

Riches are Blessings which we ought to prize,
 But still in Beauty's Charms more Comfort lies,
 Whose Heav'nly Brightness does by far out-shine
 The Golden Lustre of the *Indian* Mine:
 The gen'rous Breast does needless Wealth despise,
 But honours Love, and doats on Beauty's Eyes;
 Thinks it beneath all Vertue, to prefer
 The Miser's Idol to the charming Fair.
 Money can only Nature's Wants supply,
 But Beauty yields a much sublimer Joy;
 Gives us on Earth a Taste of Heav'nly Bliss,
 Wounds with each Look, and cures with ev'ry Kiss.

Riches, 'tis true, from Want will keep us free,
 But Love gives Comfort in Adversity;
 Makes the kind Pair more happy, tho' they're poor,
 Than the cross Couple are amidst their Store;
 For when Love's wanting in a marry'd State,
 Curs'd are both Spouses, tho' their Wealth be great.

Wife.

I know, my Dear, what you assert is right,
 For in your Love I centre my Delight ;
 Without that Blessing, I should only be
 A pensive Wretch in rich Adversity ;
 Nay, for my Life, be destin'd to endure
 Those Pains the wealthy *Indies* could not cure ;
 For gen'rous Love in vertuous Woman's Breast,
 Without a just Return, admits no Rest ;
 Nor can her Fortune, tho' it's ne'er so large,
 Her wishing Mind of am'rous Grief discharge.
 What Woman then would bear that inward Smart
 Which still improves, when kindl'd in her Heart,
 And not, with Gladness, hazard all her Store
 With him she loves, tho' ne'er so mean and poor ?
 Were I of all my Riches dispossess'd,
 In you alone I should be truly blest ;
 For in one kind Embrace have I enjoy'd
 More Comfort, than in all the World beside.

Husband.

Husband.

If in my Arms you can so happy be,
 How great must I think my Felicity,
 Who am beyond my Merits blest by you,
 Not only with such Wealth, but Beauty too;
 Crown'd with the Graces of a gen'rous Mind,
 Enrich'd by Heaven, and by Nature kind?
 O! that I could but boast that equal Worth
 Which ev'ry beauteous Charm of yours sets forth!
 Or that, instead of being humbly bred,
 I'd brought high Honours to your nuptial Bed;
 Improv'd your Fortune by a large Estate,
 And made you much more happy and more great!
 I then might have deserv'd the Love you show,
 Which is but now your Bounty to bestow.

Wife.

Were you of all the *Spanish* Mines possesst,
 And with the Sound of swelling Titles blest,
 'Tis true, I might enjoy a larger Fame,
 But could not be more happy than I am.

I want, my Dear, no Riches to compleat
 The needful Comforts of a nuptial State;
 And what's beyond, I never shall pursue,
 But place alone my Happiness in you.

I envy not her Station, who has soar'd
 To be the Lady of some gouty Lord,
 Vainly puff'd up, fantastically ty'd
 To all the Rules of Honour and of Pride,
 Loaded with glitt'ring Jewels, to surprize,
 In publick Cavalcades, the Vulgar's Eyes;
 When all her vain external Pomp, that shines
 Amidst the Riches of the *Eastern* Mines,
 So much admir'd, cannot, perhaps, procure
 Her discontented Breast one happy Hour.

I always scorn'd to sacrifice my Charms
 For Honour's Sake, to rich and noble Arms,
 Who, in a Week, had slighted my Embrace,
 To make new Courtship to some newer Face.
 I hate the fickle Coxcomb giv'n to range,
 And, tho' a Woman, am too fix'd to change;

Or, for a Monarch's Flatt'ries, to remove
 My stedd' Heart from th' Object of my Love.
 I'm not ambitious, by my Charms, to gain
 More Pomp than I can honestly maintain:
 I'm to no vain external Pride inclin'd,
 My Joys are center'd in a peaceful Mind:
 I'm not for inward Grief, and outward State,
 Or being wretched, to appear more great.
 Let me be happy in my self, altho'
 In others Eyes I seem not to be so;
 For those who, by their Grandeur, strive to please
 The giddy World, must seldom live at Ease.
 I love the Man that does his Honour bear,
 Not in his Patent, but his Character;
 Whose Actions, not his Titles, speak his Fame,
 And are alone a Glory to his Name.
 You are that happy Man, in whom I find
 All that is grateful, generous, and kind:
 I've Wealth enough, in you I've all the rest,
 And nothing need to be entirely blest.

Be but as good as I am sure you'll prove,
 And that eternal Pow'r that rules above,
 Will make us happy in each other's Love.

Husband.

Beneath what prosp'rous Planet was I born,
 To meet such Love, who but deserv'd your Scorn!
 What Altars have I rais'd? What Actions done,
 To merit from the Gods so kind a Boon?
 Sure such a gen'rous Mind, and lovely Face,
 'Till now, ne'er shone among the female Race;
 Or Man of such low Fortune and Degree,
 Tho' ne'er so just, been ever blest like me.
 What sweet Angellick Goodness do I hear,
 Flow from your Tongue, to my astonish'd Ear?
 In what melodious Words do you express
 How much you Love, what Vertues you possess,
 That by your kind Endearments ev'ry Hour,
 My growing Happiness proves more and more?
 O! could the Joys of Life, when thus compleat,
 Be but as lasting as they're truly great,

What

What Man so blest, could with a Wife be cloid,
 Or envy what's beyond his Reach enjoy'd,
 Who, like the Croud of Fools that have no Taste
 Of Female Blessings, but beneath the Waste,
 Would wish himself from such a Bondage free,
 That ev'ry Moment yields Felicity?

What vitious Mortal could be glad to part,
 For new Delights, with such a faithful Heart,
 And not give all his Worldly Store, to save
 Such charming Goodness from the silent Grave?

Believe me, Dear, I have a just Regard
 For all the Favours you have thus conferr'd
 On him, who had at first but small Pretence
 To so much Goodness, Beauty, Wealth, and Sense.
 However, since by Heaven I'm decreed
 To be the nuptial Partner of your Bed,
 And, thro' your Bounty, am allow'd to share
 All Blessings that in your Possession are,
 The Love I bear to ev'ry charming Grace,
 That so adorns your Mind, as well as Face,

And

And those Returns of Gratitude I owe
 For all the matchless Kindnesses you show,
 Oblige me, if 'tis possible, to vie
 Goodness with those that dwell beyond the Sky;
 Nor can a Man reward such faithful Love,
 Without some kind Assistance from above;
 Therefore, my Dear, since Vertue so divine,
 Join'd with your Beauty, do united shine,
 And all the Graces seated in your Breast,
 Have thus conspir'd to make a Husband blest,
 So, by my kind Deportment, shall you see,
 I'll prove as good as human Soul can be,
 That you shall ne'er repent the Choice you've made,
 But bless the Hour you took me to your Bed.

Wife.

Thank you, my Dearest, that you vow to prove
 A Pattern of true Gratitude and Love;
 By Vertue's Rules we'll steer our happy Lives,
 And shame ill Husbands and contending Wives,

Who

Who, wanting Love and Prudence, spend their Days
 In jarring Discords, which their Follies raise,
 Blaming a nuptial State, when by their own
 Provoking Means, they are, alas! undone;
 A common Curse, by angry Heaven laid
 On *Smithfield* Bargains by their Parents made,
 When only Fortunes or Estates are join'd,
 And Children match'd against each other's Mind.
 I therefore scorn'd that Av'rice should controul
 My Love, or thwart the Dictates of my Soul;
 But was resolv'd to hazard all my Worth,
 Without Regard to Fortune, or to Birth,
 And chuse the Object of my fond Desire,
 Whose Person I could love, and Parts admire:
 And you, my Dearest, are the only he
 On whom I build my whole Felicity;
 Nor do I doubt, but I shall always find
 Your Temper gen'rous, and your Actions kind,
 That wealthy rigid Parents, who refuse
 Their Sons and Daughters Liberty to chuse,

May

May see, by us, that where there's mutual Love,
Unequal Matches may successful prove.

Moral REFLEXIONS on the foregoing Dialogue.

THO' Money is the best sure Card,
As wise Experience teaches,

Yet those who wed, should have regard

To Love, as well as Riches.

If the Dame has sufficient Store

To bless herself and Lover;

What's Matter, if the Man be poor,

Since they admire each other?

Therefore she's happy in her Choice,

Without her Friends Direction,

Who has but Wealth to crown her Joys,

And buoy up her Affection.

What

What Mortal would not think it hard,

To see a lovely Creature

Comply to wed some crooked Lord

Of Monkey Phiz and Stature?

But who can blame the wealthy Lass,

Altho' of lofty Station,

That weds a Man not worth a Cross,

To please her Inclination?

Wealth cannot those Delights compleat,

Which Lovers seek in private;

That only finds us Cloths and Meat,

But Joy's the Thing we drive at.

I

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE IX.

Between an old drolling Gentleman with a Carbuncle-Nose, and his merry Tallow-fac'd Lady.

Husband.

HOW do'st, my Dear? thy Brother *Dick* and I
Have taken a delicious Glass hard by:
We drank your Health, my Love, amongst the rest;
Faith he's a merry Fellow at a Jest.

Wife.

Alas! you need not tell me where you've been;
That, by your fiery Gills, is eas'ly seen:
The blazing Comet that adorns your Face,
Too plainly shews you've hugg'd the juicy Glass;
For drink whate'er you please, the Liquor flows
Into your old repository Nose,

Which

Which when so full it can no more retain,
 Will, at one Squeeze, supply the Glafs again :
 Therefore 'tis needless you so oft should go
 To th' Tavern, since you cannot chuse but know,
 That what you drink one Day, may be of Use
 The next, but press your Rubies for their Juice;
 Nay, twice concocted, it may quench your Thirst
 The second Time much better than the first.
 Prithee, my Dear, come hither, you shall see
 I'll make your Grapes yield Claret presently.

Husband.

How now, you Flirt ! would you with Icy Hands
 Prophane that Nose which in such Splendor stands ;
 That rev'rend Ornament which shines so bright,
 And warms its Neighbours in a Frosty Night ?
 Stand off, thou pale *Diana*, come not near ;
 When the Sun shines, the Moon should disappear.
 Thy frozen Face extinguishes my Light,
 And with its ghastly Looks, offends my Sight :

I 2

My

My glowing Nose, like burnish'd Gold, displays
 A thousand dazzling and delightful Rays ;
 Flames like an Altar set on Fire, to move
 The angry Gods to shew their wonted Love ;
 Whilst thy pale Snout dishonours human Race,
 And proves a Scandal to a Christian Face.

Wife.

I'll swear you'd need applaud your fiery Beak,
 That scorches, as it stands, each neighb'ring Cheek,
 As if your burning Mountain meant to prey,
 Like *Ætna*, upon all Things in its Way.
 Indeed, my Pretious, if you thus carouse,
 I'll have a Water-Engine in the House ;
 For if your chimick Nose has got the Skill
 To extract Fire from Liquors that you swill,
 Who knows, i' th' Night, but your Grenado Head
 May sneeze forth Light'ning, and inflame my Bed?
 Therefore, my Dear, I think its Time to shew
 Our Care against such Dangers, what say you?

Husband.

Husband.

My harmless Face will no such Aid require;
 For thou'rt all Ice, as sure as I am Fire.
 Lie thou but close to me, you need not doubt
 To stop the Mischief ere the Flames break out;
 The Water-Engine which you long have worn,
 Will do the Feat, and quench me when I burn.
 So Salamanders, 'less Report's a Ly'r,
 With their cold Touch, subdue the fiercest Fire.
 Thy frigid Nature does like Death appear,
 And frozen Looks, shew Winter all the Year;
 Whilst I, like sultry Summer, glow with Heat,
 And with my flaming Nose, make others sweat.

Wife.

You'd need to boast of such a scarlet Snout,
 So rough, so fiery, and so large about,
 Whose blushing Glories ought to be your Shame,
 Because t' Excess it owes its costly Fame.
 What are your Rubies, but an odious Sign
 That you're a Drunkard, and a Slave to Wine;

A Sot that hugs the Tavern Flask so close,
 That Grapes in Bunches ripen round your Nose?
 From whence do all those crimson Welks arise,
 But from Intemp'rance and Debaucheries?
 What makes your red Pimpenets shine so bright,
 But gorging Bumpers in the Mid of Night,
 Swilling, like Swine, at Revels that you keep,
 Whilst wiser Mortals do enjoy their Sleep?
 It's a great Honour, and a mighty Grace,
 For Man to bear his Vices in his Face;
 That as the *Indian* Snake his Age declares
 By th' fundry Rattles in his Tail he wears,
 So all that view your mangy Nose, may read,
 In Scores of Rubies, what a Life you lead,
 And, by their fresh and fiery Aspect, tell
 What vicious Wine it is you love so well.
 In my pale Countenance, the World may see
 My female Temperance and Modesty,
 And that I keep no private Closet Drams,
 To drink unseen behind devouter Shams;

Or that I gossip with a tatling Crew
 Of female Tiplers, 'till as drunk as you;
 And when my Brains with Punch or Brandy flame,
 Pretend the Vapours, to conceal my Shame.
 My languid Looks sufficiently declare,
 That I'm abstemious, as becomes the Fair,
 Giv'n to no Vice that does my Face disguise,
 Or shew its ill Effects in Nose or Eyes;
 Whilst your Carbuncle Phiz in Triumph glows,
 And bears your drunken Trophies round your Nose,
 As if you'd conquer'd Thousands o'er the Glass,
 Like *Sampson*, with the Jaw-bone of an Ass:
 Therefore, since flaming Snout your Conquests show,
 And your victorious Gills so famous grow,
 Prithee, dear Turkey-Cock, let's hear you crow.

Husband.

You Death-like Flirt, how dare you thus disgrace
 So rich a Nose on such a glorious Face?

You Cake of Snow, cemented by the Frost,
 Were you once thaw'd, the Woman would be lost,

Begot in Eighty Four on Icy *Thames*,
 When freezing *Boreas* had congeal'd its Streams.
 Dare such a Winter's Brat prophane a Phiz
 That warms the Air, and makes the Waters hiss;
 A Face where Rocks of wealthy Rubies grow,
 And Fountains of salubrious Claret flow?
 I say, be silent, let my Nose alone,
 The Theme's too great for you to preach upon;
 So rich a copious Text is only fit
 For jolly Priests and Poets fam'd for Wit:
 I'd have thee therefore let the Subject drop,
 So learn'd a Thesis is of wond'rous Scope,
 And let's, like loving Friends, to Bed retire,
 That we may kiss and hiss like Ice and Fire.

Moral

Moral REFLEXIONS on the foregoing
Dialogue.

WIT, rightly us'd, will oft divert
The frowning Wife from Passion,
And pacify the Husband's Heart,
When swell'd with Indignation.

Drolling Reproofs are better far
Than angry Reprehension,
Which oft foment an ugly War,
And aggravates Contention.

Witty Retorts 'twixt Bosom Friends,
To shew each other's Failings,
Much better answer both their Ends,
Than stormy Huffs and Railings.

Passion 'twixt Lovers, quickly takes,
And runs like lighted Powder

*The more it's pent, when once it breaks,
It bounces but the louder.*

*The prudent Pair small Failings hide,
And their Resentments smother ;
For if one Side begins to chide,
It soon provokes the other :*

*But if such Errors do appear,
That merit Condemnation,
Witty Reproofs, that please the Ear,
Best work a Reformation.*

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE X.

Between a generous Husband, and his parsimonious Wife.

Husband.

WHAT stingy Avarice invades thy Mind?
 Why must I be to one coarse Dish confin'd?
 Prithee forbear thy parsimonious Ways,
 Let me with Comfort spend my latter Days;
 My Stomach's weak, I'm not content to eat
 Lean powder'd Beef, but must have finer Meat;
 I cannot fare like those unletter'd Brutes,
 Born to hard Labour and unbutter'd Roots.
 Let me enjoy what my Estate affords;
 I'll not be starv'd to pile up useless Hoards
 For my proud Daughters, and my thankless Son,
 To lavish when my fleeting Sands are run.

Let

Let me have well-spread Tables when I dine;
 Grutch me no dainty Food, or costly Wine,
 Since I have Wealth enough to bear the Charge
 Of living more at Ease, and more at large.

Wife.

Prithee, my Dear, consider Times are hard,
 Trade much reduc'd, and greater Evils fear'd;
 Taxes run high, and daily must encrease,
 Whilst War excludes the kind Effects of Peace.
 This is no happy Juncture to become
 Abroad a Spendthrift, or profuse at Home;
 No Season to be liberal or great,
 When War devours one third of your Estate,
 Whilst the Remainder at the Mercy lies
 Of giving Pow'rs too generously wise;
 Therefore who would not save whate'er he cou'd,
 'Less in an Age so hazardous he shou'd
 Be beggar'd by that Cheat, the publick Good?

Husband.

Husband.

Thy Av'rice fills thy Soul with sad Despair,
 And makes thee dream of Dangers God knows where.
 Let not such foolish Fears afflict thy Breast;
 We're happy, if we know when we are blest.
 Let our wise Senate give what'er they please,
 We still shall find enough to live at Ease.
 What tho' the crafty Courtiers wealthy grow,
 By Ways and Means which they themselves best know;
 E'en let them share the Nation's Golden Fleece,
 Foxes are us'd to prey upon the Geese:
 Yet tho' the Laws compel us to resign
 One third of what we hold in Land or Coin,
 Let's be content, not think our selves oppress'd,
 But with an easy Mind enjoy the rest;
 For the rich Fool that starves before he needs,
 Chuses unforc'd that very Curse he dreads:
 As fearful Mariners too often run
 Into those Dangers they desire to shun,

And

And wanting Conduct, are, alas! destroy'd
 Upon those Shelves which wiser Heads avoid ;
 Therefore, my Dear, let us not be so dull,
 To want Life's Comforts whilst our Bags are full,
 But spend in Plenty what we starve to save,
 And merit by our Bounty what we have.

Wife.

Since Nature covets but a small Supply,
 The mod'rate Liver does the most enjoy ;
 For more than human Life or Health require,
 Is vain Excess, which only Fools admire :
 Gluttons and Drunkards, who confound their Stor
 In half their Days, to live when aged poor.
 Man's Happiness on Earth consists, we see,
 In healthful Temp'rance and Frugality.
 Those who possess these Vertues, always find
 The Sweetness of a calm contented Mind ;
 Improve their Fortunes, and preserve their Ease,
 Which Spendthrifts lavish in their Luxuries,

Who

Who swell to Monsters e'er they see their Prime,
 By drinking hard, or eating to a Crime;
 Wasting their Wealth, by painful Parents rais'd,
 Glory'ng the most, when they are most debas'd;
 As if, to conquer others by full Quarts,
 Advanc'd their Fame, and shew'd their great Deserts.
 Would you be one of these fantastick Apes,
 To drown your Substance in the Blood of Grapes;
 Or waste your solid Treasure, to delight
 The vicious Longings of your Appetite?
 Would you turn Sot, God's Blessings thus misuse,
 And at your Cost your self and Friends abuse?
 If such a Life you'd lead, pray where's the Sense
 Of growing wicked at your own Expence?
 Or would you feast a Croud of Fools each Day,
 That they may laugh, while you the Charge defray;
 And your Estate impair, that you may pass,
 With Sots and Flatt'ers, for a gen'rous As,
 Who, at your Table, will your Treats commend,
 But when you need 'em, cease to be your Friend?

If

If these you want, make Haste to be undone,
And order twenty Dishes for your one.

Husband.

Your Brains, my Dear, are full of frantick Dreams;
Is there no Medium 'twixt the two Extreams?
Must I all needful Comforts be deny'd,
Or to profuse Extravagance be ty'd?
Cannot I give my self a grateful Meal,
But I must feast the World with Ortolan Teal?
Or grace my Table ev'ry Day I dine,
With a digestive Glass of noble Wine,
But I must turn a thoughtless Sot, a Beast,
And ruin my Estate to treat my Guest?
Sure there are Ways of living free from Want,
Between the Miser and Extravagant!
Sure Men of Wealth may find a happy State,
And neither seem too little, or too great.
I ne'er took Pleasure in a vain Excess,
Nor do I love a Miser's Stinginess:

But

But since by Heav'n I'm blest with an Estate,
 I'll not be us'd at this penurious Rate:
 Give me the best of Meats to please my Taste;
 Let me have Plenty, I desire no Waste:
 A well-spread Table I delight to see,
 According to my Wealth and Quality,
 That Friend or Neighbour, when they come to dine,
 May find no Want of wholesome Food or Wine.

Wife.

But you have sev'ral Daughters still to wed,
 Ripe for the Pleasures of the nuptial Bed:
 Consider, Dear, their Fortunes must be large;
 To match 'em well, will prove no little Charge;
 They'll sink your Bags, and weaken your Estate:
 Why therefore will you think of living great,
 'Till you've dispos'd your Daughters to your Mind,
 And shewn how far you're willing to be kind?
 For Parents are in Duty bound to place
 Their Children in a State of Happiness,

K

That

That we, to whom they owe their Birth, may be
 Blest, when we're old, in their Prosperity.
 Is it not better we should sparing live,
 That to our Offspring we the more may give,
 Than to be lavish of our wealthy Store,
 And, to feast others, leave our Children poor?

Husband.

Duty, I own, commands us to extend
 Our Love to those who on our Care depend,
 And that a Father is by Nature ty'd,
 For his dear Childrens Welfare, to provide;
 But still no Parent is oblig'd to make
 His Life unhappy, for his Offsprings Sake;
 And tho' he's rich, live sparingly and poor,
 That when he's gone, they may enjoy the more:
 A due Provision ought to be his Care;
 But he's a Fool that starves, to bless his Heir,
 Must wealthy Fathers like Curmudgeons live,
 That to their Children they the more may give?

Must

Must I repine beneath a Miser's Fate,
 To make my Sons and Daughters rich and great?
 No, no, my Dear, from this Time you shall see
 Such female Doctrine shall not take with me;
 I'll not with Legs and Shins of Beef be fed,
 That they may feast on Dainties when I'm dead;
 Nor in coarse Carries wrap my wither'd Hide,
 That my fair Daughters may in Coaches ride.
 Pray let my Table, ev'ry Day I eat,
 Be furnish'd with the best of Butcher's Meat;
 With Fish and Fowl, when I have Friends to dine,
 And a full Cestern of salubrious Wine;
 Let my fine Linnen on the Board be spread,
 And not for Daughters kept 'till I am dead:
 I'll have no Huff's dirty Flaxen brought,
 But ev'ry Day clean Damask, as I ought,
 That Friends or Strangers, when they're here, may see
 I live to my Estate and Quality.
 Your self may be as saving as you please,
 But I'll consult my Credit and my Ease;

No more conform to a penurious Life,
 To please a whining parsimonious Wife,
 Who, were you ne'er so wealthy, still would be
 A stingy Muckworm to your self and me ;
 Drudge on, pile up, live mean, without a Friend,
 And curse each useful Penny that you spend.
 So flaving Misers, when too rich they're grown,
 Hide what they earn, and still for more toil on ;
 Conceal their Worth, by wearing homely Rags,
 And pine their empty Guts, to fill their Bags.

Wife.

You talk, my Dear, as if you meant to waste,
 In your old Age, what you have long possess'd.
 Consider, Love, if you resolve to run
 This fatal Race, we shall be all undone:
 You're frantick sure. Can you, alas ! afford
 To treat so high, and revel like a Lord?
 You got your Wealth by your industrious Wits,
 Improv'd the same in Trade by lucky Hits ;

But

But pray consider those good Days are past;
 And would you spend it idly now at last?
 Shame on the Follies of your aged Head,
 From whence was this devouring Maggot bred?
 What strange bewitching Fate hangs o'er your Gold,
 And makes you now turn Spendthrift when you're old?
 What ill-got Sums lie mingl'd with your Hoard,
 Curs'd by some Orphan 'till again restor'd?
 Prithee, my Dear, return the Canker Home,
 Let no base Pounds the honest Part consume;
 For sure some sinful Bags, by Fraud obtain'd,
 Giv'n as a Bribe, or by Oppression gain'd,
 Corrupt your Cash, and poyson your Estate;
 Or, in your later Years, your addl'd Pate
 Would ne'er contrive to lavish your Estate.

Husband.

Since bounteous Fortune has so kindly blest
 My careful Toils for forty Years at least,
 That, to my Joy, I now abound, when old,
 With fruitful Acres, and with Sums of Gold,
K 3
Honour'd

Honour'd long since with Knighthood for my Wealth,
 Now free from Bus'ness, happy in my Health ;
 I tell thee, Wife, or Lady, if you please,
 No Want of Plenty shall obstruct my Ease ;
 But in my Age I'll generously live,
 Yet spend with Prudence, and with Caution give ;
 Revive my crusty Nerves with Wine that's good,
 And add new Springs to my declining Blood ;
 Make much of Friends, be hospitably free,
 And, whilst I live, bestow my Charity.
 This in Contempt of Avarice I'll do,
 T' oblige my self, my Dear, in spite of you ;
 And if you frown at Dinner on my Friends,
 Or your keen Tongue beyond its Bounds extends,
 Then to some distant Tavern will I roam,
 And drown in Sack the Plagues I have at Home ;
 Turn a mere vitious Spendthrift, tho' I'm old,
 And prove as great a Rake, as you a Scold :
 But if I find that you will easy be,
 Respectful to my Friends, and kind to me,

Then

Then shall you see, that I will spend to spare,
 And, tho' I'm gen'rous, it shall be with Care,
 That when I've made my *Exit*, you shall find,
 Tho' I liv'd well, I've left enough behind.
 Therefore, my Dear, let me, without Debate,
 Enjoy the happy Fruits of my Estate;
 For who would labour, in his Youth, for Gold,
 To pine beneath a Miser's Fate, when old?

Wife.

A Wife's good Counsels are in vain, I know;
 For Men, when old, like Trees, more stubborn grow;
 As one's too knotty and too stiff to bend,
 So t'other proves too resolute to mend;
 But since a Woman must be thought too weak
 And foolish to controul, advise, or speak,
 And Man's too proud to bend, take Care you do
 (not break.)

Moral REFLEXIONS on the foregoing
Dialogue.

HE that has *Wealth* to bless his *Life*

With Comforts that are needful,

Ought not to humour such a *Wife*,

That's over close and heedful.

Women grow covetous, when old,

And we must watch their Waters,

Or they'll deprive us of our *Gold*,

To hoard it for their Daughters.

They care not how their Husbands live,

How seldom 'tis they feast well,

If they can but large Fortunes give,

To have their Daughters kiss'd well.

But he's a Fool that fills his Bags

By his successful Labours,

And

*And then lives poor, wrapt up in Rags,
Despis'd among his Neighbours :*

And all, to leave his Wealth behind

To Children disobedient ;

Or to a Wife, who has a Mind

To try a new Expedient.

Therefore the Nigard is to blame,

Of future Woes deserving,

Who leaves his Offspring, or his Dame,

The richer for his starving.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE XI.

Between a Termagant Court-Lady, and her Spouse, about settling in the Country.

Wife.

Since you, my Dear, a Country Life admire;
You, if you please, may to your Seat retire;
In Fogs and Dews survey your fertile Grounds,
And strain your Hunters, to pursue your Hounds.
But be assur'd, that I abhor to dwell
A penfive Pris'ner in a rural Cell;
Where, by the Break of Day, your bleating Sheep
And lowing Oxen, must disturb my Sleep:
Where croaking Ravens stretch their boding Throats,
To fright sick Gammers with their hideous Notes;
And with their Jargons of unwelcome Noise,
Call early Milk-maids, and their Clowns, to rise.

Go thither you, but I resolve to stay

In Town, where all Things look so spruce and gay,

And fresh Delights spring up with ev'ry new-born
(Day.)

Husband.

Tho' I am kind, and study your Delight,

Love you all Day, and hug you close at Night,

I find you will be stubborn, *Chloe*, still,

Whose chiefest Pleasure is to thwart my Will.

Why, Madam, do you thus torment my Life,

And strive to prove the Devil of a Wife?

What have I done to make you so perverse?

Bad you were always, but you now grow worse.

As if the Serpent, that debauch'd Mankind,

Had sooth'd thy Lust, and left his Sting behind.

Wife.

You take me sure, to be a monst'rous Brute!

What, do you think me *Satan's* Prostitute?

Thank you, my Husband, you're extreamly civil;

I fear, my Love, you're jealous of the Devil.

Husband.

Husband.

My Dear, confid'ring what a Shrew you're grown,
 I've almost cause to think you two are one ;
 And that both *Satan* and your self, agree
 To gratify your Pride in plaguing me:
 Whatever Measures for my Ease I take,
 You contradict, and labour still to break ;
 And prove, in spite of all that Man can do,
 The worst tormenting Devil of the two,

Wife.

What Crimes have I committed, to incur
 Such Usage, and so vile a Character ?
 Were e'er your Secrets by my Tongue betray'd ?
 Or have I once defil'd your Marriage-Bed ?
 Have I at Basset, Omber, or Picquet,
 Lavish'd your Gold, and lessen'd your Estate ?
 Do I go mobb'd to Play-house, or to Park,
 To steal some lusheous Moments with my Spark ?
 Or plague you Monthly with a Mercer's Bill
 From *Covent-Garden*, or from *Ludgate-hill* ?

Do I drink Ratafea, like Lady Punk,
 And cry, the Vapours, when I'm maudlin drunk?
 Or waste your Treasure in Physicians Fees,
 To humour each new fanciful Disease?
 Were I indeed like some that you admire,
 False, wanton, proud, profuse in my Attire,
 You then might use me thus; but I defy,
 Your servile Spies to prove I've trod awry.

Husband.

You say you're honest; I believe so too;
 But Faith, my Dear, you're a confounded Shrew.
 What signifies your Vertue, when your Tongue
 Is with a thousand Plagues and Torments hung?
 So full of taunting Clamour and Abuse,
 None sure would bear it, but so tame a Goose,
 That's numb'd with Patience by continual Use.

Wife.

Bless me, Sir *Humphrey*, you had Need complain
 Of Womens Tongues, for being loose and vain,

When

When those provoking Freedoms that you take;
 Would urge a Stone, if possible, to speak.
 How can you think, that I should patient be,
 And hear you thus affront my Quality?
 Have you not call'd me Shrew? O piercing Sting!
 And can a Lady be so vile a Thing?
 Foh! you provoking Man, the very Name
 Ferments my Blood, and puts me in a Flame:
 Had I the Daughter of an Hostess been,
 Nurs'd up with Ale in some *White-Chappel* Inn;
 Or had I been some home-spun Country Blowze,
 Bred up to serve the Hogs, and fodder Cows,
 Such Words might then have suited my Degree;
 But Shrew, I'd have you think's no Name for me!
 Such Terms are only fit for coarser Mold;
 Ladies may talk, but Ladies cannot scold.

Husband.

If bitter Words provokingly express,
 With all the Malice of an angry Breast,

If Passion, Fury, and a clam'rous Tongue,
 With noisy, spiteful Contradictions hung;
 If a curs'd Temper, haughty and perverse,
 Subtl' as a Serpent, as a Tyger fierce;
 Unruly as the Jade that scorns the Bit,
 Not back'd in Time, too fiery to submit;
 Who, if he's spurr'd, will run away too fast,
 Or stand stock-still, when he should make most Haste;
 If Disregard of Heav'n, and Nature's Laws,
 And loud Complaints without a real Cause;
 If stubborn Pride, Repugnancy of Will,
 And treach'rous Tears, like those of Crocadile;
 If thwarting Prattle, everlasting Tease,
 And Resolutions ne'er to be at Ease;
 Publick Contention, and untimely Jars,
 Noisy Cat-Favours, and nocturnal Wars :
 If these good Qualities make Women Saints,
 Instead of restless Shrews and Termagants,
 Then, Madam, I'll agree with you, and own,
 Drabs may be Scolds, but Ladies can be none.

Wife.

Wife.

I know you're mad, that I refuse to go
 Where dusky Woods abound, and Rivers flow;
 Where Birds in Groves their doleful Ditties sing,
 And Faries dance by Moon-shine in a Ring;
 Where melancholy Owls, who shun the Light,
 Hoot to their moon-ey'd Mates their Love by Night;
 Where rural Swains their noisy Revels make,
 And o'er their *Joans*, their Leathern Britches shake;
 Where Sun-burnt Slaves, on Holy-days repair,
 With their tann'd Trulls, to ev'ry Wake and Fair;
 Dance round their May-poles, 'till their clumsy Feet
 Poyson their Nostrils with their stinking Sweat;
 'Till sick of their dull Sports, the Gluttons fly
 To th' Ale-house Orchard, hungry, hot, and dry;
 There with *March-Beer*, coarse Apple-pye, and Cheese,
 Cram their wide Gullets, and their Palates please;
 'Till drunk and mad, then to conclude their Feast,
 With sturdy Blows decide who danc'd the best.

Are

Are these Delights for *Chloe's* Youth design'd?
 Thanks to your Love, I'll swear you're wond'rous kind:
 You know, my Dear, such Pastimes must agree
 Most nicely with my Birth and Quality!

Can you believe, that I, who long have known
 The various Pleasures of this charming Town,
 The Grandeur of a Court, where all Things shine,
 As if the Place was Heav'n, and Man divine,
 Can quit such Blessings, for a rural Life,
 Adapted to a Plough-man and his Wife,
 Or poor dispairing Souls, who chuse to dwell
 In Solitude, to wait their Passing-Bell?
 No, no; I thank my Stars, I'm in my Wits;
 Troubl'd with no such melancholy Fits.

I'm not grown lunatick with cloudy Dreams
 Of flow'ry Meads, dark Groves, and purling Streams.
 I'm not in Love; I want no Rosy Bow'r
 To meditate on Shadows by the Hour.

Nor am I bred to Pickles or Preserves,
 Or to make Balfams for your feeble Nerves.

Wife.

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Or to make Balfams for your feeble Nerves.

I cannot teach your Maids to bake or brew,
 Or distil Cordials for your Grooms and you.
 I am no Doctress, that pretends to cure
 The Coughs and Ptisicks of your neighb'ring Poor;
 Or have I Skill or Charity to spread
 A Plaister for a bruis'd or broken Head;
 Or can I boast so much Humility,
 To salve the cut Thumbs of your Family;
 And, upon all Occasions, undertake
 The nauseous Drudg'ry of a rural Quack.
 Therefore, if you expect that I should prove
 So great a Slave, to manifest my Love,
 You're much deceiv'd; I'd sooner chuse the Life
 Of a Town-Miss, than such a Country-Wife.

Husband.

Nobly resolv'd, most condescending Spouse.
 Who'd think the Lady should out-do the Blowze?
 And that a Wife of your illustrious Birth,
 Possess'd of so much Vertue, Wit, and Worth,

Should

Should rather chuse to prostitute your Charms,
 Than quit the Town, where Vice profusely swarms?
 Break thro' the Fences of your Marriage-Trust,
 And become servile to another's Lust,
 Before you'd wave your Humour to fulfil
 The just Engagements of your Husband's Will?

If Lady-Wives have Right to disobey
 Their wedded Lords, who ought to bear the Sway:
 If Ladies have a Priviledge to rule,
 To rave, contend, teaze, bicker, and controul,
 As if their Fortune, Beauty, and their Blood,
 Made them, if bad, appear divinely good;
 Would I had first preferr'd some rural Maid,
 From Cowl and Hog-tub, to my nuptial Bed,
 Or chosen some poor, harmless, tatter'd Wench,
 From Herb-stall, or from off some Alley-Bench,
 Ere I had curs'd my Sheets with such a She,
 That boasts so much of Birth and Quality,
 Yet can out-scold a Trull, a *Wappen* Quane,
 But do't, forsooth, with a more graceful Mein;
 L 2 Teaze

Teaze and torment at an imperious Rate,
 But still take Care to domineer in State.
 Since these your Ladyship's Perfections are,
 Which I am doom'd by Wedlock thus to bear;
 As Gilders cover Brass and Dross with Gold,
 And Gard'ners over Dung sift finest Mold;
 So you may boast a Lady's outward Skin,
 But, by my Soul, you're Drab and Dev'l within.

Moral REFLEXIONS on the foregoing
 Dialogue.

THE *buxom Lady, bred in Town,*
Where Crowds of Beaus admire her,
And chase her Beauty up and down,
To shew how they desire her,

Is so bewitch'd to London Streets,
Where Villains shine in Splendor;
And ev'ry wealthy Fool she meets,
Maintains his Miss in Grandeur,

That

*That She disdains a Country Life,
 And all its vertuous Pleasures,
 Because in Town, each Lady-Wife
 May take her own loose Measures.*

*The Husbands revel, whore, and drink;
 Wives keep their Beaus and Nisies:
 Thus all grow wicked, so they wink
 At one another's Vices.*

*That He who does to London come,
 To wed a Town-bred Woman,
 Had better range the Woods at Home,
 With Joler, and with Bowman.*

*For Sodom's Daughters can't conform
 To Pleasures that are rural;
 But like to live where Blockheads swarm,
 And loving Sisters whore all.*

DIALOGUE XII.

Between a depending Courtier, who would have sacrific'd the Chastity of his Wife to a certain Great Man, in Hopes of Preferment, and his vertuous Lady, who was avers'd to a Compliance.

Wife.

MY Dear, what makes my Lord his Visits pay
So oft? For he was here again to Day,
Teazing my Ears with such respectful Praise,
I know not what he means by what he says:
Sometimes he treats me with a Love-Intrigue,
Then gazing on my Face, he flirts his Wig;
Walks too and fro the Room, then down he sits,
Pauses and sighs, as if beside his Wits:
Sometimes he smiles, and compliments me high,
And oft does into frantick Raptures fly;

Then

Then, rising from his Seat, he springs in Haste,
 Forces a Kiss, and hugs me round the Waste;
 Then down he sets me, rubs against my Knees,
 Presses my Breast, and gives my Hand a Squeeze,
 Tells me how much my Beauty he admires,
 Talks of Love-Passions, and of am'rous Fires,
 Wishing his own young Lady could but bless
 His Bed with half the Charms that I possess.
 With such like Flatt'ries does he stuff my Ears,
 As if he meant t' affront me with his Jeers;
 Nor can I rude or disrespectful be,
 Because I'm so beneath his Quality;
 Next, 'cause I know that you so much depend
 Upon his Honour, as your only Friend;
 Therefore what Measures I shall use, pray tell,
 For I am apt to fear he means not well.

Husband.

I know he loves you; I have heard him swear,
 Of all your Sex, you're most divinely fair;

And that he thinks me happy in a Wife,
 Whose Charms are fit to bless a Monarch's Life;
 Whene'er he asks me kindly how you do,
 His tender Manner does his Passion shew;
 And when he walks, and talks to me aside,
 He ne'er forgets his Wishes to my Bride;
 Makes you the Object of his fond Desires,
 And seems to whisper what his Love requires;
 For I have often heard him sigh, and cry,
 He'd give the World to be as blest as I;
 Then vowing much Respect for you and me,
 Would swear I should ere long his Friendship see.
 In short, he does for you such Love express,
 That what he means, you cannot chuse but guess.

Wife.

With how much Patience you conceive his Flame,
 And to my glowing Ears convey the same,
 As if you thought it, like a shameful Cow'rd,
 An Honour to be rivall'd by a Lord?

How

How could you hear his odious Love exprest,
 And keep your Sword from his adult'rous Breast;
 Or tamely lissen to a treach'rous Friend,
 Who does the Beauty of your Wife commend
 In such an odious Manner, as to shew
 His Lust for her, and his Contempt of you?
 You talk as calmly of his loose Desires,
 As if you'd have me grant what he requires;
 And that, for Reasons to your self best known,
 You'd pimp for her the Laws have made your own.
 Prithee, my Dear, the Mystery disclose,
 And let me know what he or you propose?
 If to your Lordly Friend you prove so kind,
 You ought to first acquaint me with your Mind;
 For when a Woman's Honour lies at Stake,
 'Tis fit you should to her the Secret break:

Husband.

You know, my Dear, that he's a pow'rful Man,
 Great in Estate, and high in the Divan;

Behind

Behind the Curtain turns the grand Machine,
 Puts others out, and who he pleases in :
 Who therefore would not make one Step awry,
 To win the Smiles of such a Friend thereby,
 Who, by those Favours he would gladly spare,
 Can make us much more happy than we are ?
 Besides, my Dear, you may resign your Charms
 With so much Conduct to his longing Arms,
 That no discerning Eye can trace your Love,
 Or watch the happy Minutes you improve ;
 And whilst our Vices are conceal'd from Fame,
 We 'njoy the Pleasure, but escape the Shame.
 Who then would such a lucky Hour deny,
 And lose the Prospect of such wealthy Joy ;
 When, by a trifling Sin, to th' World unknown,
 With Care repeated, unsuspected done,
 We may, perhaps, advance our meaner State,
 And rise from narrow Fortunes, to be great ?

Wife.

Wife.

Well said, my patient Spouse, I'm glad to find
 You'll grant your Wife such License to be kind :
 Since you consent, I should adorn your Brows,
 And, for your Int'rest, break my nuptial Vows.
 I hope you'll give me Leave to please my Mind
 With those I like, when I am so inclin'd :
 If I for Profit may unfold my Arms,
 Sure, for my Pleasure, I may use my Charms ;
 For she that's wicked to support her Pride,
 When Love appears, must yield to be enjoy'd.
 But sure, my Dear, you only talk to try
 How far vain Hopes would bring me to comply ;
 And whether I'd be forward to defile
 My nuptial Honour, for a Courtier's Smile.
 Such awkward Counsels surely must arise,
 From some conceal'd Distrusts or Jealousies :
 I fancy that you only importune
 Your Wife to what you think's already done ;
 Therefore

Therefore I beg you to be free and plain,
That I may truly know what 'tis you mean.

Husband.

By all that's sacred, I have no Design,
But what's for both your Benefit and mine:
I know my Lord's devoted to your Charms,
And sighs and pines to hug you in his Arms,
Would you but once with his Desires comply,
His Heart would be enslav'd 'twixt you and I;
Your Beauty might command whate'er you pleas'd,
Was but his Love, by your Indearments, eas'd:
Would you surrender what he wants to take,
I should fare well for my *Dorinda's* Sake;
To high Preferments I should quickly rise,
And Jems would sparkle round your beauteous Eyes;
Yet with due Care you might your Honour keep,
And in his Arms with Reputation sleep;
For I my self can cover the Disgrace,
And give your secret Joys an honest Face;

Guard

Guard you from prying Servants, 'till he's cloid,
 That what you do may common Fame avoid.
 Many by such Compliance rise at Court ;
 'Tis a sure Way to win the nobler Sort :
 Beauty's Man's only Advocate among
 The greater Rank, that rule the humble Throng.
 The other Day, a Captain in the Host,
 By the same Means, obtain'd a higher Post :
 Why therefore will you keep me at a Stand,
 When your kind Charms may Wealth and Pow'r
 (command?
Wife.

You're serious then, I find you're well agreed
 My Lord should share the Pleasures of your Bed ;
 That your fair Wife should prostitute her Charms,
 And with Adult'ry stain her vertuous Arms ;
 Fawn on your Friend, and alienate from you
 A Heart that has been always kind and true ;
 Adorn your Forehead with an odious Crest,
 And make you ev'ry Beau and Blockhead's Jest ;

Despise

Despise you, flout you, bastardize your Race,
 Whilst he that horns you, whispers your Disgrace,
 'Till thro' the Brothel Court, and next the Town,
 My Whoredom, and your Complaisance are known.

Nobly resolv'd, and courteously advis'd!

Am I oblig'd, or do you think surpriz'd,
 To hear such Counsel from a Husband's Mouth,
 Whose Happiness should center in my Truth?
 Bless me! was ever such a gen'rous Spouse,
 Who, to indear his Friend, not onl' allows,
 But courts his Wife to hornify his Brows!

Husband.

Fear not the Pleasures you may thus bestow,
 Since none besides our selves the Secret know.
 My Lord's a Man of Honour, and disdains
 To boast the happy Favours he obtains;
 Nor dare I broach the Liberties you take,
 'Less my own Tongue my self should odious make:
 So that you must be safe in his Embrace,
 Unless your Folly blabs your own Disgrace.

Who

Who therefore would not value the Esteem
 Of him who loves to such a fond Extream,
 Since you have my Consent to freely grant
 The utmost Joys his eager Soul can want?
 And when your Husband's Welfare does depend
 Upon your Kindness to his only Friend,
 And you have my Command to yield a Part
 Of your Delights, to ease another's Heart;
 It then becomes your Duty to resign,
 And, if a Sin, it is not yours, but mine.
 Woman in all Things should her Lord obey;
 And if, by my Advice, you go astray,
 It is not you that err, but I that lead the Way.

Wife.

The Wife's a Subject to her Spouse, 'tis true,
 And I allow that I am so to you;
 But if a Husband shall presume so far,
 As to command his lawful Wife to err,
 And she's convinc'd, that what her Spouse enjoins,
 Is justly rank'd among the worst of Sins;

If

If she complies with your obscene Command,
 Guilty with you she equally must stand ;
 For human Pow'rs all lawful Bounds exceed,
 When they require what Heaven's Laws forbid.

Besides, had you the least Remains of Love,
 How could you basely condescend to move
 Your vertuous Wife to break her nuptial Trust,
 And become servile to another's Lust?

Husband.

Prithee, dear Fool, be not so nicely coy,
 When both our Int'rest tempts you to the Joy.
 The Thoughts of Wealth should stem your female Fears;
 All Things should bow, when sov'reign Gold appears:
 The very Priests, who painfully instil
 Those pious Rules, that triumph o'er your Will,
 When Int'rest beckons, will the Text profane,
 And change their Doctrine many Ways for Gain;
 Princes themselves, whose Royal Faces shine
 Thro' their whole Kingdoms on their glitt'ring Coin,

Shew

shew, by imprinting of their Image there,
 What Rev'rence to mighty Gold they bear;
 And, to repleat their Treasures, will comply
 With wond'rous Things, unknown to you or I;
 Such that would make us startle, could we peep
 Within those Royal Curtains where they sleep.
 In short, all Vertue, tho' it's ne'er so nice,
 Stoops to the pleasing Joys of wealthy Vice,
 Only the Great put on a better Face,
 And gild their Lewdness with a nobler Grace.

Why then should stubborn Vertue disagree
 With such a prosp'rous Opportunity,
 And lose the Blessings you might now improve
 By secret Dalliance, and dissembl'd Love?

Wife.

Shame on your base and treacherous Advice;
 I scorn your Dictates, and your Lord despise:
 Nor shall so tame a Wretch, that would seduce
 Your Wife, for Int'rest, to another's Use,

M

And

And court me thus to prostitute my Charms
 To such a faithless Friend's adult'rous Arms,
 E'er bed me more; for I abhor the Thought
 Of loving such a Brute, or proving naught,
 To gratify the base ignoble End
 Of such an odious Spouse, or hateful Friend.
 Blush at your Crime, and curse your wretched Life,
 For aiming to betray so just a Wife,
 Whose Blood untainted, chills in ev'ry Vein,
 That Nature should produce so vile a Man.
 Who could, with Patience, hear his Friend impart
 Such Wishes, and not stab him to the Heart?
 The gen'rous Bull his lustful Rival gores,
 Assaults him boldly with his utmost Force,
 Defends his Herd, that they may constant prove,
 And scorns his Fellow-Beast should share their Love.
 The noble Horse will, for his Female, fight
 His grazing Neighbour that invades his Right;
 Disdains his Mistress should to others yield,
 Whilst his strong Hoofs can guard her in the Field.

The

The meanest Brute that moves upon the Ground,
 The Cat, the Rat, the very Hare, or Hound,
 All struggle hard, and shew their zealous Care,
 That none shall in their Mate's Concessions share.
 The Dung-hill Cock will make his Rival feel
 The pointed Fury of his armed Heel,
 And, tho' a Coward, yet he'll dare his Fate,
 T' ingross the Favours of his feather'd Mate.
 But thou, vile Wretch, more brutish far than they
 Would'st thy own Wife to others Arms betray,
 Induce her to be odiously unjust,
 And make thy self a Pander to her Lust.
 Shame on thy treach'rous and ignoble Mind,
 And the foul Heart of thy lascivious Friend.
 Go tell the vicious Rake, the garter'd Fool,
 My Vertue scorns to be a Lord's Close-stool.
 Bid him go search the Brothels, and the Stage,
 Where mercenary Sluts for Gold engage ;
 Or, in the Ev'ning, range the airy Parks,
 Where jilting Ladies meet their brawny Sparks :

There let him breath forth his obscene Desires
 To those that like to quench such lustful Fires;
 Adult'rous Dames of Quality, who burn
 For such as he to serve their odious Turn.
 Tell him, from me, that I despise and hate
 His Pomp, his Pow'r, his Person, and Estate,
 And sooner would consent to spend my Life
 In a mean Hut, some honest Shepherd's Wife,
 Than sacrifice my Vertue and my Charms
 To his, or to a King's adult'rous Arms;
 For the chast Woman, in the meanest State,
 Enjoys more Comfort than the vitious Great.

As for your Part, I'll fly from your Embrace;
 I hate a Wretch so infamously base:
 I'll to my rural Friends with Speed retire,
 Tell them the kind Concessions you require,
 That they may know how far your gen'rous Mind
 Is to my Welfare and your own inclin'd.
 No more, false Man, shall you enjoy a Smile
 From her, in vain you've labour'd to beguile;

For

For what just Wife, that has been kind and chaste,
 Would hug a treach'rous Serpent in her Breast,
 Whose Love's so little, and his Pride so great,
 That he'd defile her Charms, to live in State?

Farewel, I'll date my Hatred from this Time,
 And leave you to repent your shameful Crime.

Husband.

May Hell and Fury follow where she goes,
 Since her nice Vertue such Resentment shows;
 And if I find, that she in spite declares
 The Secret I've imparted to her Ears,
 (For Wives can seldom from their Sex conceal
 What their own Pride excites 'em to reveal)
 Then, in Revenge, I'll say, I only try'd
 Her Vertue, and aver, that she comply'd,
 And that I turn'd her off, because I found
 My jealous Conflicts had sufficient Ground;
 Vow that I lov'd, whilst she was kind and good,
 And, tho' I think her chaste, I'll swear she's lewd.

What I assert's most likely to prevail,
 Whilst few will credit her prepost'rous Tale ;
 For who can think a Husband such a Brute,
 To court his Wife to grant so strange a Suit,
 As to become another's Prostitute ?

MORAL REFLEXIONS on the foregoing
 Dialogue.

THO' good Men scarce believe there's such
 A wicked Brute in Nature,

That would endeavour to debauch

His lawful Wife or Daughter,

Yet sure it is, that many rise

To profitable Places,

'Cause their Wives yield, by their Advice,

To greater Mens Embraces.

He who a handsome Wife can boast,

That's free of her Indearments,

If he'll be horn'd, to gain a Post,

Need never fear Preferments.

The Great, who gratify each Gust,

Are prompt by their Excesses,

To humour their insatiate Lust

With new inviting Faces.

The Coward oft has Captain's Pay,

And makes the State his Bubble,

Because his Wife has found a Way

To please some gouty Noble.

In short, could Men of Vertue see

The Evils done in private,

They'd blush at modern Quality,

And wonder what they drive at.

DIALOGUE XIII.

*Between a squeamish coting Mechanick, and
his sluttish Wife, in the Kitchen.*

Husband.

IS the Fish ready ? You're a tedious While ;
Take Care the Butter does not turn to Oil :
Lay on more Coals, and hang the Pot down low'r,
Or 'twill not boil with such a Fire this Hour.
Is that, my Dear, the Sauce-pan you design
To stew the Shrimps, and melt the Butter in ?
Nouns ! within side as nasty it appears,
As if 't had ne'er been scow'r'd this fifty Years.
Rare Huffis ! how confounded black it looks !
God sends us Meat, the Devil sends us Cooks.

Wife.

Wife.

Why how now, Cot! Must I be taught by you?
 Sure I without you know what I've to do.
 Prithee go mind your Shop, attend your Trade,
 And leave the Kitchen to your Wife and Maid.
 O'erlook your 'Prentices, you Cot, and see
 They do their Work, leave Cookery to me,
 Is't fit a Man, you contradicting Set,
 Should mind the Kettle, or the Porridge-pot,
 And run his Nose in ev'ry dirty Hole,
 To see what Platter's clean, what Dish is foul?
 Be gone, you prating Ninny, whilst you're well,
 Or, faith, I'll pin the Dish-Clout to your Tail.

Husband.

I'll not be poyson'd by a fluttish Quane.
 Huffy, I say, go scow'r the Sauce-pan clean.
 What, tho' your Mistress is a careless Beast,
 I love to have my Victuals cleanly drest!
 Cot me no Cots, I'll not be bound to eat
 Such dirty Sauce to good and wholesome Meat.

I will direct and govern, since I find
 You're both to so much Nastiness inclin'd.
 I'd have you know, I neither fear or matter
 Your threaten'd Dish-Clouts, or your scalding Water.

Wife.

Stand by, you prating Fool, you damn'd Provoker,
 Or, by my Soul, I'll burn you with the Poker.
 Must I be thus abus'd, as if your Maid,
 And call'd a Slut before a saucy Jade?
 Gad, speak another Word, and, by my Troth,
 I'll spoil the Fish, and scald you with the Broth.
 The Kitchen-Fire, alas! don't burn to please you,
 The Sauce-pan is, forsooth, too foul and greasy.
 Minx, touch it not; I say it's clean enough,
 Your scow'ring rubs the Tin within side off;
 I'll have no melted Butter taste of Brass,
 To please the Humour of a squeamish Ass.
 If Cot-Comptroller does not like its Looks,
 Let him spend Six-pence at his nasty Cooks,

Where rotten Mutton, Beef that's Turnip fed,
 Lean meazly Pork on *London* Muck-hills bred,
 Will please the Fool much better than the best
 Of Meat by his own Wife or Servant drest,
 Why don't you thither go before you dine,
 Where you may see, perhaps, a noble Loin
 Of a Bull-Calf, lie sweating at the Fire,
 Beneath fat Pork, nurs'd up in T—d and Mire,
 And under that a Chump of *Suffolk*-Beef,
 Thrice roasted for some hungry Clown's Relief,
 'Till black as Soot, that from the Chimney falls,
 And hard as *Severn*-Salmon dry'd in *Wales*,
 All basted with a Flux of mingl'd Fat,
 Which greasily distils from this and that?
 Such nice tid cleanly Bits would please my Dear;
 Prithee go thither, do not plague us here.

Husband.

Huffy, what I direct, you ought to do,
 I'm Lord and Master of this House and you,

Do

Do you not know that wise and noble Prince,
 King 'Hafuerus, made a Law long since,
 That ev'ry Husband should the Ruler be
 Of his own Wife, as well as Family?
 How dare you then controul my lawful Sway,
 When Scripture tells you Woman should obey?
 Therefore, I say, I'll have my Fish well dress'd,
 After such Manner as shall please me best,
 Or, Huffy, by this Ladle, if I han't,
 I'll make you shew good Reason why I shan't,
 I'll have more Coals upon the Fire, I tell ye,
 And have the Sauce-pan clean'd, aye marry will I,
 Or I'll acquaint your Teacher, Mr. *Blunder*,
 That all the Art of Man can't keep you under.

Wife.

Here, Huffy, fetch some Coals, 'tis long of you
 That we have ev'ry Day all this to do.
 Pray clean the Sauce-pan, you forgetful Trull,
 I must confess it looks a little dull.

You

You shall not say I love this jarring Life;
 You shall have no Complaints against your Wife.
 But prithee, Husband, leave us, and be easy,
 Ne'er doubt but I will cook your Fish to please ye.
 When Men o'erlook us, we proceed in Fear,
 And ne'er can do so well when they are near,
 Therefore I hope, my Dear, you will not mind
 A Woman's Passion, Words you know are Wind.
 I would not for the World have Mr. Blunder
 Know that we jar, the good old Man would wonder
 That you and I, who've been so long his Hearers,
 Should now want Grace, and fall into such Errors.

Husband.

Since you repent your Failings, I'll be gone,
 But prithee let the Fish be nicely done.
 I buy the best, and whether roast or boil'd,
 You know I hate to have my Victuals spoil'd.

Wife.

My Dear, I'll take such Care, that you shall find
 It shall be rightly order'd to your Mind.

I'm

I'm glad he's gone. Pox take him for a Cot,
 What Wife would humour such a snarling Sot?
 Here, *Kather'n*, take my Keys, slip gently by
 The Fox, and fetch a Dram for thee and I:
 Lay down the Sauce-pan; poh! it's clean enough
 For such an old, ill-natur'd, stingy Cuff.
 Prithee ne'er value what thy Master says,
 You should not mind his cross-grain'd, foolish Ways;
 But when I bid you, Huffy, you must run;
 Now his Back's turn'd, the Kitchen is our own.
 Bless me! how easily can a Woman blind
 And cheat a Husband, if he proves unkind:
 He thinks, poor Cuckold, that he bears the Rule,
 When Heaven knows I do but gull the Fool.

Moral

Moral REFLEXIONS on the foregoing
Dialogue.

A Prudent Man should never pry
Beneath a Husband's Station;
For if he does, he'll often spy
What causes his Vexation.

Wives in the Kitchen ought to bear
Superior Domination;
If we direct or meddle there,
'Tis constru'd Usurpation.

Besides, whoever thwarts his Wife
In culinary Matters,
Is sure to lead a wretched Life,
And fish in troubl'd Waters.

For tho' a Wife, thro' Folly, errs,
And wants to be conducted,

Tet

Set by a Man, in such Affairs,

She hates to be instructed.

That makes so many marry'd Pair

Create their own Uneasiness,

Because they love to interfere

In one another's Business.

A prudent Man will not invade

A Woman's proper Station,

But leave his Kitchen, and his Maid,

To female Domination.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE XIV.

Between a pious Clergy-man, and his virtuous Lady.

Wife.

SURE, if your sinful Congregation thought
The Doctrine true, which you so long have taught,
They would forsake those Evils they pursue,
And be admonish'd to reform by you!
But still you preach, and pray for them in vain;
For still their wicked Habits they retain.
What means this strange Defect in human Race,
So deaf to Reason, and averse to Grace,
That tho' you teach their Duty ev'ry Day,
Yet all those Heav'nly Laws they disobey,
And shun, without Remorse, the righteous Way?

N

Husband.

Husband.

Men are by Nature vitiously inclin'd,
 And inward Lusts corrupt the feeble Mind:
 Sinful Desires with Life it self take Place,
 But Vertue and Religion come by Grace;
 Gifts which good Heaven does to none reveal,
 But those who seek 'em with their utmost Zeal.
 The faithful Christian labours to be good,
 And checks the vitious Fevers in his Blood,
 By Weeping, Fasting, Temperance, and Pray'rs,
 And mixes holy Thoughts with worldly Cares;
 Is always mindful of the God that gives
 That daily Bread by which he moves and lives;
 Contemplates calmly on the Things above,
 And with an humble Soul seeks Heaven's Love;
 Esteems the Riches of a peaceful Mind,
 And is a righteous Friend to all Mankind.

But most Men are, by worldly Hopes, misled
 To follow those Delights they ought to dread;

Nurs'd up in Pride and Folly from a Child,
 And by their Parents bad Examples spoil'd;
 Taught by ill Practices, they shun their Good,
 And prove revengeful, treacherous, and lewd,
 Perfidious, spiteful, covetous, and base,
 Unlearn'd in Faith, intractable to Grace,
 'Till against both they are by *Satan* arm'd,
 And wicked Nature is too far confirm'd;
 Then, deaf to all Instructions, they proceed
 In their ill Lives, and no Correction heed;
 Thoughtless of Death, and hopeless of Reward,
 They throng the Church, without the least Regard
 To the blest Office of the sacred Day,
 But sleep or gaze, and neither hear or pray.
 So curious Sinners will sometimes repair
 To diff'rent Worshipps they abhor to hear,
 Where, wanting Zeal to practise what they see,
 They neither lift an Eye, or bend a Knee,
 But think the Teacher of the Tribe a Fool,
 And turn his honest Words to Ridicule.

How therefore can you think that such a Race
 Of Vipers, who the sacred Pile disgrace,
 Should, by my Pains, their wicked Lives reform,
 Whilst *Satan* hugs them close, and keeps them warm?
 No, no, my Dear, the most prevailing Guide
 Will scarce conduct them to the righteous Side;
 Unpolish'd Nature still will bear the Sway,
 And make such Brutes they're sinful Lusts obey;
 For those who want good Counsel when they're young,
 And due Correction both of Rod and Tongue,
 Grow stubborn when their past their boyish Fears,
 And will not be reclaim'd at riper Years.

These, like Irrationals, unthinking dwell,
 Hope for no Heaven, as they fear no Hell;
 But head-long run, like foolish Sheep when lost,
 And heedless to their own Destruction post.

Wife.

Could they believe a God, and dread his Hate,
 Or truly think there was a future State,

From

From *Satan's* Bondage sure 'twould set 'em free,
 And wake them from their dull Stupidity ;
 For he that sees beyond the Vale of Death,
 And hopes hereafter for eternal Breath,
 Who in his Conscience knows he must surmount
 The silent Grave, to give a just Account
 Of Ills he us'd no Caution to avoid,
 And each past Moment that he misemploy'd,
 That his sad Soul on that tremendous Day,
 Must its last Doom, whate'er it is, obey,
 To be for ever blest above the Skies,
 Or curs'd to everlasting Miseries,
 There amongst Imps and Devils to remain,
 Where all Redemption must be hop'd in vain.
 Sure Thoughts like these would make a Sinner sad,
 Comfort the Just, and terrify the Bad ;
 Give the most harden'd Conscience such a Shock,
 That the lost Sheep would seek the holy Flock ;

Expel the Poyson in his lustful Veins;
 And closely hug those Vertues he disdains,
 Thro' Hopes of Heav'nly Joys, or Fear of Hellish
 (Pains.)
Husband.

The Wife reclaim as soon as well reprov'd,
 But stupid Folly's hard to be remov'd;
 Right thinking will reform the sinful Mind,
 But sordid Ignorance is deaf and blind.
 The Obstinate reject all good Advice,
 What injures them the most, they're apt to prize,
 And, what they ought to value, they despise,
 The Fool is always backward to believe,
 And hates to credit what he can't conceive;
 Will pin no Faith upon his painful Guide,
 But, what he does not understand, deride.
 Futurity to some does only seem
 A Poet's Fiction, or a Prophet's Dream;
 And Heav'n and Hell, by Scripture made so plain,
 Thought the wild Fancies of some teeming Brain.

Therefore

Therefore lewd Atheists, and contending Fools,
 Who war with all good Principles and Rules,
 And would be thought too cunning to rely
 Upon their holy Guide's Integrity,
 Will their own wilful Errors still pursue,
 In spite of all the Church can say or do.
 Th' unletter'd Dunce no Myst'ry can conceive;
 The learned Fool no Scripture will believe:
 The doubtful Sceptist will by Reason try
 Those Truths beyond the Reach of Reason's Eye:
 Th' inebrious Sinner's always drown'd in Drink,
 And gives himself no Leave to hear or think:
 Th' am'rous Heathen comes to Church to view
 His female Goddess dizen'd in her Pew;
 Worships his Madam in her flaming Pride,
 And neither minds his Duty or his Guide;
 Implores no other Blessings, but her Charms,
 And thinks there is no Heav'n, but in her Arms:
 The neighb'ring Clowns, from mending of a Gap,
 Steal into Church to only take a Nap;

'And mind no more the Doctrine of the Day,
 Than when they're swearing on a Mow of Hay.
 The Lasses come to Church to chiefly shew
 Whose Pinner sits the best, whose Gown is new ;
 And think of nothing all the Time they're there,
 But those that kiss'd 'em last at Wake or Fair.
 And when his Worship's in the Godly Vein
 To come to Church, which is but now and then,
 He falls asleep ere we have read the Lessons,
 And dreams, perhaps, of the next Quarter-Sessions ;
 Creeps close, unseen, i' th' Corner of his Pew,
 Ne'er minds the Priest, but nods the Sermon thro'.
 What can we do, or how in Order keep
 A drowsy Flock of such unthinking Sheep ?
 How should a Guide their Souls to Heaven steer ?
 Or how instruct, if they refuse to hear ?

Wife.

Since they the Doctrine of their Guide reject,
 Their Faults are owing to their own Neglect :

You're

You're just and painful in your past'ral Care,
 And cannot in their sinful Suff'rings share;
 At the last Judgment you'll be guiltless found;
 Tho' the Flock's scabby, yet the Shepherd's sound.
 Therefore, my Dear, do you incur no Blame,
 And I'll still take Example by the same,
 That when the Trumpet shall our Ashes raise,
 We both in Heav'n may sing eternal Praise.

Moral REFLEXIONS on the foregoing
 Dialogue.

OUR holy Guides may preach and pray
 In Pulpits 'till they're weary,
 If we resolve to disobey,
 And from their Precepts vary.

The pious Priest may eas'ly win

The Soul inclin'd to Goodness,
 But seldom draws the Man of Sin
 From his habitual Lewdness;

Till

Till, in his Age, the Wretch begins
 To feel his past Debauches;
 And then, perhaps, he'll curse the Sins
 That brought him to his Crutches,

So that it is not what he hears
 From his laborious Teacher,
 But Gout or Stone, at feeble Tears,
 That mends the crazy Letcher,

The Seeds of Grace must in our Youth
 Be sown by Education,
 And then we grow in Faith and Truth,
 And feel their Operation.

But if, when young, to lustful Rage
 We prostitute our Reason,
 We seldom then reform, 'till Age,
 Expels the sinful Poyson.

DIALOGUE XV.

*Between a tender and religious Husband,
and his barren melancholy Lady.*

Husband.

WHY so reserv'd and indispos'd, my Dear?
What makes my Love so a-la-mort appear,
As if some hidden Grief, or anxious Thought,
A sudden Change had in thy Temper wrought?
How kind and pleasant did you use to prove,
All over Freedom, Gayety, and Love,
Chearful in Humour, spritely in your Mein,
All Charms without, and peaceable within?
But now, alas! each pensive Look declares
You're sunk beneath a Load of teasing Cares;
And that your tender Breast, which us'd to be
From worldly Sorrows and Afflictions free,

Has

Has lost, on some Account, its sweet Repose,
 And feels those Pains you care not to disclose.
 Prithee, my Dear, the hidden Cause impart,
 That clouds your Charms, and so torments your Heart,
 A Wife should not ingross, but ease her Care,
 And let her Husband bear an equal Share;
 For both are bound, when either are oppress'd,
 To be a Comfort to each other's Breast.

Wife.

Prithee, my Dear, be easy, mind not me;
 Women sometimes will out of Humour be:
 Our Discontents in foolish Trifles lie;
 We're vex'd or pleas'd, and know no Reason why;
 Small Causes in our weak imprudent Sex,
 Will oft produce extravagant Effects:
 We're troubl'd with the Vapours, and from thence
 Our melancholy Whims sometimes commence:
 Our female Cares, like Castles in the Air,
 Are built so thin, they'll no Enquiry bear:

Small

Small Grief in us, a high Concern appears;

What Men despise, will cause a Woman's Tears.

Therefore I hope you are too wise to mind

The unexpected Changes that you find

In wav'ring Woman, fickle as the Wind.

Husband.

Why should you use Evasions, when you know

I can't but share the Discontent you show?

I grieve to see so fair and good a Wife,

With needless Cares, perplex her nuptial Life;

Draw Age upon her Charms before her Time,

And make her anxious Thoughts her only Crime.

Have I, by any Slight, disturb'd your Mind?

Am I morose when up, in Bed unkind?

Have I one vitious Habit you abhor?

Or do you think I ought to love you more?

Have you not Cloths, and all Things that agree

With your Birth, Fortune, and your Quality?

Or are you jealous that Abroad I shew

More Kindness to some other Fair, than you?

If

If any Sights of mine distastful prove,
 Let me but know, and I'll the Cause remove.
 Believe my Love is too sincere and great
 T' annoy your Ease, or to incur your Hate.
 Therefore, my Dear, if you delight to shew
 The same Regard that I profess for you,
 Tell me the Causes of your Discontent,
 That, by removing yours, I may my own prevent.

Wife.

In you I'm blest, and cannot but approve
 Your prudent Conduct, and your faithful Love:
 Had I a Myriad of delightful Charms,
 Or could I boast a Heaven in my Arms,
 All I could do to bless your gen'rous Mind,
 Would be too little for a Man so kind.
 Therefore, my Dear, in you I happy am,
 Beyond the Merits of so coarse a Dame,
 And should be base to murmur, or accuse
 So just a Man, who so much Kindness shews,

Tha

That were I wealthy as the Mines of *Spain*,
 And unconfin'd, I'd chuse you o'er again;
 Yet there is something does my Ease destroy,
 And makes me wretched in the Midst of Joy;
 Does all my Comforts into Sadness turn,
 And in the Height of Pleasure, bids me mourn.

Husband.

What secret Causes can a Woman find,
 If blest in Marriage, to afflict her Mind?
 So long as she approves the Choice she's made,
 What frightful Notions can disturb her Head,
 Or plague her Breast, especially when free
 From Sickness, and secure from Poverty?
 'Tis strange to me. But prithee, Dear, explain
 This Riddle hatch'd in thy uneasy Brain,
 That I may use such Measures as are best
 To drive these airy Phantoms from your Breast.

Wife.

Tho' at my Sorrows you are thus amaz'd,
 My Dear, I would not have you think I'm craz'd;
 Tho'

Since Nature has abridg'd my female Pow'r,
 'Tis for your Sake that I my self abhor:
 For Man in Wedlock join'd, delights to see
 His Image in a lively Progeny,
 That as they flourish, and himself grows old,
 He may in them his Infant-State behold:
 Nor can a Husband truly love a Wife,
 That adds not these sweet Blessings to his Life;
 For Wedlock's but a License to enjoy,
 'Tis Children that confirms the sacred Tie:
 And where those Blessings are with-held, I fear
 A Wife must lose th' Affections of her Dear.
 This is the only Cause that makes me mourn,
 And look upon my self with Shame and Scorn.

Husband.

Teaze not thy self with such unhappy Thoughts,
 The Want of Issue's neither of our Fau'ts;
 They are the Gift of Heaven, and bestow'd,
 Not when we please, but when the Lord thinks good.

Should

Should I your kind Abilities distrust,
 I should be sinful, cruel, and unjust:
 If Nature is to blame between us two,
 I might as well condemn my self as you.
 Should I on this Account less loving be,
 You've equal Cause to look with Scorn on me;
 For since the Means do both our Aid require,
 Who knows which wants the procreative Fire?
 But still the Fault does not on Nature fall,
 For there's a Power above, that governs all,
 Who, by his secret Will, directs our Fate,
 And knows what's best for Man in ev'ry State.
 Therefore let no such Thoughts disturb your Ease,
 For 'tis a Sin to pine at Heav'n's Decrees.

Wife.

If Children, that confirm our nuptial Love,
 Are allow'd Blessings given from above,
 Sure we have greatly sinn'd, that we're deny'd
 Those Comforts by the meanest Slaves enjoy'd.

O

What

What have we done, that we alone should want
 What Heav'n to many does so freely grant?
 If the Celestial Pow'rs have less Regard
 For us, than others, still our Fate's more hard.
 The Arguments you urge, improve my Care,
 And only leave me in a worse Despair.

Husband.

But Children do not always Blessings prove,
 Sometimes they're sent as Judgments from above.
 Harlots, we see, that prostitute their Charms,
 And yield their Favours to unlawful Arms,
 Against their Wills have Issue to proclaim
 Their Parents Lewdness, to their publick Shame,
 That Looks dissembl'd may no longer hide
 Those sinful Pleasures they've so oft enjoy'd;
 But wanting Vertue, they at last may feel
 Th' Effects of what th' endeavour to conceal;
 For tho' the Vicious act their Joys by Night,
 Th' Event oft brings their secret Sins to Light.

How

How oft are careful Mothers disobey'd,
 And by a wicked Offspring wretched made?
 How frequently do Sons unhappy prove,
 And Daughters yield to base unlawful Love;
 Grow proud and stubborn in their tender Years,
 And fill their Parents full of Cares and Fears;
 Despise the Womb that brought 'em forth with Pain,
 From Duty swerve, and all Advice disdain;
 As they advance in Years, grow worse and worse,
 So far from Blessings, that they prove a Curse;
 Pursue, without Controul, their sinful Ways,
 'Till their own Vices end their wretched Days?
 Had we a Son, what Mortal can foresee,
 In spite of Care, how wicked he might be;
 Crooked in Body, or deform'd in Mind,
 Shallow in Intellects, dum, deaf, or blind;
 Perfidious, cruel, thirsty after Blood,
 Prone to all Mischief, and avers'd to Good;
 Perhaps, like *Judas*, destin'd to subdue
 His Father, and to wed his Mother too?

Why therefore do you pine for what may prove
 A thorny Bryar to our nuptial Love,
 And breed that Variance we may ne'er survive,
 But feel the sad Effects of whilst we live?

Besides, without Experience, none can guess
 The painful Sorrows, and the sad Distress
 With which each lab'ring Nerve and Vein is fill'd,
 Before the pregnant Womb its Fruit can yield.
 Many we see, who want sufficient Pow'r
 To struggle, perish in the fatal Hour,
 Too weak, alas ! by Nature to sustain
 The grand Fatigue, they sink beneath the Pain.
 Why therefore do you wish to undergo
 Such Pangs, which do such Numbers overthrow,
 When the first Offspring you so much desire,
 May prove your last, and force you to expire?
 Therefore your Want of Issue ne'er bemoan,
 But learn to be content that you have none,
 And bless good Heaven that you live so clear
 From Tortures other Wives are forc'd to bear.

As

As for my Part, I love you ne'er the less,
 That we have hug'd so long without Success;
 For I submit to Heav'n in all Affairs,
 And ne'er will wretched be for Want of Heirs,
 Since they're oft destin'd, by their Stars, to prove
 Cares, and not Comforts, to their Parents Love.
 Why grieve you then, that Heaven denies to grant
 What, f'rought we know, 's our Happiness to want.
 Pine not, my dear *Lucinda*, since we both
 Are blest, 'less you provoke the Gods to Wrath;
 And, when they're angry, by your Pray'rs obtain
 A Child, whose stubborn Birth may prove your Bane,
 Or, if you live, torment you, and distract your Brain,
Wife.

Since you can love me, tho' I am not blest
 With your dear Image at my tender Breast,
 My future Grief I'll labour to prevent,
 And strive, my Dear, to be, like you, content;
 For 'twas my Fear your Kindness should decline,
 Thro' Want of Sons, that caus'd me to repine;

But since you're easy, tho' my Fate be hard,
Your pious Counsels, and your kind Regard
For my afflicted Mind, my Cares remove,
And make me happy in your gen'rous Love.

Moral REFLEXIONS on the foregoing
Dialogue.

IF a young Wife should want an Heir,
And pine at the Dishonour,

Her Husband ought to have a Care

How he reflects upon her :

For if she finds, that he believes

It's only her Misfortune,

It's ten to one but she deceives

Her Sponse behind the Curtain.

For nothing grieves a Woman more,

When jolly, gay, and youthful,

Than

Than to be thought without the Pow'r,

When wed, of being fruitful.

Therefore 'tis Prudence in a Man

To ease her Perturbations,

And cure her Sorrows, if he can,

By pious Exhortations.

For if a Husband once upbraids

His Wife of being barren,

Perhaps she'll suffer other Blades

To sport within her Warren :

And if she finds the Bus'ness done

By sinful Copulation,

Her Spouse must be content to own

A mottl'd Generation.

DIALOGUE XVI.

*Between a fond Gentleman, and his coax-
ing Lady.*

Husband.

THAT Look, my Dear, was very kind, I vow:
What charming Smiles are seated on your Brow?
How fond and gay you of a sudden prove,
All over Beauty, Pleasantry, and Love?
Did you but know how this engaging Air
Becomes a Woman so divinely fair,
Sure you would never, in your Dumps, disguise,
With fullen Pouts, the Lustre of those Eyes;
But let your Spouse be always happy in
The native Sweetness of your lovely Mein.

Wife.

Wife.

Women at all Times can't alike be free,
 The best will now and then ill-humour'd be.
 I hope I'm courteous and obliging now;
 I'd always please you, if I knew but how.
 Did I not hug you in my Arms last Night,
 And summon all my Charms to your Delight?
 Did I not vow I'd be for ever true,
 Call you my Dear, as a good Wife should do?
 Be you respectful, you shall ever find
 That I'll be humble, diligent, and kind:
 But if you're slighting, peevish, and perverse,
 In short, 'twill make me prove as bad, or worse.

Husband.

I know, *Belinda*, that your Frowns are oft
 The politick Effects of female Craft.
 You can seem angry, tho' your Mind's sedate,
 And hide your Love with a dissembl'd Hate;
 Be peevish, slighting, petulant, and soure,
 On Purpose to exert your Beauty's Pow'r;

That

That when your Frowns are vanish'd from your Brow,
 Your Smiles may prove more welcome to your Spouse,
 So misty Vapours from the Earth arise,
 And for a Time hide *Phæbus* from our Eyes ;
 But when dispers'd, the God the brighter seems,
 And we with greater Joy behold his Beams.

Wife.

Frowns are Advantages to female Smiles ;
 A Woman's Poutings, are her Beauty's Foils.
 A Teaze in Season, but ferments the Blood,
 Revives the Spirits, does a Husband good.
 Lovers should jar, sick Fancy to restore,
 And hug the closer when the Quarrel's o'er.
 Were't not for clashing, Love would soon decay ;
 And Time with less Delight would slide away.
 For Marriage-Feuds, that in the Day arise,
 Are recompens'd at Night with double Joys ;
 Such that are hid from that insipid Life,
 Where dull Indiff'rence reigns 'twixt Man and Wife:

For Love, like Musick, cannot perfect be,
 Less Discord's rightly mix'd with Harmony.

Husband.

'Tis true, some Jars in Wedlock, that arise,
 Whet but our Appetites to nuptial Joys;
 Yet there are some Disputes, that disunite
 Our Hearts, and disappoint us of Delight;
 Such that do oft turn mutual Love to Hate;
 And in revengeful Malice terminate:
 For Love, that with the greatest Ardor burns,
 If ill rewarded, to Aversion turns.
 As the best Wines, if not preserv'd with Care,
 Will soon become the sharpest Vinegar.

Wife.

But what must be the Cause of such Disputes,
 That can change Lovers to such angry Brutes,
 And make them so revengeful and absurd,
 As strive to ruin what they once ador'd?
 Were all the vexing Discords to arise,
 That Wedlock could produce, or Fate devise,

No

No Malice my Affections should suppress,
Or make me love my Dear one Jot the less.

Husband.

I'm glad, *Belinda*, you are so resolv'd;
But you in Cares have ne'er been yet involv'd;
You've no Occasion to disturb your Rest;
No Provocations to inflame your Breast;
No jealous Conflicts to distract your Soul;
No stubborn Spouse your Humour to controul;
No beauteous Rival kept beneath your Nose;
No sordid Threats, no brutish Kicks or Blows;
No angry, cross-grain'd Fool, no Midnight Rake;
No Beastly Sot, to spew upon your Back;
No Claps brought Home, no Bastards kept at Nurse;
No faucy Duns, or that which still is worse,
The Curse of Curses, an insolvent Purse.

Would not these Plagues your female Patience move
And try your boasted Vertue, and your Love?
But you have all Things that can please your Mind,
A lib'ral Fortune, and a Husband kind;

And therefore know not what it is to fear
The Usage other Wives are forc'd to bear.

Wife.

Hardships, like these, I own might prove too great
For feeble Woman to sustain their Weight.

Had any Mistress in your Heart a Share,
I must confess I no Revenge should spare:

The patient'st Wife alive, could never, sure,
A Rival in her nuptial Bed endure:

Such humble Acquiescence would proclaim

A Woman's Folly, to her publick Shame,

And shew the Wretch ridiculously tame:

Or should you strike me in an angry Mood,

You may be sure I'd poys'n you, if I cou'd:

But Men, like you, of Breeding, and of Birth,

Can ne'er so far degen'rate from your Worth.

Blows only pass 'twixt Porters and their Trulls,

Where brutish Rage, instead of Reason, rules,

Those of our Rank, altho' the Cause be great,

Should scorn to jar at such a scoundrel Rate.

All

All but these grand Abuses, as I live,
 I could forget, nay, heartily forgive;
 But Blows and Rivals are Affronts so evil,
 They'd make an Angel of a Wife turn Devil.

Husband.

My dear *Belinda*, I am past my Hour;
 I should have been at *Charing-Cross* by Four:
 Your pleasant Talk has spurr'd on Time too fast;
 Farewel, my Dear; excuse me, I'm in Haste.

Wife.

But stay, my Dear, I have a small Request;
 I'm sure you need not be in so much Haste.
 I promis'd, Child, at six a-Clock, to go
 To Madam *Sharp's*, to meet my Lady *Loo*;
 My Lady *Quickdeal*, and Sir *John's* new Bride;
 My Lady *Patch*, and sev'ral more beside.
 We've set this very Night apart for Play;
 I shall have mighty Luck, I dare to say,
 Because we've been so loving all this Day.

But by this Kiss, my Dear, you must supply me
 With twenty Guineas; prithee don't deny me.
 A Purse of Gold, at such a Time, you know
 Looks well, and makes a creditable Show.

Husband.

I must confess, I was amus'd to find
Belinda so extreamly fond and kind;
 But now the Cause is clear : Yet there's my Keys;
 Prove always so, and take what Gold you please.
 I know, my Dear, a Wife would think it hard,
 Dissembl'd Goodness should have no Reward.

Therefore the Man that would preserve his Life,
 Free from the teasing Humours of a Wife,
 Must ne'er be backward, in a marry'd State,
 To purchase Ease at an expensive Rate :
 For a proud Wife kept poorly, or controul'd,
 Will surely prove a Harlot, or a Scold.

Moral

Moral REFLEXIONS on the foregoing
Dialogue.

AS *Wives have sundry Ways to teaze,*
And put us at Defiance,
So they have many Arts to please,
And win us to Compliance.

The cunning Shrew, her Point to gain,
Will wave her native Temper,
And coax her Spouse, tho' in the Main,
She's still Eadem Semper.

Some Ladies doat on Cards and Dice;
Some Wives the Bottle drive at:
In short, each Woman has her Vice,
In publick or in private.

In spite of all that Man can do,
They'll gratify their Natures;

And

*And if you thwart what they pursue,
They'll prove vexatious Creatures.*

*You therefore, who have vitious Wives,
Whose Tempers are to lord it,
Please 'em, to ease your wretched Lives,
If able to afford it.*

*For all that can, alas! be said,
You have but these two Measures;
That's, turn 'em off, if very bad,
Or hum'r 'em in their Pleasures.*

P

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE XVII.

Between a prudent Gentleman, and his obliging Lady, about her keeping Company with a certain Gentlewoman of a slender Reputation.

Husband.

YOU're well come Home, my Dear ; you're
(come at last.
I thought you long ; 'tis ten a-Clock, or past.

What made you, Child, continue out so late?

You said, at farthest you'd return by eight.

A modest Wife should have Respect to Time ;

To break your Word, is a provoking Crime.

Where have you been, my Dear, that you could be
So thoughtless of your self, as well as me?

Wife.

Pray, Dear, excuse me : 'Tis a Fault, I own ;
I did not think you'd be at Home so soon.

You

You know my Bus'ness chiefly was to pay
 A formal Visit to my Lady Gay;
 But coming early thence, before 'twas dark,
 I stept to Madam *Daphne's* near the *Park*,
 Where she and I sat chatting, 'till I vow
 The Ev'ning slipt away I know not how;
 Tho' when it prov'd so very late, I'll swear
 It vex'd me, that so long I'd tarry'd there,
 'Lefs you should think I'd been the Lord knows
 (where.

Husband.

Why will you keep her Company? You know
 I've begg'd that you no more would thither go.
 Her Air's too wanton, and her Tongue too free;
 I fear she breaks the Rules of Modesty.
 Her Looks betray the Looseness of her Mind,
 And her Mein shews she is too ill inclin'd.
 Besides, her Reputation is not clear;
 I care not to repeat the Things I hear.
 She's censur'd as a Woman of Intrigue,
 And that she's with a Captain now in League:

Nay, worse; for some don't scruple to report
 She once was pregnant by a Lord at Court;
 And that his Father, to reward her Shame,
 Allows her now a Stipend for the same.
 I've hinted this before, and must you still
 Make her your Crony, 'gainst your Husband's Will?
 Indeed, my Dear, I'm much concern'd to find
 You should be so imprudent and unkind.

Wife.

Fame oft reports what none can make appear,
 And *Envy* talks what *Justice* hates to hear.
 The World's ill-natur'd, and delights to spread
 What should not be too eas'ly credited.
Censure's an Evil very few avoid,
 And *Innocence* thereby is much annoy'd.
 The Good must suffer, whilst the Bad go free;
 The last are safe in their Majority;
 Whilst *Vertue* oft is scandaliz'd aloud,
 To make her level with the guilty Crowd.

The modest Dame, who little says, is thought;
 The silent Sow that drinks up all the Draught,
 The merry Gossip is too bold and free,
 Her wanton Carriage shews her Levity.
 The pious Maid, tho' righteous as a Saint,
 Does only for a Spark the Church frequent.
 The devout Wife must horn her Husband's Brows,
 And only goes to Pray'rs to cheat her Spouse.
 In short, no Woman, be she ne'er so just,
 Can live exempt from wicked Man's Distrust;
 For she that scorns to yield to his Delight,
 The envious Letcher injures out of Spite;
 Lessens and damns those Charms beyond his Reach,
 As Sportsmen curse the Hare they cannot catch.
 I hope, my Dear, you have not been deny'd,
 And therefore wrong what you in vain have try'd;
 For I could ne'er in *Daphne's* Looks or Mein
 Discover what you've heard, or what you've seen.
 Therefore, my Dearest, tho', for ought I know,
 She may be bad, I scarce can think her so.

Why therefore should you judge so hardly by her,
 Since common *Fame* is but a common Lyar.

Husband.

But if she's thought to be a wanton Dame,
 And spiteful Tongues have fix'd the evil Shame,
 What tho' the Fact is not believ'd by you,
 If once the World affirms it, then it's true;
 Or tho' its false, the Calumny sticks fast,
 And will the nicest Reputation blast?
 The heav'nly Truths we must allow divine,
 Those above Falshood will for ever shine;
 But worldly Truths are what the World recieve,
 And Falshood only what we misbelieve;
 Therefore if common *Fame* reports her lewd,
 It is in vain for you to say she's good.
 If you pretend t' extenuate her Disgrace,
 Your self will only be believ'd as base;
 She, for your Friendship, will no better fare,
 But you, in her Defence, will surely share
 The worst Reproaches that her Name does bear.

Why

Why then, my Dear, will you so foolish prove,
T' incur those Scandals which you can't remove.

Consider, female Reputation's nice,
The only Gem a Woman ought to prize.

It's hard to raise, but easy to exhaust,
And ne'er can be regain'd, when once it's lost.

No Matter, whether blemish'd, right or wrong,

By her own Actions, or a spiteful Tongue,

If busy *Fame* has spread the ill Report,

She'll still be number'd with the looser Sort.

Therefore, my Dear, I beg you to forbear

Her Conversation, 'less in Time you share

Her publick Fame, and odious Character.

Wife.

I own I am not willing to be thought

A wanton Wretch, when guiltless of a Fau't;

Tho' I believe she's injur'd and abus'd,

And knows no Ills of which she stands accus'd;

Yet, since you tell me such Reports are spread,

And by so many talk'd and credited,

Without my Knowledge, there may be some Fire,
 From whence such Smother may at first aspire.
 Therefore, my Dear, your kind Advice I'll take,
 And from this Hour her Company forsake.

I meant no Harm, nor shall you find I'll do
 The least Offence that shall displease you;
 For I have Sense to know my sacred Trust,
 And shall obey in all Things that are just;
 For stubborn Wives, who foolishly pursue
 Those headstrong Humours which too oft they shew,
 Make themselves wretched, and their Husbands too.

Husband.

Your kind Compliance with my small Request,
 Assures me in a Wife I'm highly blest;
 And, to my Satisfaction, serves to prove
 At once your Duty, Innocence, and Love.
 I must confess I was disturb'd to see
 My Dear so fond of such loose Company;
 But this Obedience has oblig'd me more
 Than your Misconduct disoblig'd before;

And

And since I've so prevail'd, that you intend
 No future Visits to so ill a Friend,
 With your Desires I'll evermore comply,
 And nothing that a Wife can ask, deny;
 For she that will obey, deserves to find
 The Man she loves, just, generous, and kind.

Moral REFLEXIONS on the foregoing
 Dialogue.

THE vertuous prudent Woman, ought
 To shun the Conversation
 Of those who wantonly have got
 An evil Reputation.

What if they have a Scandal gain'd,
 Tho' no Man has enjoy'd 'em,
 Is, if their Vertue once be stain'd,
 'Tis Prudence to avoid 'em?

Should

Should but the Fox keep Company

With Creatures that are sweeter,

They soon would stink as bad as he,

Altho' of diff'rent Nature.

So wanton Women will infect

The Chast, by idle Carriage,

And, if wed, teach 'em to neglect

The Duties of their Marriage.

'Till they at last have drawn 'em in,

By luscious Prattle-Prattle,

To venture at that odious Sin,

Which always proves so fatal.

Therefore a Wife should ne'er oppose

Her Spouse with Why or Wherefore,

But quit the Company of those

Whom Her Husband does not care for.

DIALOGUE XVIII.

Between a teasing Husband, and his vexatious tipling Wife.

Husband.

HOW do'st thou do, my Dear? You look as pale
As if you fancy'd that you was not well.

I fear the Dram-Cup has neglected stood,

And want of Annifeed has chill'd your Blood.

Prithee, my Dear, revive your female Heart:

If your Stock's out, here's Money, fetch a Quart.

I know thy Veins, according to thy Use,

Must be well warm'd with some infernal Juice,

Or else some Belly-Pain, or Windy Stitch,

Will make thee look as hagg'd as a Witch,

Wife.

Wife.

You'd need to flout me, now you see me ill;
 I wish you did but half my Mis'ry feel,
 What swearing we should have for Mutton-Broth,
 Or some fine Nick-nack, choak you, for your Mouth?
 But if I'm troubl'd with an aching Head,
 Or my Side pains me 'till I'm almost dead,
 I may pine on, Pox take you, 'till I faint,
 Ere you, you Wretch, will pity my Complaint,
 Or say so much as, How do'st do, my Dear?
 Can'st drink a Glass of Wine, or Pot of Beer?
 Shall I go fetch the Doctor to thee, Love?
 What shall I get, that may thy Grief remove?
 How do you find your Stomach? Can you eat?
 Shall I go buy thee some nice hollow Bit?

Thus a good Husband to a Wife would speak,
 When indispos'd, ill-humour'd, sick, or weak;
 And not, like you, torment her throbbing Brain
 With Scoffs and Jeers, to aggravate her Pain;

And

And all, forsooth, because, when I am ill,
 I'm apt to take a Dram, perhaps a Gill.
 Had not that Cordial sav'd my Life, you know
 I had, alas! been dead long long ago:
 Who therefore would not, to her very End,
 Esteem the Comfort of so kind a Friend?

Husband.

I must confess, I never knew it fail;
 If ne'er so ill, two Pen'worth makes thee well;
 Yet, without Banter, I may justly say
 Thou'rt sick, my Dear, at least nine times a Day;
 Therefore thy Cordial gives but short Relief,
 And want of it, I fear, 's thy only Grief.
 Here, Maid, go fetch the Bottle to your Dame;
 Prithee, my Dear, administer a Dram.
 I dare engage one Dose will have the Pow'r
 To cure your Malady for half an Hour;
 And still, my Love, as often as you think
 Your Pain's returning, you as oft should drink.

Adsheart!

Adfheart! the Bottle's out. — I guefs'd the Cause
 That does your Mind fo greatly indifpofe.
 I think 'twas fetch'd but Yefterday at Noon;
 Nouns! who'd have thought it fhould be gone fofoon?

Wife.

Pray don't you think I drink a Quart a Day;
 I fpilt a little, fome I gave away:
 I had a Vifiter or two, that came
 Laft Night, and them I welcom'd with a Dram;
 Or elfe, I'd have you know, it had not half
 Been gone in fuch a Time, for all you laugh;
 Tho' I can take a Spoonful now and then;
 I would not have you think we drink like Men.
 I don't frequent the Ale-houfe like a Sot,
 And there fit guzzling down Pot after Pot,
 'Till fuller than you're able to contain,
 Then in fome Corner out 'tis fp—d again.
 You'd need upbraid your Wife, becaufe you know
 She takes a Dram of Annifeed, or fo;

When

When 'tis, God help me, only to revive

My Spirits, and to keep my self alive!

Were I a drunken Beast, like Gammar Bluff,

Who never knows when she has drank enough;

Or did I up and down with Gossips go

To ev'ry neigb'ring Ale-house in the Row,

There score up Dribblets in my Husband's Name,

And leave 'em long unpaid, to both our Shame;

Then I should own you would have Cause to make

Your self uneasy at the Course I take.

But I, alas! who take a Dram by Stealth,

Not for the Sake o' th' Liquor, but my Health,

Must be worse us'd, more ridicul'd than those

Who never have the Bottle from their Nose!

But 'tis, alas! the Fortune of our Sex,

Those are most fondl'd, who the most can vex.

Husband.

You are a sober Piece, I needs must say,

To drink a Quart of Spirits in a Day,

And then pretend you gave 'em half away.

Stop

Stop your own Mouth, and pray forget to rail
 At those good Wives that are content with Ale:
 You, like a female Sot, in private tipple
 Your Drams behind the Backs of other People,
 And in your Closet prove a greater Beast,
 Than the worst Gossip at a publick Feast:
 Your Mouth, by drinking at this odious Rate,
 Out stinks a Brandy-Shop at *Billingsgate*.
 Your nauseous Breath, which does my Nose surprize,
 Smells like a Fog that does from Dung-hill rise.
 The very Gown and Petticoats you wear,
 The odious Fumes of Aqua Vitæ bear,
 As if, when drunk, they'd been perfum'd and stain'd
 With your damn'd Spirits at the second Hand.
 For Shame, you Poll-Cat, quit your *Stygian* Juice,
 And be no more so shamefully profuse
 With your confounded Anniseeds, that stink
 Much worse than Bog-house, Common-shore, or Sink,
 Before you take the Freedom to upbraid
 Others, whose Vices are not half so bad;

But 'tis, alas! each wretched Woman's Curse,
To rail at common Faults, yet practise worse.

Wife.

Use me not thus, you contradicting Fool;
I'll drink the more, the more you ridicule.
'Twas your Unkindness that at first disturb'd
My Mind, for I've been always snubb'd and curb'd:
Your ill Conditions made me seek Relief,
To raise my Spirits, when depress'd with Grief:
And can you now, that caus'd me first to drink,
Upbraid me? Is it gen'rous, do you think?
For Shame, you fordid Wretch, forbear your Teaze,
Reflect not thus, to interrupt my Ease.
Women, when indispos'd, may now and then
Require a Dram, I hope, as well as Men:
Why therefore should it be a Crime in Wives
To drown their Cares, and comfort up their Lives,
As well as you, who ev'ry Day can spend
Whate'er you please with this and t'other Friend;

Q

Feast

Feast your ill-favour'd Guts with Wine Abroad,
 And sitting sit 'till you have got your Load;
 Then, like a Beast, come stagging to your Wife,
 And with your drunken Whims perplex her Life?
 Should I do so, you'd then have Cause enough
 To plague my Ears with such severe Reproof:
 But I, forsooth, must be afraid to take
 A Dram, altho' so faint I scarce can speak;
 For if I do, I must be deem'd a Sot,
 Flouted, abus'd, and call'd I know not what;
 When all Men may remember, if they please,
 Women are subject to Infirmities.
 Physicians tell ye we are cold by Nature,
 Yet, I believe, you'd have me drink cold Water.
 But, faith, I'll see you hang'd, ere I'll comply
 To chill my Guts, I know no Reason why;
 Since you think much of now and then a Dram,
 I'll not be such a Fool as now I am;
 No more by either Jeers or Threats be aw'd,
 But feast at Home, as well as you Abroad.

Husband.

Husband.

Well said, old Girl, right Woman ev'ry Inch,
 Too stiff to bend, will rather spend than pinch;
 And rather justify a Fault or Crime,
 Than own you're in the Wrong at any Time;
 Tho' in damn'd Anniseeds you drown your Life,
 You'd fain be thought a never-failing Wife.
 Were I to catch you ev'ry Day as drunk
 As a hoarse *Billingsgate*, or Brandy Punk,
 Your Looks with vile Hypocrisy you'd paint,
 And swear you was as sober as a Saint.
 Well, since it must be so, thou shalt not find,
 That for the future I'll oppose thy Mind.

If thou'rt resolv'd to have thy stubborn Will,
 And die a female Martyr to the Gill,
 Here, *Nan*, go fetch a Quart, e'en take thy Fill;
 For self-will'd Woman, like a sluggish Ass,
 Will have her Way, and hates to change her Pace.

So fare thee well, I must be gone, my Dear;
 Drink freely, Child, I would not have thee spare;
 Q 2 For

For still the more you sip, the more you'll save,
By posting on more early to the Grave.

Wife.

I know you want to see that joyful Day,
But I may send you first to clear the Way.
Come, *Nancy*, now your Master's gone, be free,
Ne'er mind that he and I thus disagree.
Come, come, here take a Dram, you silly Jade;
L--d, how you drink, as if a bashful Maid.
Husbands will do whate'er they please, we see;
In spite of all their prating, so will we.
Why should our Spouses rule the World in State,
And awe their fearful Wives to this or that,
Since Man, at best, is but a Woman's Brat.

Moral

Moral REFLEXIONS on the foregoing
Dialogue.

IF Woman once has fix'd her Mind
On any Vice or Failing,

If you'd reclaim her, who can find
What Way is most prevailing ?

Hard Words provoke, and make her worse,

Blows raise her Indignation ;

He's wise, that can prescribe what Course

Will work her Reformation.

If drinking Brandy be her Crime,

E'en let her have enough on't ;

For neither Words, or Length of Time,

Will ever bring her off on't.

Her Quarterns into Quarts improve ;

Encourage, and not blame her ;

Kill her with what she most does love ;

Death only can reclaim her.

Ne'er mind the Fault'ring of her Lips,

When she by Chance is fuddl'd ;

Nor heed her Stumbles, or her Trips,

Whene'er her Brains are addl'd.

At her destructive Habit wink,

And shew no Signs of Anger ;

Should you, perhaps, the less she'll drink,

And plague you but the longer,

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE XIX.

Between an honest blunt Gentleman, and his fantastical Lady; who, between forty and fifty, had made her a colour'd Fur-belo'd-Scarf.

Husband.

Wounds, Wife, what a strange Figure do you
(make?)
Sure thou hast got a Rainbow on thy Back!

What Herald's Mantle do my Eyes behold?

You quite forget, my Dear, you're growing old.

Sure mortal Man, 'till this Time, never fix'd

His Eyes on Youth and Age so odly mix'd.

I'll swear thy Dress would human Sight confound;

Thou shin'st like any Dyar's Tenter-Ground,

Where scarlet, purple, red, blue, yellow, green,

Are at one transient View confus'dly seen.

Q 4

You're

You're very fine, I vow, and much more gay
Than fifty speckl'd Butterflies in *May*.

Had it not been for thy old Face and Mein,
I'd thought thee some young taudry Fairy Queen;
Or else a pert, unthinking, little Fool
In her Ball-Dress, broke loose from Dancing-School.
Prithee, my Dear, what airy, wanton Thought
Has made thee guilty of this foolish Fault?

Wife.

What makes thee wonder at me so, my Dear,
'Tis the same Mode that other Women wear?
Look round you when at Church, and you may see
A thousand Wives more taudry dress'd than me;
But my Apparel ne'er can please your Eye;
You're always finding Fault with what I buy.
Therefore I am but foolish, I confess,
To vex at your disliking of my Dress:
I verily believe you'd have me go
In high-crown'd Hat and Coif, like Gammar Crow.

I'm

I'm sure Miss *Titup*, when she hither came,
 Had a new Scarf just furbelo'd the same;
 Therefore you might have seen, as she was dress'd,
 What Fashion 'tis that most is in Request.

Husband.

Why, you old Fool, would you Example take
 By a young, childish, giddy, wanton Crack,
 Scarce in her Teens, whose Waste is but a Span,
 That ne'er knew how to quench the Rage of Man?
 Such callow Girls may be allow'd to wear
 Fangles, in Hopes to tempt some foolish Heir;
 In Peacock's Feathers they may cloth their Tails,
 For Dress, as much as Beauty, oft prevails:
 But for a Wife in Party-colour'd Hairs,
 Older than *Paul's* by almost thirty Years;
 A wither'd Matron past the Joys of Love,
 Who may within a Year a Grannum prove;
 To wrap old Stubble in so lewd a Dress,
 Makes thee look wanton, tho' thou'rt past Embrace;

And

And lets the World, by thy Apparel, see
 That thy Desire survives Capacity ;
 For a stale Wife, that has out-liv'd her Charms,
 Is but mere Lumber in a Husband's Arms.
 What then, by such vain Dresses, can you mean,
 Except to shew you'd fain be young again?
 Or that you hop'd to tempt some Fool to own
 You still have Charms, when all Men see you've none
Wife.

All this, my Dear, is but your usual Way
 To me, I know you care not what you say:
 But why reflect upon my Age? 'Tis true,
 I'm past my Prime, but not so old as you,
 And still have Youth enough, whene'er you try,
 To hold you tack, tho' not to please your Eye;
 Therefore, my Dear, I study to improve
 My Charms, by Dresses, to revive your Love;
 For as in Beauty I decline, I find
 Your Words less am'rous, and your Deeds less kind.

Why then do you condemn me for my Pride,
 And angry seem that I my Wrinkles hide,
 Since these Temptations, round my Neck, you see,
 Are worn to make you young, as well as me?

Husband.

Well said, my Dear, your Wheedle makes me laugh,
 But I'm too old a Bird to stoop to Chaff.
 Few Wives dress airy to delight their Spouse,
 Rather to tempt some Fool to horn his Brows.
 No Taylor's Charms a Husband can excite,
 Stript of your Plumes he views you ev'ry Night,
 He hugs you as Dame *Nature* let you pass,
 Without the Arts you study by your Glass;
 Therefore no Silks can cheat his skilful Eyes;
 He knows fine Feathers are but mere Disguise;
 And tho' his Owl a Peacock's Tail should wear,
 He would not think his Bird a Jot more fair.
 No, no, rich Laces out of *Flanders* brought,
 Admir'd so highly, and so dearly bought;

Your

Your Silks and Satins to oblige your Pride;
 So finely wrought, of Rainbow-Colours dy'd;
 Your Jewels, Rings, your Patches, and your Paints;
 Your Juts and Congees a-la-mode of *France*;
 Your soothing Carriage, your engaging Airs;
 Your killing Glances, and your am'rous Snares,
 Are seldom us'd in order to renew
 Old fading Love betwixt your Spouse and you;
 But that Abroad you may the better pass
 For a gay Dame with some admiring As;
 Who, thus deceiv'd, may wish you in his Arms,
 And doat, Fool like, upon your borrow'd Charms.

Wife.

You're of a strange odd Humour, I protest;
 I hope, my Dear, you only talk in Jest.
 Why should you treat me with such light Regard?
 I blush to hear you censure me so hard.
 You say I'm old, how then can you believe
 I'm fond to tempt, or willing to deceive?

Or

Or if I was, who'd think it worth their Time
 To vow Respect to Woman past her Prime.
 I only, for your Credit, love to shew
 My outward Pride, as other Ladies do:
 I value no kind flattering Address,
 Seek no Man's Praise, his Admiration less.
 I thank my Stars, since I have steer'd my Youth
 Within the Bounds of Vertue, and of Truth,
 I shall not at these riper Years be free
 To stain my Honour with the greatest He:
 Therefore I hope you harbour no such Thought,
 I dress but as your Wife or Lady ought;
 But if you think that I too gay appear,
 Or that you grutch the costly Robes I wear,
 I'll lay them by, since they your Sight offend,
 And be content with such you'll recommend.

Husband.

Wives, who for twenty Years have Mothers been,
 Should scorn in such gay Fip'ries to be seen.

Or

The

The Woman shews most Prudence, that appears
 In grave Apparel, suited to her Years;
 For she that hides her Age with artful Pains,
 But forfeits that Respect she thinks she gains.
 So an old Abby's venerable Walls,
 Adorn'd with new Imbellishments, like *Paul's*,
 Would lose its ancient Reverence and State,
 When patch'd with Ornaments of modern Date.
 Yet, since your Pride has tempted you to buy
 Such painted Wings, more fit for But terfly,
 Pray wear them 'till their gandy Lustre fades,
 Admir'd by foolish Beaus, and taudry Jades;
 But pray, when these by Age are rent and torn,
 And to a scandalous Condition worn,
 Let me no more such wanton Garments see,
 But recollect your Age, and dress like me;
 Wear good, but grave Apparel, pray herea'ter,
 And dress not to provoke my Neighbours Laughter,
 But let them know the Mother from the Daughter.

Wife.

Wife.

'Tis a hard Fate on Woman to be old,
 But worse to be upbraided and controul'd.
 Age steals too soon into a female Face;
 But why must she proclaim it in her Dress?
 However, since I find it is your Will,
 I'll change my Garb, and your Desires fulfil;
 For tho' such Dictates, that abridge a Wife
 Of Dress, are Hardships to a Woman's Life,
 Yet nothing is so bad as nuptial Strife.

Moral REFLEXIONS on the foregoing
 Dialogue.

THO' *Wives by Men ought not to be*

In their Attire directed,

Let Fortune, Age, and Quality,

Should always be respected.

Therefore if Women, in their Cloths,

Will soar above their Station,

The

The Husband then may interpose

With his Disapprobation :

Or if a Wife, at fifty Tears,

Will be so proud and silly

To dress herself in wanton Geers,

Like Punk of Pickadilly.

The Spouse that disapproves it, ought

To speak his Mind, no Doubt on't,

And if she does not mend her Fault,

To ridicule her out on't.

The Cook puts on her Furbelo,

When eas'd from Pot and Ladle ;

An Ass as well, or grunting Sow,

Might wear a Hunting-Saddle.

Loose Wives, young Maids, and wanton Cracks,

Will have their Silks and Locketts,

T' adorn their tempting Necks and Backs,

Tho' nothing in their Pockets.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE XX.

Between a City-Termagant, and her Mechanick 'Spouse.

Wife.

WHat ails the angry Sot? Poor jealous Fool;
 Yes, I'll obey, when you have Pow'r to rule;
 Marry come up, indeed; what's that to you,
 Where I have been intriguing, or with who?
 What, can't a Wife her Recreation take,
 But you must all this noisy Buffle make?
 Must I be fearful, on a Summer's Day,
 To take a Walk, or see a harmless Play,
 Because, forsooth, I've such a jealous 'Spouse,
 That thinks each Man I speak to, horns his Brows?

R

Husband.

Husband.

Huffy, I say, you are a wanton Slut,
 To steal from Home, when I my self am out.
 'Tis to my Shame, you Minx, that you're so free
 To gad Abroad with any Man but me.
 What, tho' he be your Cousin, 'tis a Crime.
 I've heard strange Things of Cousins in my Time:
 Not but I scorn to have a jealous Pate ;
 Yet I say Cousins should not be so great :
 Therefore pray keep within your own House-door,
 And Cousin me no Cousins any more.

Wife.

I know, you Goat, you're a mistrustful Creature
 The *Aethiopian* cannot help his Nature.
 But tho' your Head be plagu'd with this Disease,
 I still shall take what Liberties I please.

Since you your Company Abroad refuse ;
 Who better than a Kinsman can I chuse,
 To guard me from the Rudeness of a Crew
 Of nasty lustful Fellows, such as you ?

Husband

Husband.

Why, how now, Hussy, you notorious Punk?
 Who is't you talk to? I believe you're drunk.
 What do you make of me, you prating Blowze?
 A'n't I your Lord and Master, and your 'Spouse?
 And ought not I, you fancy Minx, to know
 Your Bus'ness out, and whither 'tis you go?

Wife.

High Time indeed, you should be so obey'd;
 D'ye take me for your Slave, or Servant-Maid?
 Had you two thousand Pounds upon the Nail,
 To be my Turn-key, and your House my Jayl?
 Had I such Breeding on my Youth bestow'd,
 To be mew'd up, and fetter'd from Abroad?
 Must I, behind your Compter, spend my Life,
 That Passengers may view your handsome Wife?
 There, like a Fool, sit playing with my Thumbs,
 To learn the Price of Sugars, and of Plumbs.
 Not I indeed; I'll not be so subdu'd,
 But take my Pleasure, as a Woman shou'd:

R 2

Dress,

Dress, visit, gossip, gad where e'er I please;

And if you thwart me, study how to tease.

I never wrong'd you, I can justly say,

But if you plague me thus, perhaps I may.

Husband.

'Tis well you han't already slept aside;

If not, I'm sure you're damnably bely'd:

Not that I think so; but my Neighbours do,

Because you are so great with you know who.

But for the future, you shall find, adsnigs,

I'll break the Neck of all your Jade's Intrigues.

Wife.

Do if you can; but if I've e'er done Ill,

In Spite of all your Craft, I'll do so still.

Were I a faithless, or a wicked Creature,

Threats, Words, or Blows, should never make me better.

Husband.

Not that I think you mean me any Hurt:

But should I chance to catch you at the Sport,

You

You then should find, I'd make the Dev'l to do;
I'd not be doubly pointed at for you.

Wife.

When Woman's such a Fool to let her 'Spouse
Catch her in grafting Antlers on his Brows,
She then deserves to have the foul Disgrace
Publish'd in ev'ry common Market-place;
And by her horn-mad Husband, to be made
A sad Example for a silly Jade.
But pray, suppose she's such a cunning Quane,
To do the Trick, and not be caught, what then?

Husband.

F'rought I know, Hussy, you may be the Dame,
That has the Craft to sin without the Shame.
I'll have no Cousin Courtly, as you call him,
Come hither, Baggage; if he does, I'll maul him:
Not that I'm jealous, Hussy, but I scorn
My Neighbours here, where I was bred and born,
Should but so much as think I wear the Horn.

Wife.

Huffy not me ; I'll no such Language bear,
 My Fortune, Sirrah, made you what you are :
 And must I now love, honour, and obey
 A Fool that started up but *another Day* ?
 Not I, except it be the backward Way.

Husband.

Huffy, you are the most provoking Jade,
 That surely ever curs'd a Marriage-Bed.
 Withe'ry Pound, you've brought a thousand Plagues
 Would I had wedded some poor Wench in Rags,
 Rather than one so confidently bold ;
 A Jilt, a Slut, damn'd lazy, and a Scold.

Wife.

Too good for such a cross-grain'd, jealous Owl,
 Pray who are you, you Sugar-candy Fool,
 Bound 'Prentice by the Parish, frought I know,
 Tho' with my Fortune, now you make a Show,
 And bluster with your Hogheads round your Shop
 But, Sirrah, 'twas my Fortune set you up.

Husband.

Husband.

'Tis false, you Shul; 'tis to my Neighbour known,
 Ere plagu'd with you, I'd Money of my own,
 Got by my Parents justly, God be prais'd,
 And not by Quarts unfeal'd, as yours was rais'd.
 Short Measure, Hussy, fill'd your Father's Purse;
 That makes your Fortune come with such a Curse.
 I ne'er expect to thrive with what you brought,
 Your canker'd Thousands were so basely got.
 Your Breeding too, of which you boast and talk,
 Arose from Vintner's Bar, and double Chalk.

Wife.

You L—e, you sorry Knave; that's *English* plain;
 'Tis known my Father was an honest Man.
 He fed the Poor, pay'd ev'ry one his Due;
 That's more than any Man will say by you.
 He ne'er with jealous Heats my Mother teaz'd,
 But let her go and come when e'er she pleas'd;

Would trust her up all Night, and let her be
 Jocund with Customers, with Drawers free;
 And scorn'd to use a Wife, as you do me.

Husband.

You know, you Shrew, you never in your Life
 Far'd half so well, as since you've been my Wife,
 Do I not ev'ry Day with Dainties feed ye?
 And buy you Sattins, fitter for a Lady?
 Don't I at Church above your Betters place ye?
 And keep an idle Jade to comb and lace ye?
 Do you not Weekly Coach it up and down?
 And ramble with your Cousin thro' the Town?
 Ride oft to *Dulledge*? Stay a Week together?
 And wander round the Country, God knows whither?
 Yet tho' your Kinsman be a jolly Fellow,
 Am I i'th' least (as Women call it) yellow?

Do I not bear with all your Frowns and Pouts?
 And slave, to treat your Gossips and your Sluts?
 Harlots, I'rought I know, who are always talking
 Of Park and Play-house, Junketting and Walking?

Shrew

A

A

As if a Wife had nothing else to do,
 But gad Abroad to see I know not who!
 Yet, tho' I suffer this, to make you easy,
 Nothing that I can do, forsooth, will please ye.
 Will the best Meat in *Leaden-Hall* content ye?
 Do I in Quiet eat one Meal in twenty?
 Do you not rail before my Neighbours Faces?
 And scold and wrangle in our Night Embraces?
 As if you lov'd to shew your fiery Passion,
 As noisy Cats do theirs in Copulation.

Wife.

For Shame, you foulmouth'd, bawdy Beast, forbear;
 Is't fit your Wife such smutty Stuff should hear?
 D'ye think the Secrets of our Nuptial-Bed,
 Should, when we're up, our common Chat be made?
 Such Talk as yours, were not a Woman bent
 To Modesty, would make her impudent.

Husband.

It was a fault, indeed; I blush for Shame;
 Excuse me, Honey, I was much to blame.

'Twas

'Twas Passion made me foolish, by my Life;
 I know I should not talk so to a Wife.
 Prithee forgive me ; Bawdy I abhor;
 What I have said, I vow I'm sorry for.
 Come, let's be Friends ; what signifies our wrangling
 Prithee, my Dear, let's lay aside our jangling.

Wife.

Be quiet, Foolish : How indecent this is ?
 Flatter not me with your dissembling Kisses.
 Prithee, be modest : Is the Devil in ye ?
 I hate to humour such a jealous Ninny.
 You're always scolding, like an ill-bred Clown;
 Or else as fond as if 'twas Honey-Moon.

Husband.

We Men, my Dear, who love to whet our Spleen,
 Only fall out, in order to fall in.
 As Judges oft dissemble stern Behaviour,
 And threaten hardest, when they mean most Favour.

Moral

Moral REFLEXIONS on the foregoing
Dialogue.

THE Fool that weds a Shrew, because
Her Tongue is tipt with Silver,
Deserves the Punishment he has,
What ever be his Ill-fare.

He's brib'd by a vormenting Wife,
To truckle to her Failings;
And to inure his wretched Life,
To all her noisy Railings.

Superior Fortunes always claim
A Right of Domination;
And he that weds the wealthy Dame,
Should wink at each Transgression.

How

*How oft do Golden Ladies buy
 Poor worthless Fools for Covers,
 That they the better may enjoy
 Variety of Lovers?*

*He, therefore, who does only aim
 At Money with a Woman,
 Ought, for her Gold, to hide her Shame,
 Altho' she's ne'er so common.*

*For when the beauteous Dame shall yoke
 A Fool beneath her Fortune,
 He ought to think himself a Cloak,
 A Cypher, and a Curtain.*

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE XXI.

*Between a Thriving Chandler and his Wife,
about the Education of their Daughter.*

Wife.

MY Dear, you'll breed this Girl a very Fool;
Why don't you put her to the *Dancing-School*?

See how she holds her Head and treads her Toes,

Like a meer Bumpkin when she stands or goes,

Is so shamefac'd, tho' enter'd in her Teens,

That she looks downwards like a Sow in Beans:

Prithee, my Dear, consider, and bestow

Good Breeding on her for a Year or two.

See how her Breasts begin to heave and swell,

She'll soon be Ripe, for Reasons I can tell;

Therefore, my Dear, 'tis time she should be taught,

How she should sit or move as Maidens ought,

That

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 Poor worthless Fools for Covers,
 That they the better may enjoy
 Variety of Lovers?*

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She'll soon be Ripe, for Reasons I can tell;

Therefore, my Dear, 'tis time she should be taught,

How she should sit or move as Maidens ought,

That

That when she's fit for Wedlock she may hear
A Love-Address, without a trembling Fear,
 Not steal away, and when her Lover comes,
 Behind the Door stand biting of her Thumbs.

Husband.

My Dear, to tell the truth, I love to see
 Young Maidens full of bashful Modesty;
 If that's her only Fault, 'esaith, my Pence
 Shall never fly to teach her Confidence:
 'Tis hard to find a Girl but learns that faster
 Than it is fit she should, without a Master.
 Methinks, my Dear, that you might find a way
 T'improve her in that Talent ev'ry Day,
 And not tempt me to fling away my Money,
 To teach her that of which yourself, my Honey,
 Have been a Mistress e'er since I have known ye.

Wife.

Poh! this is nothing, I've a Back to bear
 Your Jests, and Belly too, you know, my Dear:

What

What's that to th' purpose ? I've a longing Mind
 To do what I've this Twelve-month's Day design'd,
 Which is, that *Nanny* shall to Dancing go,
 Therefore, my Dear, you must not say me no:
 You see my Neighbour *Grub*, that sorry Fool,
 Can keep his Daughter at the Boarding-School;
 Nay, *Smug* the Smith, gives all his Children breeding,
 And sends them out to Writing and to Reading,
 I'm sure we live as well, and save as much,
 Why should you then so small a matter grutch ?
 Prithee consent, you'll ne'er the sooner Break,
 'Tis hard we cannot scrape for one poor Chick,
 An only Daughter and a hopeful Girl,
 Who, if she'd Breeding, might deserve an Earl.

Husband.

Prithee don't tease my Ears, you silly Tony,
 Dance me no Dances, I've no dancing Money:
 What tho' I have a Bag or two in store ?
 You'd have it less, I want to make it more,

And

And not, forsooth, to have my Neighbour's Laughter,
 By making a fine Madam of my Daughter :
 I got my Money by my Work, not Play,
 And therefore shall not fiddle it away ;
 I shall not prove that Generous Fool that spends,
 On others Heels, the Labour of his Hands :
 'Tis true, when in the Country once I liv'd,
 Before I knew the plague of being Wiv'd,
 Then round a Maypole I myself could Jirk it,
 But never paid for Caper or for Firk it ;
 Therefore if you've a mind your pritty Daughter
 Should learn such Dancing as becomes the Creature,
 E'en send her thither, to her 'Haviours learn
 Of some blind Fidler, where the School's a Barn,
 There ev'ry Holiday the Girl may see
 Such Dancing as will sute her Quality.

Wife.

Marry-come-up, I vow and swear I hate
 To hear you Talk ; how like a Fool you prate ?

If

If you provoke much longer, I protest,
I shall in Earnest be, when you're in Jest.
What do you make of the poor Girl? I hope
You think the Child your own, no Beggar's Drop.
You'd make her, I suppose, a Country Drudge,
With Farmer's Milk-Pale, Ankle-deep to trudge;
Or wade o'er Hills of Muck and shitten Bogs,
To milk his Carrion-Cows and serve his Hogs:
But, Faith, if that's your ugly drift, look to't,
She's mine as well as yours, you stingy Brute;
Therefore I'd have you know, you fleering Knave,
You shall not make my only Child a Slave.

Husband.

Nor will I give it in your foolish Pow'r,
To breed her up to be a Jilt, a Whore,
A dancing Harlot, a deluding Strum,
To tempt young Rakehells with her jutting Bum,
A *Tol dol* Hussy, a harmonious Devil,
A skipping, tripping Minx, train'd up in Evil.

S

Prithee,

Prithee, good Madam, let her first be able
 To read a Chapter truly in the Bible,
 That she mayn't mispronounce God's People, *People*,
 Nor read Cunst-able for *Constantinople*.
 Make her expert and ready at her Pray'rs,
 That God may keep her from the Devil's Snares;
 Teach her what's useful, how to shun deluding,
 To Roast, to Toast, to Boil, and mix a Pudding,
 To Knit, to Spin, to Sew, to Make or Mend,
 To Scrub, to Rub, to Earn, and not to spend;
 First teach her these, and then the pritty Fool
 Shall Jig her Crupper at the Dancing-School.

Wife.

And what will all these Qualities avail her,
 If she's ill bred, fit only for a Sailor;
 Dancing's a Grace to ev'ry Limb and Feature,
 And makes a Home-spun Lass a pritty Creature;
 Causes Young-Men to love 'em and admire 'em,
 And does with Passionate-Affection fire 'em.

Lifts them above the Greater Peoples Scorn,
 And makes them look like Gentlewomen born.
 But, Cross-grain'd Fool, Did ever Mortal hear
 A Lover, in his Courtship, ask his Dear
 To read a Chapter, say her Pray'rs, or Creed?
 That would, 'e faith, be pritty Sport indeed;
 No, you're a Dancer, Madam, by your treading,
 I vow I love you dearly for your Breeding;
 Oblige me, Angel, with a charming Song,
 Pray bless me with the Musick of your Tongue:
 Lovers for these will beg, as for an Alms,
 But who, when Courting, asks for Pray'rs or Psalms?
 Yet my poor Girl, forsooth, must be deny'd
 These charming Gifts in either Maid or Bride,
 Because the stingy Fool, her Father, thinks
 They become none but a fantastick Minx.

Husband.

I tell thee, Wife, once more, I'll have her bred
 To Book'ry, Cook'ry, Thimble, Needle, Thred,

And all such Hufflefry as well becomes
 A Wife, for one that deals in Mops and Brooms;
 For as I've got my Money by the same,
 My Child shall be no Madam, but a Dame;
 A careful Hufflef, that when we are Dead,
 Ma'inherit both my Money and my Trade,
 That when she's Wed she may not think it Scandal
 To serve *Tom T--dman* with a Farthing Candle.
 Tell me of Dancing, Nouns! I'd sooner send her
 To be train'd up by some old Witch of *Endor*.

Wife.

Go, you old Brute, you puritannick Knave,
 Who in a Breath can Pray, Lye, Swear, and Rave.
 Don't cry, my Child, thou shalt to Dancing go,
 For all thy stingy Father says thee no.
 Ne'er put thy Finger in thy pritty Eye,
 I'll find a way to make the Brute comply;
 I'll plague his Heart out, give his Ears their fill,
 And never leave him till I've had my Will.

Moral REFLEXIONS on the foregoing
Dialogue.

MOthers, thro' too much Pride or Love,
Ne'er fail of Inclination,

To breed their Children far above

The level of their Station.

The Ale-Wife to the Dancing-School

Must send her Fav'rite Daughter,

To spend what she should give the Fool,

To match her well hereafter.

So that when Miss, by am'rous Sigbs,

Declares she's ripe and ready,

In Minuet and Bory lies

The Fortune of my Lady.

Thus Bred, the wanton airy Lass

A Working Slave despises,

'And rather chusing to be base,

She falls before she rises.

When if the Damsel had been bred

To th' Ladle and her Needle,

She would not then have been misled

To Ogle, Kiß, and Whsedle.

Therefore those Parents Aét awry,

And in the main deceive 'em,

Who breed their Children proudly high,

Yet nothing have to leave 'em,

DIALOGUE XXII.

A Pastoral Dialogue between Coridon a Shepherd, and his Wife Phillis, concerning the innocent Pleasures of a Rural Life.

Husband.

HOW fares my Love beneath this happy Shade,
Where Fears nor Cares our peaceful Hours
But where the chirping Birds and spreading Trees ^{[invade,}
Yield us at once both Harmony and Ease.

Wife.

Who can be otherwise than Blest, to find
Nature so generous, and you so kind?
The beauteous Meadows please my wand'ring Eyes,
And wean my Breast from worldly Vanities;
The Musick of the Birds delight my Ears,
And teach me to despise all worldly Cares;

The Glories of the Heavens, which unite
 With teeming Earth, are Wonders to my sight;
 And ev'ry Hour instruct my peaceful Soul,
 To praise the almighty Hand that fram'd the whole.

Husband.

I'm pleas'd to hear those Wonders you espy
 Enrich your Mind, as well as please your Eye;
 And that you view those distant Blessings given
 To mortal Man, with such regard to Heaven;
 For how ingrateful is the thankless Guest,
 Who can such vast celestial Dainties tast,
 And not adore the hand that gave the happy Feast?

Wife.

What humane Creature that does Reason boast,
 Can prove so stupid till his Reason's lost?
 What Mortal can behold yon flowry Meads,
 Where purple Violets hang their fragrant Heads,
 And golden Cowslips tow'r amidst the Grass,
 Above the Primrose, in an humbler Class?

Or who look up tow' rds yonder glorious Light,
 Whose blazing Lustre dazles humane sight?
 Or view the azure Canopy above,
 Beneath whose Roof so many Wonders move,
 And not be mindful of the Pow'r beyond,
 Who in eternal Glory sits enthron'd?
 None sure can view these Blessings and forget
 Th' almighty Pow'r that did the same create:
 No humble Beggar does an Alms receive,
 But thanks the Hand that does his Wants relieve.

Husband.

The greatest Comforts we on Earth can find,
 Dwell in the Contemplations of the Mind;
 Thought is alone the happy Soul's delight,
 They're only blest that meditate aright:
 Your inward Riches in your Words are seen,
 For all without us you enjoy within,
 And with a grateful and contented Breast,
 Praise bounteous Heav'n, by whom we both are blest.

Whilst

Whilst others, who more worldly Wealth enjoy,
 For want of Pious Thoughts their Peace destroy,
 The thankless Wretch, amidst his useless Store,
 Without the Riches of Content, is poor;
 That heav'nly Blessing which is ne'er allow'd
 To those who mix with the ingrateful Crowd,
 Who wanting Grace to cultivate the Mind,
 Still run in search of what they ne'er can find.
 The Proud and Great in quest of Honour soar,
 And Barter downy Peace for noisy Pow'r;
 The Rich unthankful for the Gifts they hold,
 Disturb their Quiet to encrease their Gold;
 The Trader thoughtless of the God that gives,
 Breaks thro' all Morals, and by cheating thrives;
 The Drunkard drowns his Happiness in Wine,
 And to distract his Brains mispends his Coin;
 The Wanton sooth their amorous Desires,
 And interrupt their Ease with lustful Fires;
 The Gamester blusters o'er his Cards and Dice,
 And, to once praising, curses Fortune twice;

The Soldier leaves his Children and his Wife,
 For the loose Pleasures of a wretched Life.
 In short, the giddy World are grown so weak,
 They fly that very Happiness they seek;
 And in the vain pursuit each robs his Mind
 Of that Content which all desire to find.

Wife.

How happy then, dear *Coridon*, are we,
 Securely plac'd in such a blest Degree?
 Beneath that Sphere where the Infection spreads,
 And frantickly confounds their giddy Heads.

What tho' we no delicious Dainties eat,
 Our Stomachs are proportion'd to our Meat;
 That on course Beef we make a hearty Meal,
 And for no Venson pine, or *Ortland* Teal;
 For where the Appetite is sound and good,
 It needs no other Fare than wholesome Food.

What tho' we've no rich Garments to adorn
 Our healthful Bodies, by the Wealthy worn,

Our

Our Flocks have cloath'd us thus in Rural Grey,
 As warm and clean, tho' not so fine, as they;
 Whose costly Robes are but a publick Blind,
 That hides maim'd Limbs, and a distemper'd Mind;
 An artifice that cheats the common Eye,
 Behind whose Front a thousand Vices lye;
 Whilst we, within our homespun Dress, enjoy
 Delights that ever please and never cloy;
 And tho' secur'd from Cold at little Cost,
 More Vertue, Peace, and Honesty can boast,
 Than in rich Pairs who in their Coaches ride,
 And centre all their Happiness in Pride;
 For sweet Content with Grandeur disagrees,
 And dwells in Rural Huts and Cottages,
 Expands her downy Wings o'er Woods and Fields,
 And only to the Just her Friendship yields.

Husband.

No Blessings add more Comfort to my Life,
 Than Gifts so heav'nly in so Fair a Wife,

Whose

Whose Knowledge makes your Beauty shine so bright,
 That one informs, whilst t'other gives delight.
 I'm blest to think that you, who have been bred
 To a full Table and a downy Bed,
 To Freedom, Ease, and Pleasure, far above
 This mean and humble Sphere wherein you move,
 Can be so well content beneath that Fate,
 Which dooms you to this low dejected State,
 Where no voluptuous Banquets crown the Day,
 But our calm Hours in silence pass away;
 No gaudy Pomp or Grandeur to surprise
 Your Female Breast, or to delight your Eyes;
 No Riches to be hop'd for, that can raise
 Your Vertues on the Wings of humane Praise;
 No fawning am'rous Fools or flatt'ring Knaves;
 No Homage to be paid by humble Slaves;
 In this low Sphere we nothing can command
 But homely Food, with an industrious Hand;
 No artful Sauces to our Fare improve,
 Excepting sweet Content and mutual Love:

Nor

Nor can we these Felicities enjoy,
 If Hopes or Fears our happy Lives annoy,
 Or thirst of Riches does our Peace destroy.

Wife.

I would not soar to any loftier pitch,
 I covet nothing that's beyond my reach;
 I'm blest in this Retirement and in you:
 In these I've all the Pleasures I pursue:
 The nauseous Pomp of the ignoble Great,
 Those gilded Vultures I despise and hate,
 Who prey on those they should protect in Peace,
 And do a thousand Wrongs they should redress;
 Embroil whole Kingdoms in destructive Wars,
 And fill our Native Land with Feuds and Jars,
 Dethrone their Kings to gratify their Pride,
 Pull Churches down, so near to Heav'n ally'd,
 Trample the sacred Text beneath their Feet,
 Explode Religion for a humane Cheat,
 And all to make themselves profusely Great.

My

My Father once a large Estate posselt,
 But being Just, was therefore much oppress;
 Beggar'd by Rebels who usurp'd the Throne,
 To save his Conscience was himself undone:
 In dying Words he bid me be content,
 To share with Patience the severe Event
 Of all those Troubles he so long had born,
 In hopes that Justice might in time return.
 You're Fair, said he, my Child, and Vertuous too,
 When I am gone, be careful what you do;
 Tho' I have worn my Foes oppressive Yoke,
 Till the strong Fibres of my Heart are broke,
 And must a Martyr to their Fury fall,
 Injur'd, defam'd, and now depriv'd of all,
 That I can only leave you to the Care
 Of him that made you so divinely Fair;
 Therefore on him you must alone rely,
 And Bounteous Heav'n will your Wants supply:
 Let no Great Man your Innocence delude,
 But tho' you're ne'er so Poor be Chaste and Good;

Rather

Rather submit to be the lawful Bride
 Of some kind Shepherd on the Plains employ'd,
 To watch his Bleating Flocks, that none should stray,
 And to the neighb'ring Wolves become a Prey:
 In his mean Cottage you Content may find,
 The only Riches of a Vertuous Mind:
 But if your Pride unhappily should soar
 At distant Greatness that's beyond your Pow'r,
 In vain you'll reach too far, till from the place
 On which you stand, you'll tumble with Disgrace.
 In God and these my Counsels put your Trust,
 If ne'er so low, they're happy who are Just.

This said, my aged Father clos'd his Eyes,
 And left me weeping in a sad surprise;
 His dying Words first brought me to the Plains,
 To dwell amongst the neighb'ring Nymphs and Swains
 Where, by Experience, since embrac'd by you,
 I've prov'd his last and dying Sayings true;
 And tho' reduc'd to this derided State,
 I think myself more happy than the Great;

For when the Thoughts are free and Mind at rest,
 The Body's Easy and the Soul is Blest:
 Therefore whoever wisely guards the Tow'r
 Of Conscience, needs no further Wealth or Pow'r.

Husband.

Blest be the Hour it was my Lot to meet
 Beauty so charming, with a Tongue so sweet!
 A Wife whose matchless Vertues soar above
 The reach of Praise, or the Rewards of Love.
 O! that my kind Endeavours would compleat
 Thy Joys, and make thy Happiness more great,
 Each Hour should be a Scene of new delights,
 More sweet than those we taste in Winter-Nights.
 But since the Blessings of so rich a Prize,
 So far above your Husband's Merits rise,
 I'll, by your great Example, learn to be
 As kind to you, as you are good to me.

Wife.

I've all that can enrich my peaceful Mind,
 I need no further Comforts than I find;

T

Great

Great as a Queen upon this verdent Throne,
 I sit belov'd by you, controul'd by none;
 You are my fov'reign Consort, and your Hook
 Our Scepter, that commands the trembling Flock;
 The Plain our Kingdom, where our Subjects graze,
 The Foxes and the Wolves our Enemies,
 Our Word, our Penal Laws, and the poor Cur
 Our watchful speedy Executioner;
 Who, at our Feet, lies ready to obey,
 And smartly punish those that run astray,
 Rends their white Garments they by Nature wear,
 Hating their Wool because he's Cloath'd with Hair
 So the black Robe, who do the Laws attend,
 With lab'ring Jaws fleece others that offend.
 Why therefore should not we contented be,
 Wh' enjoy Mild and a peaceful Sovereignty,
 And think ourselves as Happy and as Great,
 As they who with more trouble Rule a State,
 Since Monarchs have less Ease and more Disputes,
 Who govern Men, than those who govern Brutes.

Moral REFLEXIONS on the foregoing Dialogue.

A *Rural Life upon the Plains,
To those of Contemplation,
Where Temp'rance dwells and Vertue reigns,
Must be a happy Station.*

*The charming Woods and flowry Meads,
Each gliding Brook and River,
Must fill our humble Hearts and Heads
With reverence tow'rd's the Giver.*

*No Party Lies or Statesman's Shams
In Solitude can reach us,
Where grazing Flocks and gentle Lambs
Sweet Innocence must teach us.*

No Observators or Reviews

Infest the Plains or Meadows ;

Or false seditious printed News,

That gull the Town with Shadows.

The Swains their happy Nymphs embrace,

And know no jealous Passion ;

They're ignorant of what is base,

And dwell beneath Temptation.

Who then would not forsake the Town,

So full of Feuds and Clamours,

For sweet Content, that's only known

To Gaffers and their Gamblers.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE XXIII.

*Between a Rattle-headed News-monger,
and his prudent Wife.*

Husband.

BRave News, my Dear, it joys my Heart, I vow,
To see how blew the *Jacobites* look now,
Eugene has beat the *French* and taken *Lisle*,
There's News, my Love, would make a Woman smile,
No High-Church Wasp can say there's nothing in't,
The *Post-Man* has confirm'd it, 'tis in print.
Bless me! I've won I know not what, my Dear,
Two Quarts of Claret, and three Pots of Beer,
'Efaith, and Six-pence too in ready Money :
There's Luck, my Girl, there's happy News, my Hony!

T 3

Wife.

Wife.

You'd better mind your Shop, than tease your Brains
 With News of Sieges, Battles, and Campaigns,
 In flame your Passions and distract your Wits,
 In scanning what each partial Blockhead writes;
 Ill News they dare not tell you, and if good,
 They make it ten times better than they shou'd.
 Why then from Bus'ness will you daily run,
 To hear what such State-Parrots tell the Town,
 Which when you know, and think yourself more wise,
 You're only stufft with Guessees, Shams, and Lies;
 For tho', perhaps, some Truths they may impart,
 Yet then 'tis dash'd and brew'd with so much Art,
 That few Men are so skilful to refine
 What's *Sterling*, from their base, tho' current Coin,
 Besides, what bus'ness is't of yours to glean
 The foreign Actions of the Great *Eugene*?
 Or to be so importunate to know
 What's done Abroad by the Brave *Marlborough*?

Should

Should you neglect your Shop and waste your Wealth,
In drinking this Great Man or t'others Health,
You'd find, if broke, that neither would maintain
Your Family, or set you up again.

Why therefore will you hourly run in quest
Of News, 'till beggar'd and become a Jest;
When let things happen either ill or well,
The Consequence at last the Truth must tell.
Till then, my Dear, you should with Patience wait,
Because let Good or Bad come soon or late,
You must, with others, share the common Fate.

Husband.

Prithee, my Dear, mind selling off my Wares,
Women but little know of State-Affairs;
Wives, in these Times, should keep our Shops, whilst we
Compare the Prints, and see how things agree.
What! wouldst thou have me be an empty Fool,
And know no more of News than *Jobberhole*?
Why, prithee, ev'ry Cobler quits his Awl,
And twice a Day for Coffee leaves his Stall,

Purely to read, or if he can't to hear
 What Wonders we have done this present Year,
 Porters, at ev'ry Corner of the Street,
 Read nothing now but *Post-Man* and *Gazette*.
 The *Tritons* of the *Thames* at ev'ry Stairs,
 Who us'd to bawl and scold about their Fares,
 Forget their Animosities of late,
 And only squabble now about the State.
 St. *Magnes* Carmen, who would curse when vext
 At the Church-Door, about whose Turn was next,
 Have long forsaken their old heath'nish use,
 And only wrangle now about the News.
 If such Poltroons as these presume to pry
 Into State-Secrets, why, my Dear, mayn't I?
 If those, when round an Alehouse Kitchen-Fire,
 Of Fleets and Armies may at large enquire;
 Talk loosely when a well-laid Project fails,
 And watch the Changes of the Wind, for Mails,
 Sure 'tis no Crime in such as I, to Con
 The News, that I may know how things go on.

Why

Why then should I, a foolish Wife to please,
Be kept more Ign'rant than such Brutes as these?

Wife.

He's the most Ign'rant who neglects his Good,
To run with other Fools the Common Road;
Your business is your Family's Support,
The less you do the more 'tis to your hurt;
Trade is your Substance, which you ought to mind,
But News a shadow to amuse Mankind;
And if you slight the former, thro' Mistake,
Like some vain Parrots for their Chatter's sake,
The Fable Puppy was as Wise a Creature,
And I should think you one of *Aesop's* Litter.
Besides, if News be Canvass'd by such Vermin,
As Porters, Link-boys, Watermen, and Carmen,
What Man of sense would waste Six Hours a day
To be as learn'd in Politicks as they,
Or who but Fools would value any sort
Of Pastime, once become the Rabble's sport?

If

If their Examples you so well esteem,
 Why don't you swill full Pots, and swear like them,
 Prophane, Blaspheme, Lye, squabble, Roar, and Fight,
 And in Bear-Garden Combats take delight,
 As well as to so eagerly pursue
 That Fox, call'd News, as such loose Scoundrels do,
 If they your printed Oracles defile,
 Frown at one Passage, at another smile,
 'Tis time for Tradesmen to despise the News,
 And other Whims for their diversion chuse.

Husband.

Away you prating Woman, you are blind
 To those Delights that we o'er Coffee find ;
 Here Lyes the *Post-man*, and the learn'd *Review*,
 There the *Post-boy* and *Observer* too,
 Here the *Gazette*, *Currant*, and *Flying-Post*,
 There Pipes and Candle, by the Fire my Host ;
 Yonder the fam'd *Rehearsal* by himself,
 Mugs, Dishes, Glasses, rang'd on every Shelf,

Before

Before the Fire a Nest of boiling Pots,
 All crown'd with Covers, like to high crown'd Hats,
 Some larger, like the Parents of the rest,
 But all alike in sooty Mourning dress,
 Large Bills in Lacquer'd Frames, the Walls adorn,
 To cure the Pox, Gout, Dropsy, Stone, or Corn;
 Washes to make your Beauty shine more bright,
 And Powders that will bring black Teeth to white;
 Amongst the rest, Rich Cordials to recover
 A dying Patient or a fainting Lover.

At the upper end a Bar of Wainscoat, where,
 To change your Money, sits a Lady fair;
 Over her Tow'ring head in rank and File,
 Stands Physick, some to Cure and some to Kill,
 In order to supply, at little cost,
 That want of Pow'r her fading Charms have Lost.

In Change-time then the Guests croud in and out,
 Some drink, some read, some smoak, some stare about,
 Whilst others nettled with some News they hear,
 Squirt to and fro, look round, and disappear;

One

One gravely Cons o'er some Authentick Print,
 Pores till he's vex'd, then swears there's nothing in't;
 Another, to a Grave attentive Croud,
 Reads the *Post-man* with all his Art aloud,
 Pleas'd that each List'ning Merchant in the Room,
 Should hear how well he can pronounce *Vendosme*;
 A Third steps in and vents some strange Report,
 Confirms the same by some great Man at Court,
 Laughs in his sleeve to see us all amus'd,
 And then steals out and leaves the Guest confus'd;
 Others contend about the News they hear,
 One says 'tis doubtful, t' other says 'tis clear,
 At length a Wager is propos'd, and then,
 When once commenc'd tis back'd by Eight or Ten.
 These are our Sports, and pray, what Man, to please
 A Wife, would forfeit such Delights as these;
 'Tis not the News that we alone pursue,
 We've fifty Pastimes, yet untold to you,
 The Papers are but Baits that draw us in
 We meet before our Comedies begin;

For every Guest that enters plays his Part,
 Or else our Farce don't signify a F---t ;
 And as for the *Review* and *Observer*,
 They're the meer Zanies of our News Theatre,
 They make the Mischief and begin the Fray,
 Whilst I sit by and laugh, to see fair play,
 Thrust in a word or so, to whet their Spleen,
 And make their Malice and their Wits more keen,
 I only read the News that I may know,
 Which way to thwart a *Jacobite*, or so,
 Or plague a High-Church Neighbour, when I find,
 That Fortune shoots point blank against his Mind.

Wife.

Those shallow Reasons lessen not your Crime,
 Such foolish Trifles are not worth your time,
 You'd better mind your own Affairs, than please
 Your self in height'ning Animosities ;
 What profit can attend such fruitless Ends,
 But want, at last, of Bus'ness and of Friends ;

The

The most you by such measures can propose,
 Is loss of Trade and the encrease of Foes:
 What Man but you could keep his mind at Ease,
 And waste his time in such Delights as these?
 Prithee, for shame, reform your frantick Life,
 And take, for once, good Counsel from a Wife,
 Forsake your noisy Coffee-house and your News,
 Where wrangling Pens the Jarring world amuse.
 Let Scriblers write and Party Zealots read;
 Stay you at home and wisely mind your Trade;
 For News is but a Policy of State,
 To make the little Fools admire the great.

Moral

Moral REFLEXIONS on the foregoing
Dialogue.

W *Hilst Busy Cits neglect their Shop,
To turn State Politicians,*

No humane Arts on Earth can stop

The growth of our Divisions.

Each Fool manures his barren head,

By contradicting Papers,

When all the Nonsense that they read,

But turns to Windy Vapours.

Yet tutor'd by the Flying-Post,

The Gazettes, and the Post-Men,

Each fancies he can rule a Host,

Or steer a Fleet with most Men.

When

*When thus grown wise in their Conceit,
 And skillful in State matters,
 They charge the fault when things don't hit,
 Unjustly on their Betters.*

*Thus every shallow Dolt-head vents
 Some groundless Exclamation,
 And raises Feuds and Discontents,
 To th' Mischief of the Nation.*

*Therefore the prudent Wife should use
 All Female soft Perswasion,
 To draw her' Spouse from reading News,
 To mind his Occupation.*

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE XXIV.

*Between the happy Pair, concerning the
Comforts of mutual Fidelity, and the in-
nocent Pleasures of a retir'd Life.*

Husband.

HOW bless'd, dear *Chloe*, is this sweet Recess?
How happy does our Love make ev'ry Place?
The charming Beauty which your Looks display,
Makes all Things pleasant, innocent, and gay.
Thus seated, we, without Offence, may boast
That blissful State our sinful Parents lost.

Wife.

Your kind Deportment, my indulgent Dear,
Your Love, Fidelity, and tender Care,
Fill me with Joy, your Mansion-house with Peace;
And make the World to me seem Paradise;

U

Where

Where no Disorders reach my quiet Breast,
 Or anxious Sorrows interrupt my Rest ;
 But all Things to my Happiness conspire,
 And leave me nothing farther to desire.
 For since your Love is so divinely true,
 The God's have giv'n me all, in giving you.

Husband.

What savage Fury must possess my Mind,
 To make me otherwise than just and kind,
 Since all the Vertues that adorn the Fair,
 Meet in your pious Breast, and centre there ;
 Whilst your external Charms, and lovely Mein,
 Proclaim those Heav'nly Gifts that lodge within ;
 And ev'ry Hour your loving Looks convey
 New Blessings to my Soul some secret Way ?

Wife.

O ! that I had but Beauty to reward
 Your faithful Love, and generous Regard ;
 Then might I merit that Esteem, which now
 Does only from your native Goodness flow :

But I must own, I have too great a Share
 Of those weak Failings that affect the Fair;
 And have not Charms sufficient to repay
 Those kind Endearments I receive each Day.
 However, Dearest, I'll obedient prove,
 And still abound in Duty and in Love;
 That what I want in outward Gifts, may be
 Made up in Vertue and Humility.

Husband.

Such kind Angelick Words, my Dear, must move
 A grateful Breast to an Excess of Love.

Had you no Charms, but Eloquence alone,
 Express'd in such a soft and gentle Tone,
 'Twould be enough to win a Heart like mine,
 And make me glad to be entirely thine.

But, *Chloe*, you, besides, are young and fair,
 And good as the immortal Angels are;
 Humble, obedient, generous, and kind,
 Adorn'd with all the Riches of the Mind,
 That any Wife can boast, or Husband wish to find.

Wife.

O! that I could for ever but enjoy
 So bless'd a Life, which Death will once destroy!
 Why should my Love be punish'd with the Fear
 Of ever parting with a 'Spouse so dear?
 O! why should the severe Decrees of Fate
 Put a dark Period to our happy State?
 And leave the sad Survivor, to bemoan
 A Life so wretched, when the other's gone,
 That can admit no Comfort or Relief,
 To ease our Groans, or moderate our Grief?

Husband.

'Tis hard, my *Chloe*; but the Gods are kind,
 And for the Just, have future Joys design'd;
 That Lovers, when they part, may ease their Pain,
 By pleasing Hopes of meeting once again.
 Death's but a peaceful Slumber in the Grave;
 When we awake, we endless Life shall have;
 And on eternal Wings, from thence arise
 Beyond the Limits of yon dusky Skies;

There

There dwell in Friendship, with the God's above,
And be for ever bless'd in Peace and Love.

Wife.

'Tis a great Comfort to my Soul, that we
Can be assur'd we shall for ever be;
For what could more disturb our happy State,
Than the distracting Fears, that Joys so great,
Should in eternal Silence terminate?

Husband.

These Thoughts, my charming *Chloe*, seem too grave
For a young Bride in all her Bloom to have.
Futurity's a Mystery too great
For Female Wit to fathom or debate.
Such Things we to our wiser Guides should leave,
Lest our weak Reason should our Selves deceive.
Let us believe those Wonders we are taught;
Strive to be just in Action, and in Thought;
Be careful to support our Innocence;
Give neither to the Gods or Man Offence.

Pursue these Measures, hoping to be blest
 And to kind Providence resign the rest,
 Who wisely orders all Things for the best.

Wife.

Your friendly Dictates, are of greatest Force;
 What you command me, I obey in Course:
 I'm taught alone, by what you say and do;
 And hope I need no other Guide but you:
 Your kind Examples are a tempting Road
 To Vertue, Piety, and all that's good.
 Therefore, my Dear, I cannot fear to stray,
 Whilst you conduct me thro' so safe a way.

Husband.

Since, my dear *Chloe*, you depend on me,
 I shall the more exact and upright be:
 For who would from the Paths of Vertue fly,
 To lead such charming Innocence awry?
 What Man would, by the brightest Looks, be led,
 From the just Pleasures of his Nuptial-Bed,

Who has so true a Friend, so kind a Wife,
 To crown the Comforts of a vertuous Life?
 What Sot would such sweet Company decline,
 To scorch his Nerves with an Excess of Wine;
 And stagger into such delightful Arms,
 Thoughtless of Love, and senseless of your Charms?
 There belching lie, of Vigour dispossess'd,
 Slighting those Joys he has no Pow'r to taste.
 Thus the sick Appetite disdains the Food
 As nauseous, which the Healthful find is good.
 Usage, like this, might Female Thoughts confound,
 And make the strictest Vertue quit her Ground.
 But you, I hope, dear *Chloe*, are assur'd,
 That you from all such Dangers are secur'd:
 For I have too much Sense of your Desert,
 Too just a Conscience, and too kind a Heart,
 To suffer you, the Comfort of my Breast,
 A Wife so charming, so divinely blest,
 To feel the Torments of unmanly Strife,
 Or lead an injur'd, or neglected Life:

For I have Sense and Gratitude to know
 The Nuptial Blessings we expect below,
 Must from true Love and mutual Vertus flow.

Wife,

You make your Goodness ev'ry Moment known ;
 I fear not yours, but rather doubt my own,
 Left Female Weakness spoils my good Intent,
 And renders that amiss, which well is meant ;
 So that my Love, which glows to an Extream,
 May short of yours, thro' Indiscretion, seem.
 For the rough Diamond cannot shine so bright,
 As the Jem polish'd to a skilful hight ;
 Yet both may equal Estimation bear,
 Tho' one with greater Lustre does appear.

Husband,

But, Love, that Jewel which adorns the Heart,
 Shines the most bright without the Help of Art ;
 All other Wealth in Value it exceeds ;
 And if it's true, it no Improvement needs ;

Its

Its own intrinsic Worth it will display,
 And thro' the Eyes, like Lightning, make its way.
 Therefore, dear *Chloe*, I your Love can view,
 In each kind Thing you either say or do:
 Your Looks alone, sufficiently impart
 The gen'rous Ardor that inflames your Heart;
 So that 'tis I must summon all my Pow'rs,
 To make my Friendship adequate to yours;
 For in your Heav'nly Nature, I discern
 Those Duties, others must be forc'd to learn!

Wife,

You make me happy in your kind Conceit
 That in my Breast such Love and Vertue meet:
 O! that I could but be as free from Fau'ts,
 And raise my Merits equal to your Thought
 Then should I hope so rich a Heart might prove,
 Deserving your inestimable Love:
 But I, alas, can boast no Charms to please,
 No Arts to palliate my Infirmities;

I have

I have no study'd Smiles t'improve my Air:
 No skilful Means to make my Looks more fair;
 But must at best discover, that I am
 A Rural, home-spun, tho' an honest Dame,
 Who nothing but her Vertue has to boast,
 And can but prove a loving Wife at most.

Husband.

Your native Sweetness I alone admire,
 And your Esteem is all that I desire,
 Besides the Offspring of our Nuptial-Bed,
 To bless the future World, when we are dead:
 For amongst all that Heaven has in Store,
 No kind Donation could I wish for more,
 Than that the Fruits of so divine a Tree,
 Might spread and flourish to Eternity,
 That distant Ages still to come, might read
 Thy noble Vertues in our gen'rous Seed.

Wife.

I hope, my Dear, since 'tis your earnest Choice,
 That Heav'n, in Time, will crown our Nuptial Joys:

Few

Few Moons, as yet, have pass'd that happy Day,
 On which I vow'd to honour and obey :
 My tender Years may still with Patience wait ;
 I'm unexperienc'd in a marry'd State :
 And therefore know not but the Gods above,
 May have already crown'd our mutual Love.

Husband.

I wish it so may prove ; with what Delight
 Could I behold so promising a Sight ?
 A Wife so beauteous, pregnant in her Bloom ;
 A Female Angel with a fruitful Womb.
 May Nature's Pow'rs the darling Bud encrease,
 And the kind Gods the happy *Fetus* bless,
 That I may live to tremble at thy Cries,
 Pity those Pains that do thy Nerves surprize,
 And pray good Heav'n to turn thy Sorrows into Joys.

Wife.

The Pangs of Child-birth, doubtless must be great,
 Tedious the Moments, and severe the Fate ;

But

But yet, methinks I could with Patience bear
 The sharpest Suff'rings, to oblige my Dear.
 What is't I could not do? What Hazards run,
 To raise your Image in a sprightly Son?
 That your own Likeness, full of infant Charms,
 Might bless your Eyes, and my indulging Arms.

Husband.

How happy, dearest *Chloe*, should we be,
 To see a fair Angelick Progeny,
 Sporting around us, free of all Offence,
 Like Cherubs in a State of Innocence?
 Some wearing on their Brows your beauteous Smiles,
 That their sweet Looks may bless their Father's Toils;
 Others appearing of a courser Mold,
 Like me, more active, masculine, and bold;
 That you each Hour in Miniture may view
 My Image, and your fading Love renew.

Wife.

No Time, my dear *Philander*, can impair
 The high Esteem I for your Vertues bear ;

Th'

Th' Impression is too strong, my Love too great,
For Age or Envy to obliterate.

I ne'er shall want such Blessings to revive
Those vertuous Flames, that will for ever live;
Yet should I think myself divinely blest,
To hug your Image at my tender Breast,
That those Indearments, I should fondly shew
To my sweet Babe, altho' by Nature due,
Might manifest the Love I bear to you.

Husband.

I doubt not, *Chloe*, but the Gods will bless
Our Nuptial Comforts with desir'd Success.
Let us, with Patience, wait the happy Time;
For to prescribe to Heav'n, would be a Crime.

The Sun's just set, and tho' the Ev'ning's warm,
I fear the falling Damps should do us Harm :
Unwholsome Vapours may infect the Air ;
Let's quit the Bow'r, and to the House repair ;
Sup with Content, to Bed when we have done ;
Where all the Joys of Life are summ'd in one.

Wife.

Wife.

I'm free to all that is your Will to do,
 Your prudent Measures gladly I pursue ;
 For I am only happy in obeying you.

Moral REFLEXIONS on the foregoing
 Dialogue.

WHERE mutual Love 'twixt Man and Wife
 Adorns a marry'd Station,
 It sweetens all the Cares of Life,
 And leaves no Room for Passion.

Angelick Peace, that Heav'nly Dow'r,
 That estimable Treasure,
 Crowns ev'ry happy Day and Hour
 With inexpressive Pleasure.

Indear-

Indearing Smiles, and loving Words,

Give Comfort to each other ;

And ev'ry kind Embrace, affords

New Causes of another.

Each Minute blooms with fresh Delight,

That ripens to a Blessing;

And Love unweari'd, crowns the Night

With Joys beyond expressing.

Fill'd with Content reciprocal,

They ease each other's Labours :

Thus do they live below'd of all,

And honour'd by their Neighbours.

Whilst jarring Fools in Discord dwell,

That 'tis a Shame to hear 'em;

And prove as noi, Bow-Bell,

To all that live but near 'em.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE XXV.

*Between a generous Mechanick and his old
stingy Wife, about her locking up the
Cupboard to keep the Victuals from his
Apprentices.*

Husband.

Hey day! what's here to do? the Cupboard door
Lock'd up! what, Madam, must we eat no
[more?
Why, how now, Mistress Wife, who is it puts
This Bar betwixt my Victuals and my Guts?
Boys, split the Door: why sure, my saving Honey,
You don't take Beef and Bread and Cheese for Money?

Wife.

Don't be so hasty, Love, I mean no hurt,
Here take the Key, 'tis but their asking for't:
Did you but see the Waste those G'uttons make,
You'd then commend me for the Care I take.

That

That slouching Rogue that laughs at what you say,
Had he his Will, would eat ten times a Day.

That thin-jaw'd Hound too, had he but his Mind,
For all his Looks, would not be far behind :

Viſuals, I'll ſwear, is ill beſtow'd upon
That ſneaking Whelp, that raw-bon'd Skeleton;
Were he to eat as much as half a dozen,
The ill-got Lout would ſtill look ſtarv'd and frozen.

Husband.

Therefore it ſhan't be ſaid I keep him poor
And thin, becauſe I lock my Cupboard-Door:
I'll have no Smith's Embargo on my Food,
Eat Boys, as often as yourſelves ſee good;
Let them have change of Mutton, Beef, and Pork,
Do you take care they Feed, I'll make 'em Work.
My Servants ſhall to no Relations creep,
And there complain of what a Houſe I keep;
Tell 'em their ſtingy Miſtreſs bears the Rule,
And cry becauſe they ha'n't a Belly-full.

Let me have no such doings I command,
 I scorn to give a Wife the upper-hand;
 I'm Master here, mind you your Maids concerns,
 No Boy of mine shall want the Food he earns.

Wife.

Lord! Love, you cannot think what they devour,
 I vow and swear they're Cramming ev'ry Hour?
 Saw you how oft they to the Cupboard come,
 You'd think they'd eat you out of House and Home.
 One gobbles down two Pound of Bread and Cheese,
 When almost burst toth' Vault he runs for ease;
 From thence returns unburthen'd in a trice,
 And stuffs his empty Guts with t'other Slice:
 No sooner is this wide-mouth'd Glutton gone,
 But t'other lean-jaw'd Cormorant sneaks down,
 And he, forsooth, no *Cheshire-Cheese* can eat,
 His dainty Chops must break his Fast with Mear,
 Then out he pulls his Knife, and off he cuts
 A Pound of Beef for his insatiate Guts,

Which

Which his stretch'd Gullet swallows down so fast,
 As if he meant each Bit should prove his last;
 For in three Minutes fairly he'll devour
 More than would last an hungry Dog an Hour,
 Straining with Morsels so profusely great,
 You'd think him choak'd with ev'ry Bit he eat:
 Thus all day long, like Buckets in a Well,
 They take their Turns to empty and to fill;
 And is it fit, d'ye think, such Wolves as these,
 Should search and range the Cupboard when they please?

Husband.

Yes, yes, much good may do 'em with their Mear,
 I never care how fast my Servants eat,
Speedy at Victuals, quick at Work's an old
 Proverbial Saying, we have oft been told;
 I've found it true, and therefore do not grutch
 Their eating nimbly, tho' tis ne'er so much:
 I'll warr'nt you'd have them loiter at their Meals,
 Piddle like Mice and crawl about like Snails,

Feed like sick Patients dietted by Quacks,
 And look like hide-bound Tits that carry Packs,
 Work too like those that raise the Wooden Walls
 Of the Queen's Ships, or lazy Rogues in *Paul's*:
 No, no, my Master's Methods I'll pursue,
 That's Feed 'em well, and make 'em Work so too;
 For he that flints his Servants in their Food,
 Makes the Bad worse, and irritates the Good,
 That what he thinks he saves they cast away,
 And make his Stock their pinch-gut Money pay.

Wife.

"Do as you please, my Dear, but I am sure,
 Such wastful Ways will always keep us poor;
 Apprentices I've seen in other Trades,
 Have their Meat carv'd by th' Mistress or her Maids,
 Nor did they dare to grumble or complain,
 That this was cut too Fat, or that too Lean,
 But eat whate'er the Mistress thought was fit,
 And fear'd to frown, or ask for t'other Bit;

But

But your bold Boys, regarding not your Wife, oT
 When call'd to dine, each draws his crooked Knife,
 Upon the Groundsel whets his *Sheffield* Blade, or 88
 And both, forsooth, sit down before my Maid, but A
 Fall to like Plowmen at a Country Feast, a and 11
 And with unhallow'd Fingers pick the best; Had I
 One crying out, Go, *Hannab*, draw some Beer, 2 o 14
 The other, *Huzzy*, bring the Mustard here. own 11 and 2
 Indeed, my Dear, it is a shame to see 11 have 10 and 11
 Apprentices so very bold and free, 11 and 10 and 11 o T
 Or that at Meals such Boys should first sit down, 1
 And crow above a Wench that's Woman grown. T

Husband.

My Boys are good Mens Sons, well born and bred,
 They've paid me Pounds for teaching them my Trade,
 Besides, they earn me ev'ry Day they Dine, 11 and T
 Not only their own Bread, but yours and mine; W
 Yet, I suppose, you want to have 'em made 11 and 11
 Meer Slaves and Footboys to your nasty Jade, 11 and 2

Feed like sick Patients dietted by Quacks,
 And look like hide-bound Tits that carry Packs,
 Work too like those that raise the Wooden Walls
 Of the Queen's Ships, or lazy Rogues in Paul's:
 No, no, my Master's Methods I'll pursue,
 That's Feed 'em well, and make 'em Work so too;
 For he that stint his Servants in their Food,
 Makes the Bad worse, and irritates the Good,
 That what he thinks he saves they cast away,
 And make his Stock their pinch-gut Money pay.

Wife.

Do as you please, my Dear, but I am sure,
 Such wastful Ways will always keep us poor;
 Apprentices I've seen in other Trades,
 Have their Meat carv'd by th' Mistress or her Maids,
 Nor did they dare to grumble or complain,
 That this was cut too Fat, or that too Lean,
 But eat whate'er the Mistress thought was fit,
 And fear'd to frown, or ask for t'other Bit;

But your bold Boys, regarding not your Wife,
 When call'd to dine, each draws his crooked Knife,
 Upon the Groundel whets his *Sheffield* Blade,
 And both, forsooth, sit down before my Maid,
 Fall to like Plowmen at a Country Feast,
 And with unhallow'd Fingers pick the best;
 One crying out, *Go, Hannab, draw some Beer,*
 The other, *Huzzy, bring the Mustard here.*

Indeed, my Dear, it is a shame to see
 Apprentices so very bold and free,
 Or that at Meals such Boys should first sit down,
 And crow above a Wench that's Woman grown.

Husband.

My Boys are good Mens Sons, well born and bred,
 They've paid me Pounds for teaching them my Trade,
 Besides, they earn me ev'ry Day they Dine,
 Not only their own Bread, but yours and mine;
 Yet, I suppose, you want to have 'em made
 Meer Slaves and Footboys to your nasty Jade,

To run toth' Chandlers for the Mops and Brooms,
 And fetch her Water when she scrubs her Rooms,
 Be her Coleheavers to preserve her Hands,
 And stoop to all her prodigal Commands;
 If that's your drift, my parsimonious Dame,
 I shall take care to disappoint your Aim;
 No saucy Baggage, fondl'd by a Fool,
 Shall awe my Servants, or my Boys controul;
 I'd have you know I keep such Sluts as she,
 To wait on them at Meals as well as me;
 I give her yearly Wages, and you ought
 To know their Work enables me to do't;
 My golden Boys earn Money ev'ry Day,
 By them I live and thrive, eat, drink and pay;
 Therefore yourself and servile Puss shall find,
 No Lads of mine your Female Pride shall mind;
 That Master, sure, must be a Hen-peck'd Fool,
 Who lets the Women o'er his Men bear Rule;
 'Tis hard that good Mens Children, bound to Trades
 Should be made Lacqueys to our Wives and Maids;

But in those Tradesmens Houses 'twill be so,
Where Men are silent and the Women crow.

Moral REFLEXIONS on the foregoing Dialogue.

THE prudent Master, who allows
His Servants what is fitting,
Shews by his Conduct, that he knows,
Hard Work requires good Eating.

The Master seldom thrives in Trade,
Who keeps a sneaking Table,
Apprentices are thereby made
Less willing and less able.

Whilst those who feed 'em with good Fare,
By Servants are befriended.
Have all their Work dispatch'd with Care,
And in due Season ended.

*But where a Wife shall rule the Roast,
 Whose Temper's too penurious,
 What she believes she saves, is lost,
 And only proves Injurious.*

*No Servants, in Revenge, will waste
 The Food that they're in love of,
 But into Holes will sily cast
 The Meat they don't approve of.*

*Besides, he gains an honest Name,
 Who makes his Servants easy,
 If you are kind they'll be the same,
 And strive the more to please ye.*

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE XXVI.

*Between a nice affected Gentleman, and his
careless slatternly Lady.*

Husband.

WHy are your Night-cloaths on, your Stays
[unlac'd?
I love to see you powder'd, wash'd and dress'd.

A tallow Face in dirty Pinner looks

Like a poor Punk just risen from a Flux;

You crown the Proverb, *That the nicest Maid*

Becomes the greatest Slattern when she's Wed;

And that each Woman in a Nuptial State,

Proves careless Slut, or Jilt, by Choice or Fate.

Wife.

Thank you, my 'Spouse, some People say, a Beau,
When marry'd, does the greater Coxcomb grow.

Prithee,

Prithee, my Dear, don't be so nice, lest you
 Should chance to prove the modern Proverb true.
 I've heard most Men are subject to admire
 The Woman that they like in loose Attire;
 From whence 'tis said our Sex is always best
 Approv'd by Lovers, when we're most undrest:
 But I perceive, alas, you squeamish Beaus,
 Think female Beauty dwells in formal Cloaths;
 And when our Charms upon your hands grow stale,
 Neglect the Kernel to adore the Shell.
 So the weak Appetite must have his Meat
 Set off with artful Sauce to make him eat,
 Whilst the sound Stomach feasts on Flesh or Fish,
 And ne'er regards the Garnish of the Dish.

Husband.

Women and Food I love to see well dress'd,
 For what offends my Eye ne'er sutes my Taste:
 Who but a Sloven can admire a Face,
 Unwash'd, unpatch'd, mob'd up in dirty Lace,

Who

Whose ruff'd Trallups disoblige the Sight,
 And shew, by Day, how wanton you're at Night;
 Those Coifs between the Nuptial Sheets you wear,
 Should never in the Noon of Light appear;
 They make you look like Semstrefs of the Town,
 In rumpl'd *Disabil*, just bolted down
 Some *Temple-Stairs*, from earning Half-a-Crown. }
 Believe me, therefore, I abhor to see
 A Wife loose Rig'd, so like a Punk as thee;
 With fully'd Night-cloaths dangling round thy Head,
 Dy'd yellow with your joyful Sweats in Bed.
 Prithee withdraw, dear Dowdy, from my View,
 Or what should raise my Love will make me S--w.

Wife.

Tho' now you seem so nice, were you to 'spy
 A newer Face, tho' more a Slut than I,
 Wrap'd up in Muslin-Rags, not half so white,
 Tug'd ev'ry Day and rumpl'd ev'ry Night,
 Tho' wash'd but once a Week, you'd never mind
 Her Dress, but be to all her Failings blind;

Would

Would she but dart from her prevailing Brows,
 One smiling Glance to wound my Beautifh' Spouse,
 Or say so loud to'r Maid, that you might hear,
Laud he's a pretty Gentleman, I'll swear,
 I can but think how you'd admire the Dame,
 And with her dirty Pinnars fan your Flame,
 Swear her foul Linen was the only Grace,
 Or Foil, to set off such a beauteous Face;
 And that it gave such freedom to her Air,
 That made her look less formal and more fair:
 These are the Flatt'ries you can use to those
 Whose Bodies are unclean as well as Cloaths;
 But 'tis a wond'rous Crime to see a Wife
 In dirty Nightrail or a fully'd Coif.
 Why, squeamish Husband, do you not despise
 The tarnish'd Plate that in your Coffer lies;
 Or scorn the Ground you tread on, cause 'tis wont,
 Sometimes, like me, to harbour Dust upon't:
 I'm none of those that spend six Hours a Day,
 To appear, by study'd Arts, more young and gay;

I to no Pencil do my Eye-brows owe,
 Nor do my Cheeks with *Spanish* Crimfon glow;
 I use no Washes to improve my Skin,
 Nor Acids drink to keep my Body lean,
 That my nice Shapes, to merit humane Praise,
 May still sit easy in my Maiden-Stays:
 I use no skilful Means in my Attire,
 To make young Fools, in vain, my Charms admire.
 I love my tender Children, and delight
 To toy with them all Day, with you at Night,
 And must a fully'd Nightrail now offend,
 Or a coarse Pinner make you less my Friend;
 Change you your Temper and 'twill change the Scene,
 Be you less nice, and I shall seem more clean:
 Husband's should wink, when now and then they find
 Their Wives confus'd in Dress, as well as Mind:
 What tho' unclean by chance, Experience tells,
 The best of Oyfters may have dirty Shells.

Husband.

Husband.

But you, as if you meant to thwart my Will,
 Are always in a Slatterns *Disabil* ;
 And shew, by constant practice, you delight
 More in foul Linen than you do in white.
 E're I with Pains had won you to my Arms,
 Your Dress was then unfully'd as your Charms,
 The finest Laces did your Temples crown,
 White as the driven Snow or Thistly Down ;
 Your Gloves, your Fan, and ev'ry thing you wore
 As clean as if unmade an Hour before ;
 But since I've brought you to a Nuptial Life,
 And you're become a Mother and a Wife,
 Uncleanly Negligence your Charms disgrace,
 And foul Indecence muffles up your Face ;
 For want of Stays your Sides prepost'rous grow,
 And hang in wallops o'er your Hips below,
 Both join, nor can your Apron-strings between,
 Bury'd in Folds of flabby Fat, be seen ;

Your

Your Breast, like Udders, to your Navel drop,
 For want of Stomacher to prop them up ;
 And your Pot-Belly, swell'd with Drink and Ease,
 Seems full of Dropfical Infirmities ;
 Your Petticoats, half-ty'd, hang loosely on,
 Like a Burst-Hoop about an upright Tun :
 And your stain'd Flag of Huffleury before,
 Looks worse than that by greasy Scullion wore ;
 Your Nightrail too, which round your Neck you tye,
 To hide your Shapes, is of a Saffron-dye,
 That any Eye would guess 't'as lain, at least,
 This fifty Years, unwash'd, in Grannum's Chest ;
 Your Wiry-Hair, like Ell-flocks, starts beneath
 Your Coif, and hangs in here and there a Wreath,
 Whilst your plump Cheeks, by Nature fram'd to please,
 Look grim'd with Dirt, like Vulcan's smutty Phiz ;
 These are the Graces that adorn your Charms,
 To please your 'Spouse and tempt him to your Arms.
 Who then can marry'd live, and not admire
 So nice a Huffle in such clean Attire.

Wife.

Wife.

Right Beau, to loath what you have long enjoy'd,
 I'm not so fluttish, but your Fancy's cloy'd,
 And now 'tis Pleasure to your wand'ring Thoughts;
 To School your Wife and magnify her Fau'ts.
 Could you but with impartial Judgment see
 Your own nice, foppish Pride and Vanity;
 In what a formal Gesture you delight,
 What Pains you take to make your Wig sit right,
 With what premeditated Grace you bend
 Your formal Shoulders to your Bosom-Friend,
 How you advance, what Dancing-Steps you take,
 When to a Lady your Approach you make,
 How you exchange your Ruffles thrice a Day,
 How oft you powder, to appear more Gay,
 What Time you waste before the flatt'ring Glass,
 To turn and tiff and make yourself an Ass,
 What Hours in Dressing you confound in vain,
 To shew yourself less Wise than other Men,

You

You then no more would wonder why I seem
 A Slut to him, so nice to an Extream;
 For I must either play the Fool and rise
 To all your squeamish cleanly Vanities,
 Or be a Slattern deem'd, 'cause I admire
 My Ease beyond extravagant Attire;
 Would you your Foppish Vanities abate,
 And from your nice Extreames turn moderate,
 I'd meet you then half way, and strive to dress
 With newer Air and greater Cleanliness:
 But if a Fly-speck on my Paper-Fan,
 Or a soil'd Glove, must merit your Disdain,
 An accidental Spot upon my Gown,
 Or a chance Lock displac'd shall make you Frown;
 So long in vain must I attempt to please,
 Whilst you're offended with such things as these.
 Consider, I've been Seven Years a Wife,
 My Children are the Pleasures of my Life,
 'Tis time for me to quit my tempting Airs,
 And bend my Genius to my Home-Affairs,

To mind my Female-Servants, and to see
 Their Work perform'd with Care and Hussyry;
 These Nuptial-Duties must sometimes employ
 A Wife, from Dressing to delight your Eye:
 Nor can I think it otherwise than vain,
 In you a Father and a marry'd Man,
 To still maintain that youthful foppish Pride,
 Which Men at riper Years should lay aside:
 I equally abhor to find you please
 Yourself with such fantastick Fooleries,
 And vex as much to see you dizen'd up,
 With all the Fip'ries of a foolish Fop,
 As you can do when I appear unlac'd,
 Or in soil'd Linen, like a Slattern dress'd;
 Therefore expect I'll still more fluttish grow,
 Till you forbear to be so much a Beau;
 Both are Extreems, and I'll confront you thus,
 Whilst you're a Fop, I'll be a nasty Puss.

Moral REFLEXIONS on the foregoing
Dialogue.

When Husbands do their Wives reprove,
For Failings that displease 'em,
Themselves should willingly remove
Their own worse Faults that tease 'em.

Men in some Cases should be mute,
For Women will not bear so
Provoking an Affront as Slut,
Altho' they know they are so.

'Tis true a Woman's to be blam'd,
That's Careless and Uncleanly,
But he's as much to be condemn'd,
That's Foppish and Unmanly.

*When am'rous Beau has wedded Miß,
 From Sampler and from Pattern,
 Sir Courtly should not prove too nice,
 Nor she too great a Slattern.*

*Tho' Wives, when Children crown their Joys,
 Will in their Dress be careless,
 And more regard their Girls and Boys,
 Than their Commode and Hair-lace.*

*Good Dames may therefore claim excuse,
 Who Children have to dandle,
 They cannot always dress so spruce,
 As when they'd none to Fondle.*

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE XXVII.

*Between a High-Church Gentleman and his
Low-Church Lady, about the difference
of their Opinions.*

Husband.

COME, come, my Dear, forsake your *Canting Tribe*,
Marriage has made you now my crooked Rib,
My Flesh can brook no Lame Dissenting Bone,
Join with the rest, or you my Side disown;
A dislocated stubborn Rib I hate:
Prishee, to Church, and that will set thee straight.

Wife.

D'ye think I'll go to Mass, not I, indeed,

I'll be no Convert to a Popish Creed:

No, Satan, I defy thy wicked Power,

No *Babylonian* Whore shall draw me to her;

Y 3

I hate

I hate her Smock, her Porridge, and her Pipes,
 Her Butcher's-Sleeves, her Crosses, and her Types,
 Her *Pagan* Altars, and her *Dagon* Priests,
 Her *Easter* Offrings and her *Christmas* Feasts,
 Her Shepherd's Crooks, her Miters, and her Saints,
 Her Pancake *Tuesdays*, and her Starving Lents;
 I'd sooner chuse to bear your utmost hate,
 Than damn my precious Soul at such a rate;
 Therefore, pray Husband, let's have no Dispute,
 For Fire and Faggot should not bring me to't.

Husband.

Thy stiff-neck'd Guide has taught thee wondrous well
 Something I find thou'lt learn'd, and that's to Rail;
 Are these the Bell'wings of thy Hornbook Dunce,
 Who, like ripe bottled Ale, must Froth and Bounce,
 To please the gaping Fools who sit in Throngs,
 To catch the Bleatings of his painful Lungs.
 How easily, alas, are Fools betray'd
 To villify the Good and chuse the Bad?

Ho

How soon will shallow Reason quit its place,
 For the bald empty sound of Saving Grace,
 Breath'd thro' the Gullet of an Ass that Brays,
 And hideously confounds whate'er he says;
 Empty as Echo, full of only Voice,
 Dull as the Brazen-Head that spoke but thrice.

And you believe the Nonsense you have heard,
 Squees'd out between Hawk-Nose and Peaked-Beard,
 By a grave doating Wizard, who forsook
 His Weaver's Shuttle for a Changling-Flock,
 That by Pretences to a heav'nly Gift,
 The Saint inspir'd might make a better shift,
 Glean once a Quarter from each Blockhead's Store,
 And live himself at Ease, who starv'd before.

Shame on the stupid Ign'rance of your Youth,
 To be misled by Nonsense from the Truth;
 As if a canting Owl, in Garret bred,
 To wind off Silk or manage Skains of Thread,
 Unskill'd in Books, taught only to dispute
 The different Prizes of his Warp and Shoot,

Should more of Scripture and Religion know,
 Than those who to that learned Fountain go,
 Where sacred Truths in Chrystal Channels flow.

Wife,

You'd need find Fault, indeed, and say that I
 Am taught to only rail and villify,
 When you reflect that I the Church asperse,
 I'm sure the Kettle calls the Pot Black-Arse.
 How can you thus abuse so good a Saint,
 So heavenly a Guide as Mr. *Quaint*,
 So Grave, so Pious, and as Just a Man,
 As ever preach'd 'twixt *Bersheba* and *Dan*?
 What tho', perhaps, when young, he was not bred
 At what you Churchmen call the Fountain-head?
 Can Holy Men to Knowledge never rise,
 But they must pass your Popish Versities?
 How came the Prophets, pray, to leave behind
 Those Holy Truths which we in Scripture find?
 I've heard they ne'er were whip'd at Grammar-School,
 Nor taught long Lessons, or to speak by Rule,

Yet

Yet they (Good-Men) all Christians must allow,
 Were wiser far than all your Bishops now ;
 Besides, th' Apostles too were meanly Bred,
 Some to catch Fish, and that's no Learned Trade,
 Yet they commanded were to go and teach
All Nations, and without a Book could Preach,
 Much better than your Priests, who strain their Throats
 To pray by Mass-Books and to preach by Notes.
 Why then mayn't Holy-Men from Looms be call'd,
 As well as *Peter* from the Nets he haul'd,
 And be inspir'd, like him, to shew aright,
 The Path that leads to everlasting Light.

Husband,

Well said, my Dear, you've let me see at once,
 How Fools are taught to vindicate a Dunce,
 Who has no other way to be admir'd,
 But to pretend a Call and seem Inspir'd.
 So *Pagan* Kings, to hide their mean Descent,
 Back'd by their Priests, strange Stories would invent,
 That

That they were born of Heav'n to rule a State,
 Tho' brawny Clown begot the spurious Brat.
 Just so your Guides, proud Hypocrites at Heart,
 Who from their Garrets into Pulpits start,
 Pretend Commission by a Call unknown,
 To be, by Grace, adapted Heaven's Son ;
 And that those Myst'ries from the Fools conceal'd,
 Are only to the yawning Knaves reveal'd.
 What tho' th' Apostles from their Nets were made
 Fishers of Men, as 'tis in Scripture said ;
 Their Holy Lives, the Doctrine that they taught,
 Their Pious Works, the Miracles they wrought,
 All plainly prove they were by Heav'n inspir'd,
 With Gifts that could not be by Art acquir'd ;
 They nothing taught but what's divinely Good,
 And ev'ry distant Language understood ;
 But your illit'rate Dunce, your groaning Block,
 Who whoops and hollows to his brainless Flock,
 With all his Gifts that labour in his Crown,
 No Language understands, nay, not his own,

But Cons his Lesson 'till by Heart 'tis got,
 And, Parrot-like, talks Scripture but by rote;
 Therefore he tells you 'tis a Crime to look,
 In time of Preaching, on the sacred Book,
 Because he knows he should be run-a-ground,
 In reading what he ventures to expound :
 His Hems, his Hesitations, and his Cough,
 Would drown the Sense, and make the Bigots laugh,
 To hear him mispronounce Old *Eliazer*,
 And read, perhaps, *Bullbeggar* for *Belfhazer*.
 I cannot longer let you tread amiss,
 In following such an empty Guide as this.
 You must consider, since you marry'd are,
 Your Soul is now become your Husband's Care,
 And 'tis my Nuptial-Duty to explode
 Your Female-Errors and regard your Good ;
 Therefore, I say, you must to Church repair,
 And learn the Holy Worship practis'd there :
 For when Experience makes you once more wise,
 You'll hug those Holy Things you now despise,

And

And thank me then that I've redeem'd your Soul,
From the vile Clutches of an Ign'rant Owl.

Wife.

O! bless me, sure you will not use me so,
Must I to Mass and Purgatory go?
I'll to no Popish painted Altar bow,
Or kneel, then rise and stand I know not how:
I'll not be tutor'd, catechiz'd, or taught,
To Jabber like a Magpye, G-d knows what:
The very Noise, I'm sure, would make me faint,
No, no, I'll trust my Soul with Mr. *Quaint*,
That Godly-Man, who loves and fears the Lord,
That faithful Teacher of the Holy Word,
Who, when he Preaches, or Expounds, or Prays,
Tells, in plain English, what the Scripture says.
I'll pin no Faith upon a High-Church Gown,
Altho' my Body's yours, my Soul's my own;
And, by the help of Grace it ne'er shall be
Seduc'd to such profane Idolatry:

I'll still be stedfast, 'tis in vain to teaze,
But you may hazard yours what way you please.

Husband.

If so resolv'd, it ought to be my Care,
To guard my Cash, and keep your Pockets bare,
That no dissembling Pick-Purse shall command
My Money, by my Wife's deceitful Hand :
I'll have no Presents bought, no Guineas sent
By Gossip Drill, to Rev'rend Master Cant :
Nor shall he dare to thrust his Holy Snout
Within my Doors, when told that I am out ;
For should a Servant in my House presume
To give him entrance here, when I'm from Home,
As soon as I'm inform'd I'll turn them off,
And drive the Rebel hence with Kick and Cuff :
Nor shall yourself from Punishment go free,
But, from that Hour, be under Lock and Key :
And if I chance to catch the Pick-thank here,
Whisp'ring his Tales into your list'ning Ear,

After

After I've thus his Company forbidden,
 I'll Geld him, as they do the Priests in Sweden.

Wife.

O! cruel Tyrant, would you seek his Blood,
 And make an Eunuch of a Man of God;
 I'll send him Notice, that he ne'er may come
 Within your wicked Doors when you're at Home.
 Geld such a Holy Saint! O sinful Brute!
 Here's Persecution with a witness to't!
 The Lord protect him wheresoe'er he goes,
 And guard him from the Malice of his Foes.
 Bless me! that such a dreadful and profane
 Design should start into the Heart of Man.
 What has he done, Good Soul, that he should lose
 What, I dare swear, he ne'er knew how to use,
 Not in a sinful manner I am sure,
 His Soul's too Righteous, and his Thoughts too Pure.
 By these your Threat'nings you too plainly show,
 What Malice High-Church bears against the Low,
 I'll swear I would not use a Jesuit so.

How-

However, Words nor Blows shall overcome me,
 I shall not fear what Man can do unto me,
 But will be stedfast in the Righteous way,
 In spite of all that you can do or say.

Husband.

Since you're so much concern'd that I should steal
 The Bandstrings of your Guides pretended Zeal,
 Which by the Female Tribe have oft been ty'd,
 And, for ought I know by yourself been try'd,
 I'll make a Vow ne'er to embrace you more,
 Till you your Saint and all his Tribe abjure,
 Unbedded and neglected shall you ly,
 Till with the true Church-Worship you comply,
 No more shall you the Nuptial-Joy possess,
 But like a Widow spend your youthful Days;
 For she can ne'er Love truly, or obey,
 Whose wand'ring Soul seeks Heav'n a different way.

Wife.

O barb'rous Man to break his Marriage-Troth,
 But pray, my Love, don't make so rash an Oath;

Nay,

Nay, prithee hush, for God's sake do not swear,
Don't Vow and I'll do any thing, my Dear.

Husband.

Be then obedient to my Will, and leave
Those Canting-Knaves, who labour to deceive,
Who fright you from the Truth with odious Lies;
And, thro' your Folly, make themselves seem wise,
Encourage you to Circumvent and Cheat
Your own, to make their Families more great;
Wedlock our Souls as well as Bodies join,
You therefore ought to venture yours with mine;
If not, pray bid your Nuptial-Sheets adieu,
I'll have no Flesh but with the Spirit too.

Wife.

L--d! you're the strangest Man I ever knew;
You are too rash, consider what you do:
Methinks, my Dear, I am unwilling now,
We're marry'd, you should make so rash a Vow;
I cannot lose your Love, or frame a Heart
To dwell beneath one Roof, yet lie apart:

There-

Therefore, my Dear, don't aggravate my Sorrow,
 Bed me to Night, I'll go to Church to Morrow.

MORAL REFLEXIONS on the foregoing
 Dialogue.

WHen Man and Wife pull different ways,
 Thro' Consciencious Scruple,
 Few peaceful Hours, or happy Days,
 Will bless that jarring Couple.

The Churchman wedded to a 'Spouse,
 Who with the Saints engages,
 Must keep a Knave without his House
 At very large Board-Wages.

For zealous Women who deride
 The Church, to follow Nonsense,
 Will cheat their Husbands to provide
 For him that Guides their Conscience.

*So that 'tis Brudence in a Man,
 Whose Wife's of such a Humour,
 To bring her over if he can,
 Or keep his Money from her.*

*For she that's full of Zeal and Pride,
 To much Devotion given,
 Thinks all too little for the Guide
 Who leads her Soul to Heaven.*

*Therefore, my Friend, if you delight
 To marry and be easy,
 Pray leave the Holy Hypocrite,
 To match the Canting Nissey.*

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE XXVIII.

Between a young Libertine, and an old canting rich Widow, whom he had marry'd for her Money.

Husband.

P Rithee, old Granny, hold thy jarring Tongue;
 Tho' you are old and toothless, I am young.
 Fill not my Ears with Noise, or Breast with Cares,
 But mind thy Brandy-Bottle, and thy Pray'rs.
 What, tho' I've warm'd thee in my Nuptial-Sheets,
 And thaw'd thy frozen Limbs with joyful Heats,
 Must I not therefore to the Tavern stir,
 But thus be teaz'd with so much Chum and Chir?
 Forbear your Preaching, with your Cant have done;
 Sure, Mother Wife, you take me for your Son.

Wife.

I only do what ev'ry Woman shou'd,
 Advise a wicked Husband for his Good.
 Do you not ev'ry Day swear, game, and drink?
 What will become of your poor Soul, d'ye think?
 Do you not keep a Strumpet young and fair,
 In better Drefs than I presume to wear?
 Treat the lewd Slut? and Coach the Trull about;
 Whilst I, alas! am glad to walk on Foot?
 Am I not forc'd to go to Church alone,
 Neglected by my 'Spouse, as if I'd none?
 Whilst you, perhaps, the Holy Sabbath waste
 In the vile Arms of some lascivious Beast.
 O fie! my Dear, what can you think will prove
 The sad Event of such unlawful Love?
 Body and Soul must for your Pleasure pay;
 And when you've squander'd your Estate away,
 The gaudy Snakes you have so oft embrac'd,
 Whohelp you to expend your Wealth so fast,
 Will triumph o'er your sad Decay at last.

Husband.

Husband.

Such Doctrine from a Priest, is well enough ;
 But from a Wife, 'tis very nauseous Stuff.
 What Man would mind the most authentick Truth,
 Spoke by a Magpy, or a Parrot's Mouth ?
 Kind am'rous Lectures, from a Wife that's young,
 Delight the Ear, and well become her Tongue ;
 But such long Sermons, and Reproofs as these,
 From an old Hag, are a confounded Teaze ;
 Such rev'rend Speeches, from a grizly Jade,
 Fitter for Witchcraft, than a Nuptial-Bed,
 Can ne'er be pleasant to an airy 'Spouse,
 Too young for barren Joys, and wrinkl'd Brows.

Wife.

Fool that I was ! O ! curse the fatal Hour,
 In which I gave my Bags into your Pow'r ;
 What fawning Proteftations could you make,
 And Vows, to keep what now each Hour you break ?
 Did you not swear, that I should always find
 Your Words respectful, and your Actions kind ?

Z 3

But

But now, alas ! your Flatt'ries have obtain'd
 My useful Wealth, my Person is disdain'd ;
 My Age despis'd, my Nuptial Hopes buffoon'd :
 My Love but laugh'd at, and my Fortune ruin'd ;
 And, because destitute of youthful Charms,
 Hateful my Bed, and nauseous are my Arms.

Husband.

Faith, Madam, if you'd know the real Truth,
 I can't join Lips with such a toothless Mouth ;
 Which, like *Pandora's Box*, affords such Fumes,
 That smell of Death, and stink of rotten Gums.
 I cannot kiss, when you have done your Pray'rs,
 And your Cheeks clammy with repenting Tears :
 Or can I hug, when I have heard your Groans,
 A wither'd Skinful of such mouldy Bones.
 Your Pains and Aches fright me from your Arms,
 I can't be tempted, where there are no Charms.
 Therefore, since you would be so vain, to buy
 So young a 'Spouse, when you were past the Joy,

My Sins are chargeable on your sweet Tooth,
 Which, in your Age, had such a Lust to Youth :
 For who can, in his Prime and Vigour, wed
 A wither'd Relict, toothless and decay'd,
 And not, for Beauty's Sake, defile his Marriage-Bed?

Wife.

O wicked Man ! why would you then approve
 A Woman for your Wife, you could not love ?
 If Age, that's destitute of Female Charms,
 Be so obnoxious to your younger Arms,
 My Failings could not, from your Eyes, be hid.
 The Faults you find, you in my Looks might read,
 Before your Flatt'ries brought me to agree
 To give you Title to my Wealth, and me.
 Why then would you so ill a Match pursue,
 To make me wretched, and your self so too ?
 If you foresaw my fading Years would prove
 So great an Antidote to Nuptial Love,
 Why would you put on Nature such a Force,
 As to join Age for better and for worse ?

Therefore, since you, who knew me to be old,
 With all my Faults, would wed me for my Gold,
 'Tis barb'rous now to slight me, and despise
 My Age, for my foreseen Infirmities.

Since I, to make you happy, have resign'd
 My Wealth, you ought in Conscience to be kind;
 And not to waste that Riches, which I brought,
 On common Sluts, most scandalously naught:
 For since I gave you what you spend on them,
 The Donor ought to share in your Esteem;
 Because consider, Wretch, that 'tis my Gold
 Helps you to younger Flesh, tho' I am old.

Husband.

'Tis true, your Age and Money are the Cause
 That I so oft transgress the Marriage-Laws:
 For who can bury'd lie in wither'd Arms,
 That wants no Wealth to purchase youthful Charms?
 If you, with rev'rend Furrows on your Brows,
 Would hazard all, to wed a strenuous 'Spouse,

How

How can you think, that I should be content,
 I, who am youthful, and to Pleasures bent,
 To waste my Days, and fool away my Nights,
 With a dry Skeleton, past Love's Delights?
 If frozen Age, i'th' Winter of Decay,
 On a young Mate would fling her Wealth away,
 Pray how can such a Wife, with Justice, blame
 A youthful Husband, when he does the same?
 For if Love's Appetite will prove so strong
 In aged Veins, who have enjoy'd it long,
 Well may the Brisk and Youthful run astray,
 Since old decrepid Letchers shew the Way!

Wife.

Men always frame a plausible Excuse
 For lawless Freedoms they are prone to use.
 The Wicked their Evasions never want;
 The Villain labours to be thought a Saint;
 And if detected, sily casts the Blame
 On others, that himself may shun the Shame.

Those

Those who the worst of Villanies pursue,
 Still plead Necessity for what they do;
 And ev'ry common Prostitute, pretends
 She sins for Want of Money, or of Friends;
 When 'tis alone their Lust, for Want of Grace,
 That spurs them forward to be lewd and base.
 So you would make my barren Age, the Cause
 Why you offend, and break good Heaven's Laws;
 When your own sinful Appetites mislead
 Your wav'ring Heart to wrong your Marriage-Bed.

Husband.

Prithee, old Woman, hold thy teasing Tongue;
 Thou'rt ancient, and forget that I am young.
 Would you remember, when with Beauty arm'd,
 How ev'ry Lover's Kiss your Fancy warm'd;
 How brisk and gay, how frolicksome you were,
 When youthful, pleasant, forward, kind, and fair;
 What subtil Arts you've us'd to win a Spark;
 And how you've wish'd to meet him in the Dark;

How

How close you kiss'd ; what Pleasures you have stole ;
 And what strange Things he did to charm your Soul ;
 How you first nibbl'd at the tempting Hook,
 In Spite of all the Care your Mother took ;
 How you thought this the sweetest Man alive ;
 Yet would next Day some new Intrigue contrive ;
 What Vows, with Reservations, you have made ;
 How many you have lov'd ; what Fools betray'd :
 How oft you wrong'd your Husband in your Youth ;
 What Lies you told, yet vow'd them to be Truth ;
 What Stratagems you form'd ; what strange Fatigues
 You run thro', to accomplish your Intrigues ;
 What plausible Excuses you would coin,
 To cheat the Fool, and manage your Design.
 Would you but recollect such Things as these,
 And think on all your past Enormities,
 You would not then so great a Wonder make
 At all those youthful Liberties I take ;
 But say, my Dear, I own it is no more,
 Than I my self, when young, have done before.

Wife.

Wife.

O! wicked Man, to harbour such a Thought!
 What, do you think I, in my Youth, was naught?
 O fie! my Dear, such Censure only shews,
 The wicked Muse of others, as they use.

Husband.

Prithee, I know you're made of Female Mold,
 Am'rous when young, and penitent when old;
 Therefore I'll leave you to your Pray'rs and Tears,
 Fit Recreations for your rev'rend Years.
 But I from Tavern must to Tavern strole,
 Where sparkling Wine revives my drooping Soul;
 And Boon-Companions o'er the Bottle meet,
 To chear the Heart, and exercise their Wit.
 Therefore, old Grannum, let us thus agree;
 I'll drink for you, and you shall pray for me.

Moral

Moral REFLEXIONS on the foregoing
Dialogue.

WHAT Youth of either Sex, whilst warm
With Love and active Vigor,
Tho' brib'd, is able to conform
To Age, and all its Riger?

Wealth cannot ballance the Delights
Of Bacchus, and of Venus;
When Beauty charms, or Wine invites,
Our Vertue shrinks within us.

Old Mothers, with their bug-bear Tales,
May make their Daughters tremble;
Yet Nature, when they're ripe, prevails,
And then the Sluts dissemble.

*All their external modest Shews
Of Piety and Vertue,
Are but the cunning Ways they use
(My am'rous Friend) to court you*

*Nor can the Letcher, old and dry,
That weds a youthful Beauty,
By Money, Padlock, Bolt, or Spy,
Oblige her to her Duty.*

*What crazy Hag can then expect
A young Man such a Bubble,
That he should Beauty's Charms neglect,
To gratify old Stubble?*

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE XXIX.

Between an old, prodigal, new-sworn Constable and his young noisy Wife, concerning his Power and Authority.

Husband.

Wife hold your Tongue, your noisy Nonsense
Take Notice, Hussy, I command the Peace; [cease,

By vertue of this Staff, whereon you see
The painted Arms of Pow'rful Majesty,
Alcho' a Man, I represent the Queen ;
'Tis true, you prating Minx, for all you grin;
Therefore, when, with an awful Voice, I say,
Do this, you ought to Curfy and obey.

Wife.

Marry come up, you represent the Queen !
You doating Ass, pray tell me but wherein,

Take

Take care you are not whip'd from Gate to Gate,
 For talking Treason at so vile a Rate,
 It happens well there is no other by,
 To hear you prate so like a Fool, but I,
 You're a fine Fellow, with that Roman Nose,
 Between a wrinkl'd Pair of Lanthorn Jaws,
 Anatomiz'd by Age, to Skin and Bone,
 To represent a Queen upon the Throne ;
 Besides, you silly Oaf, what Man alive
 Can be a Womans Representative,
 Tho, I confess, your Kindness is so rare,
 I scarce remember which o'th' two you are ;
 Yet, I am sure, 'tis Impudence in you
 To talk of Queens as you presume to do.

Husband.

Huffy, I say, what I assert is right,
 And more than that, I'm Monarch of the Night,
 Can Stop, Command, Examine, Loll in ease,
 And, like a King, Imprison whom I please ;

Exert

Exert my Sov'reign Pow'r as Cause appears,
 And Nod, attended by my Halberteers.
 There's Honour for a Wife, to Bed in State
 With such a high and mighty Magistrate ;
 For tho' I govern by the Staff I bear,
 Yet you are Madam Constable, my Dear.

Wife.

I must confess, to warm your wither'd Hide
 Is a great Honour to your younger Bride,
 Much Joy and Credit to a Wife redounds,
 From such a Skinful of disabl'd Bones ;
 The gouty Leader of a scabby Crew
 Of lousy tatter'd Scrubs, you know not who,
 Arm'd with long Staves, because the bearded Rout
 Are too infirm and lame to walk without ;
 Old, frowfy, croaking Sots, who live and feed
 On Brandy, foggy Ale, and stinking Weed,
 And smell as Rank, within your Parish-Hut,
 As an old hunted Fox, or stable Goat ;

A a

A Train

A Train as fit as you could well desire,
 To guard their Monarch by his Watch-house Fire,
 Who Nods and Slumbers in your Elbow-Chair,
 Till waken'd with the Call of, *Who comes there?*
 Then in, before your Staff, perhaps, is brought,
 Some stroling Slut, or inoffensive Sot,
 Who wanting Coin to give your Watch a Fee,
 To Cage or Counter must committed be,
 That the next Day you may have some pretence
 To fleece 'em, tho' they're guiltless of Offence:
 Your midnight Majesty, that does these things,
 Much Honour home to me your Consort brings;
 I must have much Felicity, besure,
 In sleeping at the Back of so much Pow'r,
 So full of Belch, Pride, Vanity, and Wind,
 That ev'ry Night you break the Peace behind,
 Disturb my Rest from Twelve to Four,
 As if your A--se had learn'd to croak the Hour:
 I therefore wish it was your Worship's Fate,
 To Nod much oft'ner in your Chair of State,

For I must own I always sleep the best,
When you're abroad disturbing others rest.

Husband.

You prating Hussy, I should serve you right,
To put you in the Stocks, but that 'tis Night.
How dare you give me one provoking Word?
I'd have you know, I can commit a Lord;
Therefore you'd best to regulate your Tongue,
That Wicked Member that's so loosely hung,
Or when I'm angry I shall make you see,
What 'tis to aggravate Authority.
I ought to keep the Peace where e'er I come,
Not only thro' the Parish, but at home,
And how, alas, should I preserve the same,
If aw'd by th' Clamour of my Noisy Dame?
No, you pert Hussy, you shall see, e'relong,
I'll find a way to stop your Noisy Tongue,
Or by this Staff, which in my hand I hold,
I'll have you *Coram Nobis* for a Scold,

And then how like a Shamefac'd whining Fool,
You'll look, when leading to the Ducking-Stool,

Wife.

You have me *Coram Nob*, you ugly Dog,
You lead me to be duck'd, you Loufy Rogue,
You have me punish'd for a Scold, you Brute,
When is't I Quarrel, Wrangle or Dispute?
Sirrah, 'tis your ill Tongue begins the Strife,
The Neighbours know that I'm a patient Wife,
An honest Woman, you provoking Owl,
Too good for you, for all you're Constable,
Jack in a Parish-Office, proud to be
The Scum of troublesome Authority,
Pleas'd with a painted Staff, advanc'd to fright
Vagrants by Day, and drunken Sots by Night;
But don't you think my inoffensive Tongue
Shall truckle to your Short one, or your Long,
I have no Cause to fear a painted Stick,
I nothing say but what a Wife should speak,

And what an honest Husband ought to hear
 For all he's Climb'd into his Elbow-Chair;
 Therefore I'll talk what's proper to a Fool,
 In Spite of Painted-Staff or Ducking-Stool;
 I'll not be call'd a Scold, I know I'm none,
 But since yourself this diff'rence has begun,
 I'll make you eat your Words before I've done.

Husband.

You silly angry Wasp, I meant no hurt,
 I only Jested for a little sport,
 Tho' some would think that now you Scold and Rave,
 I know its nothing but a way you have;
 Suppose you were a noisy Scold indeed,
 As bad as Gammar *Doufe*, or Mother *Reed*,
 And I had Pow'r to duck you, by my Life,
 I'd scorn to so misuse so good a Wife;
 Why should not Woman, when she's vex'd, be free
 To vent her Mind sometimes as well as we?
 For Men have Failings, very great ones too,
 Nor can I boast that I have less than you.

A a 3

How-

However, you should now consider, Love,
 That I'm a Magistrate, a Man above
 The common Rank, and you should therefore be
 Obedient now to my Authority ;
 Do as I bid you, mind what e'er I say,
 'Twill be your own, my Dear, another day.

Wife.

What a Rout's here about a Nasty Office,
 Daily confer'd on ev'ry whiffling Novice ;
 Besides you're but *Jack-hold-my-staff* at best,
 Hir'd by a wiser Man, that loves his Rest,
 Who scorns to leave a Wife that's Young and Fair,
 To nod at Midnight in a wooden Chair,
 And quit the pleasures of his Nuptial Bed,
 To be a Lousy Rabble's brainless Head.
 The surly Leader of a croaking Train
 Of Rogues, beneath the Dignity of Men,
 Scoundrels, to Infamy and Baseness bent,
 Who make more Mischief than you all prevent ;

There-

Therefore you'd need be proud of such a Post,
 And of your upright painted Bauble boast;
 A Staff by which the Poor are oft oppress,
 And fits abusive Coxcombs Hand the best,
 But I'll not stoop or yield one Jot the more,
 For your tall Gugaw, I defy your Pow'r,
 And dare advance, for th' Honour of the Coif,
 The handle of my Broom against your Staff;
 And if you further vex me, fairly try
 Whose Weapon is of most Authority.

Hubbard.

Prithee, my Dear, don't let us Jest so long
 Till we fall out, for that would quite be wrong;
 My Duty is to quell all rising Jars,
 And not to aggravate Domestick Wars;
 Therefore, I beg you, let our Discords cease,
 I'm bound, I tell you, to preserve the Peace:
 For many Nuptial Quarrels have arose,
 From Jest to Earnest, and from Words to Bloes;

I vow I'm sorry if I spoke amiss,
 I did not think it would have grown to this.
 Come, come, let's have a Kiss, that always Ends
 The Feuds 'twixt *Man* and *Wife*, and makes them *Friends*.
 Well, that was kind, I hate to see thee Frown;
 Now all is over, prithee, lends my Gown,
 'Tis Late, I to the Watch-house must repair,
 It's past Eleven a Clock, good Night my Dear.

MORAL REFLEXIONS on the foregoing
 Dialogue.

THE *Man* that's troubl'd with a *Wife*
 That's given much to *Jangling*,
 Must oft submit, to ease his *Life*,
 Or else be always *Wrangling*.

For *Wives*, tho' *Doctors* do affirm
 They're Cold of *Constitution*,
 Yet when they're vex'd they're very warm
 In *Tongue* and *Resolution*.

*Patience is better far than Force,
 For when the stubborn Gray-Mare
 Is bent to prove the better Horse,
 No Oaken Plant can tame her.*

*It is of no Effect to boast
 His Power or his Riches,
 All Arguments and Means are lost
 On Wives that wear the Breeches.*

*What tho' the angry Fool should fight,
 Controul her and Fatigue her,
 All he can do's but washing white
 The Ethiopian Negre,*

*Therefore approve what e'er she says,
 Commend, but never Blame her,
 He's wise that gives a Scold her ways,
 For nothing will reclaim her.*

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE XXX.

*Between the forgiving Husband, and the
penitent Adulteress.*

Husband.

MY dear *Lavinia*, once the only Joy
Of my kind Soul, and Charmer of my Eye,
Ease of my Cares, and Pleasure of my Bed,
In whom alone I once was happy made ;
The Object of my Love, the only She,
Whose Welfare was my chief Felicity:
But now, alas ! thy Beauties are declin'd,
Which, undefil'd, with so much Lustre shin'd ;
And all those sweet Angelick Graces lost,
Which none but faithful Innocence can boast.

O ! how could such a Heav'nly Face and Mein,
By Human Flatt'ries, be seduc'd to sin !

And

And with Man's lustful Rhetorick be charm'd,
 To fall a Victim, when so well fore-arm'd,
 And in one Moment, destitute of Grace,
 Stain with Dishonour so divine a Face !

But, O ! by sad Experience now I find
 Fair Looks are no true Index of the Mind ;
 And that soft Beauty we so much adore,
 Tho' with such tempting Graces varnish'd o'er,
 Does oft, like luscious Fruits, prove rotten at the

[Core.]

Wife.

Forgive me, Dear, and ease a Wretch's Pain,
 Thou best of Husbands, and the best of Men.
 O ! let my Tears and Penitence atone
 For the sad Ills I have so rashly done ;
 Pity the Sorrows of a sinful Breast,
 Loaded with Grief, too great to be exprest.
 'Tis true, I have been faithless and unkind,
 Deaf to good Counsel, to my Duty blind,
 Perverse, unruly, to my Ruin prone,
 Forgetful of your Honour, and my own :

But

But, could unfeign'd Repentance re-obtain
 Your Nuptial Love, and wash away my Stain,
 From this sad Hour I would my Life renew,
 Abhor my Guilt, in Pray'rs devoutly true
 Implore the Mercy of good Heav'n and you.

Husband.

O! that frail Woman should such Charms possess,
 Unarm'd with Vertue, and uncrown'd with Grace,
 And that such Beauty should be left to stray,
 For want of Prudence, to consult the Way;
 But harder still, that injur'd Man should bear
 Part of the Shame, who's in the Guilt no Share.
 How then, *Lavinia*, can your 'Spouse forgive,
 Who for your Pleasures, does such Pains receive?
 Your Crime's too black, and bears too deep a Dye,
 Too bad for injur'd Man to pass it by.
 It's true, the Goodness which the Gods extend,
 May meet your Pray'rs, their Mercy knows no End;
 Nor can our Failings interrupt their Ease,
 They're not disturb'd with our Enormities.

There-

Therefore, when Mortals do their Sins repent,
Heav'n may forgive what Humane Nature can't.

Wife.

Should I capitulate at such a Time,
'Twould swell my Guilt, and aggravate my Crime.
Offenders, when they're cast, and Mercy need,
May be allow'd to pray, but not to plead.
Detected Guilt will no Disputes admit,
'Tis Favour to be suffer'd to entreat.
Therefore, since all Excuse must be forborn,
I only beg you'll give me Leave to mourn;
And that my humble Sighs and Tears may move
Your Pity, tho' I've forfeited your Love.

Husband.

'Tis true, the Guilty have no other way
To obtain Mercy, but to weep and pray.
Sorrow's the best Return that can be pay'd,
Where Restitution is not to be made:
Yet Show'rs of Tears, alas! are but a small
Atonement for a Crime so capital,

Whose

Whose sad Effects the injur'd Breast must feel,
 As long as Mem'ry can survive the Ill.
 Such monst'rous Crimes whole Families torment,
 Beyond Forgiveness of the Penitent.
 Who then can pardon an Offence so great,
 Which Time cannot repair, or Man forget?
 An ignominious Blot, that stains so home,
 'Twill blacken Generations still to come;
 Make your own Children, when they chance to hear
 Their Mothers Failings, grate upon their Ear;
 Dissolve their Duty, doubt their lawful Birth,
 And curse the vicious Womb that brought 'em forth.
 What Husband then can smother an Offence
 Attended with such dreadful Consequence?

Wife.

O! base and wretched Woman, that I am,
 Most justly doom'd to Misery and Shame;
 Nor can I call you cruel or unkind,
 Since I've deserv'd worse Usage than I find.

O!

O! that I could but reach some lonely Place,
 Where I might ever hide my blushing Face ;
 Or to some unfrequented Defart run,
 Untrod by Man, ungilded by the Sun ;
 There be compel'd for ever to reside
 With Brutes less savage than a faithless Bride.
 For what base Wife, tho' she has stain'd her Charms,
 Can bear Exclusion from her Husband's Arms,
 And live unpity'd, slighted, and contemn'd,
 By her best Lover, and her surest Friend ?

O ! lend your Sword, that I may ease my Breast,
 And send my poor distracted Soul to rest,
 That at one Thrust I may my Grief remove,
 And pierce that Heart which has betray'd your Love.
 Tho' my own Ills my Happiness have crost,
 Yet thrown from you, I am entirely lost.
 O ! who can live a poor discarded Wife ?
 Death is less Terror, than so base a Life.

Husband.

Husband.

What Pow'r has faithless Beauty in her Tears ? //
 How Guilt withdraws, when Penitence appears ?
 You know, *Lavinia*, once I lov'd you well,
 Nor has your Crimes yet chang'd my Heart to Steel;
 I cannot hear you so much Grief express,
 But still must pity your Unhappiness :
 I own, *Lavinia*, I'm a little mov'd
 To ease that Heart I once so dearly lov'd.
 Could I forget, methinks I could forgive;
 But Crimes like yours, will still unbury'd live ;
 In the most patient Bosom knawing lie,
 And, like the Worm of Conscience, never die.

Wife.

My dearest Husband, O ! thou God-like Man,
 Could you one Thought of Pardon entertain,
 My Love, Obedience, and my pious Life,
 Should shew I was become so good a Wife,
 That, by my future Penitence, I'd blast
 The odious Mem'ry of my Follies past ;

Perform

Perform my Duty with such humble Care,
 That not one Action of my Life should err;
 So that we both should bless the happy Time
 Your Goodness pardon'd, O! my hated Crime;
 My chaste Deportment, should in Time perswade
 Your peaceful Breast, that I have never stray'd.
 Thus the deep Sense of my Misfortunes past,
 Shall make me always Kind, and always Chast.
 But if your Heart be harden'd, and your Ears
 Are deaf to my repenting Cries and Tears;
 If so severe, O! miserable me!
 I'm lost, and must for ever wretched be.

Husband.

Such Heav'nly Promises, and such a Flood
 Of falling Tears, are not to be withstood:
 Such penitential Drops of liquid Jems,
 More rich than Pearl on Princes Diadems,
 Must bribe a Soul so lenitive as mine,
 And make my Heart more sorrowful than thine.

My dear *Lavinia*, you have charm'd my Breast,
 Forc'd me to yield to ev'ry soft Request,
 The Vows that flow from your melodious Tongue,
 Compel me to forgive the greatest Wrong.
 Who can such kind and mournful Accents hear
 From so much Beauty, and be still severe?
 What dire Revenge upon the worst Offence,
 Is able to withstand such Penitence?
 Tho' thy past Liberties deserve my Scorn,
 I cannot without Pity hear thee mourn.
 I must forgive thee —. From the Ground arise,
 Comfort thy Breast, and dry thy flowing Eyes;
 And let the future Conduct of thy Life
 Shew thee a thankful and obedient Wife :
 For Crimes repeated after Pardon given,
 Deserve from Man no Mercy, or from Heav'n.

Wife.

O best of Husbands, be for ever blest.
 May my past Folly ne'er disturb your Breast;

But

But from this Time remain a cancel'd Blot,
 Unthought of as the Child that's unbegot.

O! how shall I reward your gen'rous Mind,
 To Patience, Love, and Mercy thus inclin'd?

By what kind Measures shall I strive to shew
 The Gratitude to so much Goodness due?

O! help me, Heaven, to improve my Charms,
 That I each Night may doubly bless his Arms,
 And yield him such Enjoyments, when embrac'd,
 That Human Nature ne'er before could taste.

May I that kind and lovely Creature be,
 That with his Wishes may the best agree;
 Always obliging, diligent, and meek;
 And may my Words be Musick when I speak,
 That I may charm his Soul with new Delights,
 And make his Days as happy as his Nights.

My dearest Husband, you shall find me prove
 A faithful Blessing to your future Love;
 An humble Wife, whose Vertues shall atone
 For all the Wrongs my foolish Youth has done.

No Pow'r on Earth shall tempt one Thought awry;
 The Wiles of Men and Devils I'll defy,
 And on your Love for evermore rely.

Husband.

Like your sweet Looks, your Promises are fair:
 But still such Charms as yours must have a Care;
 Depend not on your Strength, 'tis Grace alone
 Must guard you, if attack'd, from being won.
 Woman, by Nature, subject is to change,
 Too eas'ly tempted, and inclin'd to range;
 Therefore, by humble Pray'rs, make *Heav'n* your friend,
 Without, no Vertue can itself defend.
 The Gods alone must guard you from the Fate
 That does so oft on female Beauty wait:
 Implore their Aid, your Follies past lament,
 And I'll forgive and love, tho' I repent:
 For how can Man, that seeks Revenge below,
 Of *Heav'n* ask Mercy, if he none will show?

Wife.

Wife.

O pious Man ! how greatly am I blest'd,
 To hear such Love and Lenity express'd,
 When the base Wrongs, which now I truly mourn,
 Deserve no less than Infamy and Scorn ?
 Had your Resentments your Compassion sower'd,
 And your Revenge your Vertues over-power'd,
 How wretched had I been, involv'd in all
 The Mis'ries that could curse a Woman's Fall ?
 But since, O gen'rous Suff'rer, thou hast sav'd
 A sinful Wife, polluted and deprav'd,
 With all Abhorrence I my Crimes abjure,
 And date my happy Life from this good Hour ;
 Will, for the future, Vertue's Paths pursue,
 And prove for ever just to Heaven and you.

Husband.

Tho' your unhappy Crimes my Love have cost,
 'Tis pity so much Beauty should be lost.
 I must be kind to thy repenting Charms,
 And hug my dear *Lavinia* in my Arms.

All that I now can ask, is, that you'll prove
 Futurely faithful, to reward my Love ;
 Therefore be good and just, that I may see
 Forgiveness mends beyond Severity.

Wife.

The gen'rous Pity you have thus bestow'd,
 Inspires my humble Soul with all that's good.
 After such Mercy, I can ne'er offend
 So kind a Husband, and so true a Friend ;
 But shall my Thoughts and Actions strictly bind,
 To Vertue's happy Rules, that you shall find
 Your Pardon, to the Comfort of our Lives,
 Has made a worthless Wretch, the best of Wives.

Moral

Moral REFLEXIONS on the foregoing
Dialogue.

HOW happy is that God-like Man,
Who can forgive Offences,

And wink at such an odious Stain,

That startles human Senses ?

The nuptial Treach'ry of the Fair,

Tho' nothing grows more common ;

Yet is it hard for Man to bear

Such Usage from a Woman.

Adultery, the very Name

Is hateful to the Guilty ;

The wanton Dame is stabb'd with Shame,

When e'er she's thought so filthy.

*When once detected in a Wife,
 It proves the Bane of Wedlock;
 And she that loves it, ought for Life
 To wear a publick Padlock:*

*But if she turns from Bad to Good,
 And mends her ill Behaviour,
 'Tis hard repenting Beauty shou'd
 Be cast away for ever.*

*Therefore, when Wives their Weakness shew,
 Pass not too harsh a Sentence,
 But pardon Wrongs upon their due
 Submission and Repentance.*

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE XXXI.

*Between a rich Sea Captain and his young
Beautiful Buxom Lady after six Months
Marriage.*

Wife.

YOU say you Love me, and admire my Charms,
And place your greatest Blessings in my Arms;
Why will you triumph then o'er Love and Ease,
T' embrace the Dangers of the doubtful Seas,
And leave me in my tender Years to mourn
Your Absence and despair of your Return,
Forfake what you avow you most esteem,
To pile up Riches to a vain extreme.

Husband.

My Love, dear Child, I cannot but assert,
I own your Charms ride Adm'ral o'er my Heart,

'Tis

'Tis for your sake that I expose my Life,

If I survive you'll be the happier Wife :

Wealth is the only sure Support that bears

From humane Life the weight of Marriage Cares,

Which else might crush our Fondness now we're wed,

And spoil the Pleasures of our nuptial Bed ;

For Love and Friendship, tho' confirm'd for Years,

Always withdraw when Poverty appears.

Wife.

Were we in danger that approaching Want

Should cool our Love, your Argument I'd grant;

But you have Wealth enough to live at ease,

And may on Shore be happy if you please :

Nor was the Fortune which my Father paid

Too small to keep me, had I liv'd a Maid;

I had no Cause to change my Virgin State

T'indulge my Pride and to appear more Great,

I'd all the Comforts of a Maiden Life,

Before I knew what 'twas to be a Wife :

I mar-

I marry'd not for Riches, but to prove,
 By sweet experience, the Delights of Love :
 And now the pleasing Secret I have known,
 'Tis hard I should be left to Sigh alone.

HullWafel.

Consider, Love, the Wars have been my Friend,
 All I possess have on the Seas been gain'd ;
 And since my Country, who have giv'n me Bread,
 Approve my Service, and require my Aid,
 It must be deem'd Ingratitude to flight
 The Nations Welfare for a Wife's Delight :
 Such tame uxorious Folly would appear
 The Effects of dastard Jealousy and Fear ;
 As if the Charms that grac'd your blooming Youth
 Caus'd me when absent, to distrust your Truth ;
 Or that I had postpon'd, to my disgrace,
 The Publick Safety to a Wife's Embrace.
 No, no, when Fame does in the Front appear,
 Love should be always posted in the Rear.

I own

I own I place much Happiness in you,
 Yet cannot bid the Jarring Seas adieu,
 My Ship's the older Mistress of the two.

Wife.

Had I, alas, foreseen my Youthful Charms,
 Could not have fix'd you to my tender Arms,
 But that you would have taken still more Pride
 In your sham Kingdom, than a faithful Bride,
 And in a wand'ring Castle spent your Life,
 Instead of Anch'ring with a stedfast Wife,
 He should have only Joy'd in my Embrace,
 Who'd lov'd me better, and his Honour less;
 For I'm too young and airy to approve
 Of fruitless Absence, or Platonick Love.

Husband.

Absence renews the Matrimonial Bond,
 And makes the happy Nuptial Pair more fond;
 It tries how far they're truly just and kind,
 And proves the Strength and Vertues of the Mind,

Doubles

Doubles their am'rous Ardour when they meet,
 Comforts their Days, and makes their Lives more sweet.
 So the Sharp Winter, tho' it seems severe,
 It makes the soothing Spring more gay appear:
 Thus after Cold less sharper Air seems warm,
 And a fresh Gale a Calm behind a Storm.

Wife.

But I, my Dear, am Amorous and Young,
 My Appetite's too keen to fast so long,
 I cannot Starve my Love, Six Months at least,
 On the bare Promise of a doubtful Feast;
 For should my Vertue Conquer my Desires
 And bear the want of what my Youth requires,
 You may return disabl'd from the Wars
 Cripp'l'd with Wounds, and maim'd with honours Scars,
 Then what amends can your poor Wife expect
 For her long Patience, under Cold neglect.

Husband.

Your Modesty that Question might have spar'd,
 For Vertue always is its own Reward.

A Wife

A Wife is bound in Duty to be Just
 She's infamous that breaks her Nuptial Trust,
 'Tis her own Safety to be Chaste and Good,
 She's always wretched from the time she's Lewd :
 Nor will the absence of her 'Spouse excuse
 Th' adult'rous Freedoms that a Wife shall use ;
 There's no Condition in the Nuptial tye,
 To favour Woman if she treads awry,
 Tho' she for absent Years lives unembrac'd,
 The Solemn Vow should still preserve her Chaste.

Wife.

But he that Steps into a marry'd Life,
 Should forsake all to cleave unto his Wife ;
 And not, like you, prefer a hostile Chase
 Of Honour to her kind and soft Embrace.
 If you, when no necessity requires,
 Leave me alone to please your vain Desires,
 'Tis you that first the Marriage Vow transgress,
 And, by your Absence, tempt me to be base :

I am

I am not safe, of Nuptial Joys debar'd,
 A Husband's Presence is a Woman's Guard ;
 I'm Young, and in your Absence cannot tell,
 How far (alas) Temptation may prevail.
 A Youthful Bride forsaken in her Bloom,
 Will be attack'd, and may be overcome ;
 Meer pity will excite the young and kind,
 To storm her Vertue and inflame her Mind ;
 And what fair she, unguarded in her Prime,
 Can stand the warm Assaults of Love and Time ?
 Stay you at home, and that's the only way
 To make a Wife, Love, Honour, and Obey ;
 Then free from Fears and Dangers, shall I be,
 Happy in you, and you secure in me ;
 But if to rove the Seas you're rashly bent,
 I know not what may prove the cross Event ;
 Long absence may a Youthful Bride provoke,
 And strong Resolves be in a Moment broke.

Husband.

Husband.

Methinks, my Dear, you are too plain and free;
 Your Tongue exceeds the bounds of Modesty
 If now you're wed your Vertue proves so weak,
 You cannot bear my Absence, lest you break
 Your solemn Vow of Wedlock, to fulfill
 The craving warmth of your Salacious Will;
 You give me Reasons to believe from thence,
 I ne'er embrac'd your Virgin Innocence,
 But that you first impos'd upon my Bed,
 Th' experienc'd Charms of a polluted Maid;
 For if when single you could bear Restraint,
 'Tis strange your Vertue should be now so faint:
 If you could then resist a Man's Embrace,
 Why in my Absence must you needs Transgress,
 Since now you know, what you before must be
 Inclind to taste, thro' meer Curiosity.

Wife.

Had I ne'er known the Bliss I find so great,
 But still continu'd in my Virgin State,

I should

I should have been content without the Joy,
 For those that never drink are ne'er adry,
 Nor did I ever Sin to basely know
 The pleasures that from Man's embraces flow;
 You are the only he, by mighty Jove,
 That ever gave me the delights of Love;
 My Virgin Blush in your embrace was lost,
 No Arms but yours that Happiness can boast,
 Nor do I say, if from my Breast you fly,
 That some new Rival shall your place supply;
 Nor durst I on my Female strength depend,
 The stoutest Vertue may by chance offend;
 Especially should your Affections stray,
 Or your long Absence clear the pleasing way,
 For she that's ne'er so Coy may be betray'd
 By strong Attacks, if opportunely made;
 For Woman tho' well fortify'd within,
 Yet Love has Bombs to fire her Magazine;
 And tho' in her Defence she's ne'er so warm,
 She may be won by Treachery or Storm.

Husband.

Must I, slave-like, be fetter'd by your Charms,
 And bury all my Glory in your Arms?
 Must I renounce an active noble Life,
 To dwell, like a tame Cuckold, with a Wife?
 Abandon Honour, and forsake the Seas,
 Surfeit with Plenty, and be chain'd to Ease,
 Grow sick of Beauty, weary of Delight,
 Drink down the Day, and snore away the Night?
 Be a dull Wretch, to drowsy Sloth innur'd,
 And live Confin'd, 'twixt Marriage Walls immur'd?
 Thrive, like a Crab-louse, on the Brink of Love,
 Till grown too Fat and Corpulent to move?
 Attend the Christ'nings of a squalling Brood,
 Whose Veins, perhaps, are fill'd with spurious Blood?
 Drink to the Parson, tattle to the Wives,
 With costly Bowls renew their drooping Lives,
 And smile to hear 'em wonder how the Infant thrives.
 Walk with my Lady in my Hand abroad,
 To visit this sly Jilt, that private Bawd?

And

And thus, to please a subtle Wife, become
An Instrument of my own Cuckoldom.

Not I, by all the Sea-Gods in the deep,
I'm born to Rove, and not at Home to Sleep:
If you're too Free and Buxom to contain
Yourself, whilst I in Triumph plow the Main,
E'en take your fill, be Wanton as you please,
My Ship shall be my Bride, our Bed the Seas;
There will we tofs and tumble thro' the Waves,
Whilst I bear Rule and Triumph o'er my Slaves.

Wife.

My Dear, since I to my Affliction find,
No Female Arts can change your stiddy Mind,
But that I'm doom'd to so severe a Fate,
As to live Single in a Nuptial State,
Believe me, 'twas my Love, and nothing more,
Made me implore your Residence on Shore,
And take the freedom to alarm your Breast,
With what my Youth and Innocence detest;

In hopes thereby to make you quit the Seas;
 And, free from Danger, live at Home in Ease;
 That you may truly know how much I love,
 And what a kind, obedient Wife I'd prove:
 But since no Female Threats will awe your Soul,
 Or soft Entreaties your Resolves controul,
 Pray be assur'd, no Distance shall abate
 My Love, or tempt me to those Ills I hate:
 I have to Vertue all my Life been bred;
 Both Fear and Scorn to stain my Nuptial-Bed.
 Sin I abhor, and dread the impious Shame
 That waits on Female Lust, that odious flame:
 Nor should the *Indies* win me, or a Throne,
 To prostitute those Charms you've made your own;
 Therefore, believe me, whilst on Seas you dwell,
 Fix'd as the Northern-Star by which you Sail,
 And that no humane Pow'r shall e'er remove
 My Thoughts from you, my only Orb of Love:

Pious I'll live, and Constant will I be,
 With heav'nly Thoughts I'll charm the raging Sea,
 Pray for your safe Return, and hope you'll think of
 [me.]

Husband.

These Resolutions from so kind a Wife,
 Revive my Soul, and crown my happy Life.
 Be Chaste at Home, and I'll Abroad be Brave,
 And thou the Honour of my Deeds shalt have.

Moral REFLEXIONS on the foregoing
 Dialogue.

Whoever takes into his Arms
A Young and Buxom Bride,
All over Beauty, Love, and Charms,
And leaves her when enjoy'd,

Ought to expect, when once she knows
 What 'tis to be embrac'd,
 That to some Rival she'll dispose
 Of what's beneath her Waste.

*Good Wives may vertuous be, I'll grant,
 Whilst in their Husband's Pow'r,
 But in their Absence few will want
 The Joys they marry'd for.*

*No Maid her Freedom would resign,
 For an obeying Life,
 Did not her panting Breast incline
 To th' Pleasures of a Wife.*

*'Tis hard the lovely Dame should wed
 A Rover of the Seas,
 Who, when he's cloy'd, forsakes her Bed,
 And robs her of her Ease.*

*If she the Nuptial Blessing loves
 And pines for his Embrace,
 The truer to his Bed she proves
 The harder is her Case.*

DIALOGUE XXXII.

*Between an old Country Couple, in the
Winter of their Age, concerning the
Disobedience of their Children, &c.*

Husband.

Here take away the Beef and Cale,
And fill the Goblet full of Ale;
Bring me my Pipe, sit down, my Dear,
And draw thy Wicker-Chair more near;
Lay on another Block or two,
I'm cold, and so, I fear, are you.

Wife.

I am not over-warm, be sure,
Jug, prithee shut the Parlor-Door:
We're in the Winter of our Age,
And sliding off this worldly Stage;

Our frozen Nerves, alas, require
 Good Liquor, and a thawing Fire,
 That may our Icy Clay revive,
 And make us know that we're alive,
 Else, we but sleep our Time away,
 Like Insects in a Winter's Day.

Husband.

Thou'rt in the right, I must allow,
 We're but *Memento Mori's* now,
 Meer walking Skeletons, to shew
 What Youth, in time, must come unto;
 Despis'd by all the young and gay,
 Who flee and scoff at our Decay;
 Slighted by Children of our own,
 Who think 'tis time that we were gone,
 That they might waste, in worldly Pleasure,
 What thee and I have scrap'd together.

Wife.

Therefore, since we're become the Scorn
 Of those who of my Womb were born,

And

And that they wish us in the Grave,
 For the small Riches which we have,
 'Tis time that we take care, my Dear,
 To be each others Comforter ;
 And that we wisely keep our Store,
 Now past our Labour, in our Pow'r,
 And not relinquish what's our own,
 To gratify a craving Son,
 Or Daughter, to depend, now old,
 On more uncertain Friends than Gold.
 No, no, hold fast your Wealth, I say,
 'Tis a sure safeguard in decay :
 If once you part with that, you'll find
 Repentance follows close behind ;
 You see what Slights our Children show,
 How surly and morose they grow
 On all Occasions, how they flout us,
 Now they can scarce subsist without us :
 Therefore should we at once resign
 To them our friendly Bags of Coin,

And

And on their Gratitude depend
 For Raiment, Food, and all we spend,
 What Usage then can we expect,
 But moody Frowns and cold Neglect,
 Provoking Snarls and little Ease,
 Amidst our weak Infirmities :
 Then let's be wise in what we give,
 And save, that we ourselves may live
 Without depending on the Aid
 Of those that long have wish'd us dead.

Husband.

I'll take thy honest Counsel, Wife,
 I know our Children grutch us Life,
 And long to see us safely laid
 In Nature's last, but easy Bed,
 Where all that are, or are to be,
 Must come in time, as well as we,
 And mighty Kings, who now sit high,
 With Beggars undistinguish'd lie.

Alas!

Alas! what Comforts can we find,
 Now old, besides a peaceful Mind,
 And Wealth sufficient, that may be
 Our Guard against Necessity;
 The latter does the first preserve,
 No Man can be Content and Starve;
 No Sage Philosopher secure
 A quiet Breast, if Old and Poor.
 I, therefore, like what you advise,
 'Tis Wealth alone makes Age seem Wise,
 And not our Wrinkles, but our Pence,
 That gain Respect and Reverence.

Wife.

The greater Reason still we have
 To keep what we have toil'd to save,
 That now we're Ancient we may be
 Secure from helpless Poverty.
 Unhappy those that do depend,
 When Old, upon a Child or Friend.

'Tis

'Tis hard, my Dear, we should be taught,
 Now Aged, how to Eat, and what ;
 Rudely directed where to sit,
 And caution'd how we Smoak or Spit;
 Be fearful to disclose our Wants,
 And teas'd with the imperious Taunts
 Of some proud Minx our Son shall wed,
 Who'll think we are too nicely fed,
 And ne'er be easy till we're dead.

Husband.

Therefore the way to live at ease,
 And spend our aged Days in Peace,
 Is still to keep what we possess,
 And not, by giving, make it less :
 'Tis better that our Children wait
 'Till we are dead, for our Estate,
 Than that we should resign the same,
 And then turn Pensioners to them.
 Whilst in our Hands we keep the Staff,
 And they depend on us, we're safe.

Our

Our own paternal Love we know
 Is great, and will continue so;
 But filial Duty in a Son
 Is not to be rely'd upon;
 Age may be fond of Youth, we see,
 But Youth, with Age can ne'er agree:
 When e'er they buckle and obey,
 Or humour us in what we say,
 They only seemingly comply,
 In hopes, at last, to gain thereby,
 And coax and flatter us, for fear
 We should bestow our Wealth elsewhere;
 Therefore 'tis fit our Brood depends
 On us, who are their faithful Friends;
 Not we on them, who only want
 To gain what we have Pow'r to grant,
 Which if we part with whilst we're living,
 They'll make us soon repent our giving.

Wife.

Wife.

Children, we know, affect their Pleasure,
 And sooth their Parents for their Treasure:
 But who can blame 'em, since we find,
 That all are to the same inclin'd;
 Money, we see, commands the Great,
 The Wisest nibble at the Bait;
 Yet, tho' 'tis lov'd by Young and Old,
 For Pleasure still they barter Gold,
 And, by their Lives, let others see
 The World is all but Vanity:
 Therefore since Money bears the sway,
 And all Delights its Pow'r obey,
 Let us, whilst we have Life, take care
 To save enough, that we may bear
 Our Charges to our Journey's end,
 Without the help of Child or Friend;
 For wretched must those Parents be
 Who feel the smart of Poverty,

And

And for Subsistence must rely
Upon their Childrens Charity.

Moral REFLEXIONS on the foregoing Dialogue.

NO Parent is oblig'd to starve,
To please a craving Son or Daughter,
First let's be careful to preserve
Our selves when Old, our Children a'ter.

For he that parts with all his Gold,
Or Lands, without a Reservation,
To bless his Issue, may, when Old,
Repent his liberal Donation.

'Tis true, the wealthy Father ought
To make a suitable Provision
For his own Brood, and grant 'em what
May place them in a blest Condition.

But

But he that gives his Children all;
 And on their Curtesy relies,
 Will fare but ill, and surely shall
 Repent his Folly e're he dies.

F I N I S.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Aminadab: or, The Quaker's Vision.

The Quaker's Declaration, at their General-
 Meeting at *Whitsuntide*.

The New Revolution: or, The Whigs turn'd
 Jacobites.

All Three Sold by *J. Woodward* in *St. Chri-
 stopher's Church-Yard*; and *A. Bettefworth*
 at the *Red-Lyon* on *London-Bridge*.



